THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MARCH, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Stevenson's Earnings

"IT was not until 1883, when he was nearly thirty-three years old," wrote Mr. Hamilton of R. L. S. in his January paper in the "Trail of Stevenson" series, "that he ever earned so much as fifteen hundred dollars in a single year; and it was not until he was thirty-seven that his annual earnings, from his own unaided efforts, ever exceeded the sum of two thousand dollars." In other words, Stevenson, who died before his forty-fourth birthday, was never self-supporting until the last six years of his life. Yet he left behind him a comfortable fortune as the result of his literary labours, and the returns from his books at the present time were recently estimated as about twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Stevenson's first two books, *The Inland Voyage* and *Travels With a Donkey,* were complete failures. After they had been out about three years his publishers notified him that it was impossible to sell even single copies and that they were about to dispose of the plates as old metal. Stevenson borrowed a small sum of money from his father and with it bought in the plates and the copyright. At the present time these two books yield hundreds of dollars in yearly royalties. There are no figures to indicate the returns accruing from *Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde.* The book rights of *Treasure Island* were sold for one hundred pounds, but there was an agreement by which he received additional royalties, after a certain sale had been reached. As Mr. Hamilton points out in the paper in the series appearing in the present issue, *Scribner's Magazine,* through its editor, Mr. Burlingame, agreed, in 1888, to pay him thirty-five hundred dollars for a series of twelve essays or, approximately, three hundred dollars an essay. That was at the rate of about five cents a word, an exceedingly generous rate in 1888. In the last year of his life, Stevenson's earnings amounted to twenty thousand dollars.

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Miss Braddon

To the younger generation of novel-readers the name of Miss Braddon means little. Many of them who are familiar with the name of W. B. Maxwell do not realise that he is her son, and that in certain characteristics of style and method he much resembles his mother. One reason for this may have been the shrinking from publicity which she always manifested. As Kipling said of "Bobs," she didn't advertise. What she wrote was the affair of the public, what she did was her own affair. But in these days that attitude is apt to be misunderstood. The public was not ungrateful to her for the entertainment she gave it; she had in the days of her literary prime an audience as large as that of any of her contemporaries; but

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there was not that lively curiosity about her that there is, for example, about Miss Marie Corelli, and her vogue was never maintained by personal exploitation. Born in London in 1837, the daughter of Henry Braddon, solicitor, of Skirdon Lodge, St. Kew, Cornwall, sister of Sir Edward Braddon, prime minister of Tasmania, married at the mature age of thirty-seven to John Maxwell, a publisher, Mary Elizabeth Braddon lived in most respects the life of the typical Englishwoman of her class. She was educated at home, she was a good wife and mother, her recreations were domestic rather than "Bohemian." For many years she had a charming house at Richmond and a garden in which she took great delight. She was not unsocial; those who knew her say she was a charming hostess; but her ambitions seemed to be bounded by her work; she showed no anxiety to play a great personal rôle. Other women writers, from Jane Austen to Mrs. Oliphant, have been equally reticent.

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She tasted in unusual measure, nevertheless, the rewards of literary success. She began "scribbling" for the provincial newspapers at a very early age, and she published her first novel when she was a little past twenty. With her next novel, *Lady Audley's Secret,* she became like Byron, famous over night. It was a pity, in some respects, because even when she had written many better ones, her fame rested upon that. The circumstances of its publication were unusual. A magazine had failed to secure an expected serial story, and Miss Braddon turned up at the psychological moment with a dozen chapters of *Lady Audley's Secret* in hand; her manuscript was seized upon eagerly and she was given a commission to complete it. The venturesome editor had every reason to be satisfied with his choice. No "best seller" of our own time has made a greater sensation. One of the first to recognise and praise the author's talent was Wilkie Collins. *Aurora Floyd* followed and was received with equal enthusiasm. The *Saturday Review* called it "masterly"—a judgment we should hardly now accept. In the long list of its successors there were many that deserved higher praise. No careful critic would put Miss Braddon in the first class of English novelists; but she has a distinguished place in the second. At a time when Dickens was still writing and Thackeray just dead, when Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant, Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Reade, were carrying on the great Victorian tradition, Miss Braddon was still thought worthy of serious attention. The opinion which would place her among the lights of the servants' hall is ludicrously unjust. And her vogue lasted until years after Hardy, Black, and Meredith had won the public ear.

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Miss Braddon believed in the virtues of plot, but she was more than a spinner of ingenious narratives. When the *Athenæum* said of her work that it had "no real thought, no analysis that is worth the name, no insight into human nature," it did injustice to her ability to create character and atmosphere. There was usually a fly in the ointment, a scene or a passage that jarred on the sensitive reader, a "break," to use a rather vulgar word, that might have been avoided. Yet at her best she could move as well as interest. In *Strangers and Pilgrims, Joshua Haggard's Daughter, The Lovels of Arden* and *Asphodel,* in particular, she rose distinctly above the ordinary level. Elizabeth Luttrell is a heroine, attractive enough for the literary harem which the late Andrew Lang once proposed to set up; and the tragedy of the stern yet passionate minister and his young wife grows out of a situation which George Eliot could hardly have bettered. A writer who could do as well as this ought not to be remembered by *Lady Audley's Secret.* But there is no reason to suppose that Miss Braddon had any of that resentment against the judgment of the world which embittered Mrs. Oliphant's last days. It might have been better, perhaps, had she taken "a literary career" more seriously. It

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often seemed to be lack of care, rather than lack of knowledge, which disfigured some of her work and made her so often fall short of the best of which she was capable. But it is ungrateful for those to whom she gave so much pleasure to complain too strenuously of that. She never failed in industry, at least, for she edited magazines and annuals, wrote plays, and kept the pot boiling long after it was a necessity. Whatever her defects, there will surely remain a modest place for her among the great ones of her time.

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A day or so after Miss Braddon's death, there appeared in the *Evening Post*, of New York, an admirable editorial entitled "Lady Audley's Secret," contrasting the "best seller" of to-day and the "best seller" of the sixties and seventies of the last century. Here is a significant paragraph of that editorial:

> Compared with the popular fiction of the present day, the popular fiction of the Civil War period, in England and in this country, is better literature, better psychology, and, on the whole, better entertainment. The early melodrama and sentimentality was more sincere and more elemental than the contemporary product. Moving frankly in a world of romance, the Braddon yarn aroused little of the resentment which is stirred by the pretentious "serial" of this month's popular magazine, with its bluff at realism, problems of the day, a contribution to life, and that sort of merchandise. In externals we have got much nearer to the actual world. Instead of remote lords, ladies, and cigarette-smoking adventurers recruited from the younger sons of the nobility, we have such very actual types as policemen, manicure girls, drummers, saleswomen, vaudeville artists, cowpunchers, loggers, clothing manufacturers. The externals of actual speech are also there. Policemen, manicure girls, etc., use the slang of their professions, or at least what is commonly accepted as the professional vernacular. But beneath this photographic realism of externals there is nothing but the old melodrama and the old sentimentalities, largely vitiated by the injection of such modern ingredients as sex, politics, and social uplift, which have no place in servant-girl fiction.

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Indirect Criticism

Whatever may be thought, as a question of professional ethics, of the not infrequent practice among contemporary novelists of criticising the works of their fellow-craftsmen through the indirect medium of dialogue between the characters in their own stories, one thing at least is clear: that as a matter of simple, elemental justice they should exercise the same degree of reasonable care that is expected of any other reviewer, and at least take the trouble of reading the works on which they vicariously comment. This observation is prompted by a paragraph occurring in Ian Hay's latest novel, *A Knight on Wheels*, reviewed in the February issue of THE BOOKMAN. Mr. Hay, in the paragraph in question, has been explaining his hero's literary likes and dislikes, and mentions in particular a certain bookshelf containing the works of his favourite author, some of them bound in dark blue cloth and consisting mainly of short stories, and others in dark red cloth, smaller and slimmer volumes, the contents of which were poems. Mr. Hay does not mention the author of this set of books by name, but he does say that his hero's favourite among the short stories is *The Brushwood Boy*. With this clue at hand, it is not difficult to identify the otherwise elusive description of another of the volumes which Mr. Hay's hero does not like at all. It is a full-length novel dealing with "a love affair that went wrong and never came right. The hero, a cantankerous fellow, became blind, and the unfeminine independent heroine never knew, so went her way and left him to die." Now the whole world knows that Mr. Kipling has chosen to write the concluding chapters of *The Light that Failed* in more than one way; but it is safe to say that whatever versions he has yet written and whatever others he may yet be moved to make will always have one thing in com-

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AS THE GERMAN CARTOONISTS HAVE SEEN SOME OF THE LITERARY MEN OF THE ALLIES. TOLSTOY

mon: the point of divergence must always be subsequent to that moment when Torpenhow has, by the sheer strength of his rugged personality, grimly dragged back the reluctant Maisie to the room where Dick in his blindness sits and fumbles at Maisie's unopened letters. Up to that point there is no flaw in Mr. Kipling's work, and he knows it; and the point at which he began to waver is sufficiently denoted by his own words when, wishing to indicate something of extreme difficulty, he says that it is "as hard as for an author to remedy bad work when once it has been given to the public." But equally in the version in which the love affair went wrong and never came right, and in the one in which it did finally and quite incredibly end happily, the extremely feminine young person who makes all the trouble unquestionably did know of Dick's blindness, and her subsequent actions were directly based on this knowledge.

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The Reverse of the Shield

Some time ago we printed a list of the prices for various provisions that held at a certain time in feudal England. That list must have wrung the hearts of many provident but embarrassed American housekeepers. We hear so much of the high cost of living nowadays and are told so often of what could be purchased for a shilling or a franc two or three hundred years ago, or what a goose or an egg cost in our own Colonial days, that there is a certain satisfaction in looking at the reverse of the shield. Mr. William Edward Mead has written a book, *The Grand Tour in the Eighteenth Century,* published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, which goes far toward reconciling us to the conditions under which we are living at the present day. Ignoring entirely the very important questions of comfort and speed in travel, and confining ourselves entirely to cost, we find contrasts that almost reconcile us to the activities of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son. Probably the first journey that suggests itself to the mind of any one contemplating a European trip at the present day is that between London and Paris. In the pages of certain red bound books bearing the imprint of the house of Karl Baedeker of Leipzig will be found the following concrete information:

Via Dover and Calais. Express thrice daily in 7¾ hours. Fares, 2 pounds, 16 shillings, 8 pence. 1 pound, 5 shillings, 6 pence, etc.

Via Folkstone and Boulogne, etc.
Via Newhaven and Dieppe, etc.
Via Southampton and Havre in 12 to 14

AS THE GERMAN CARTOONISTS HAVE SEEN SOME OF THE LITERARY MEN OF THE ALLIES. GORKY

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hours. Fares, 1 pound, 13 shillings, 10 pence. 1 pound, 4 shillings, 10 pence.

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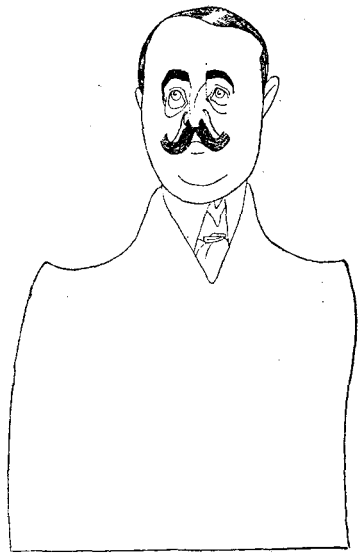
Very different were the conditions at the time of which Mr. Mead tells in his book. There were various ways of crossing the Channel, but the shortest, cheapest, and most popular route was from Dover to Calais. When the winds permitted, regular packet boats carrying mail and passengers left Dover on Tuesdays and Fridays of every week and Calais on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Five hours or more was an ordinary allowance for a crossing in a fair wind. The cost of the passage was half a guinea, which, it must be remembered, meant a great deal more then than it does now. For continuing the journey by post from Calais to Paris the cost for one person for two horses and a driver was approximately thirty-six dollars. Voyaging farther afield the traveller's expenses increased rather than diminished. Smollett made his famous journey through France to Italy in 1763, and carefully noted his expenses. Says he: "My journey from Paris to Lyons, including the hire of the coach, and all expenses on the road, has cost me, within a few shillings, forty louis d'or (approximately one hundred and sixty dollars). We are not told how many days he consumed on the road, but if his sole object was to reach Lyons, here, before us, by way of contrast, is the information furnished by Herr Baedeker in a book bearing the date 1914. It reads: "From Paris to Lyons. Via Dijon and Macon. 318 miles. Railway in 7 hours 20 minutes to 10 hours. (57 francs, 45 centimes. 38 francs, 80 centimes. 25 francs, 35 centimes.)"

AS THE GERMAN CARTOONISTS HAVE SEEN SOME OF THE LITERARY MEN OF THE ALLIES. PAUL HERVIEU



AS THE GERMAN CARTOONISTS HAVE SEEN SOME OF THE LITERARY MEN OF THE ALLIES. MARCEL PRÉVOST

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Improbabilities

In THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag in this issue there is printed a letter pointing out the improbability, if not impossibility, of a nautical achievement, related in a story in a recent number of *McClure's Magazine*. The letter is one of the many letters of a similar kind that find their way to magazine offices. In most cases their contention is sound and the blunders that they point out are

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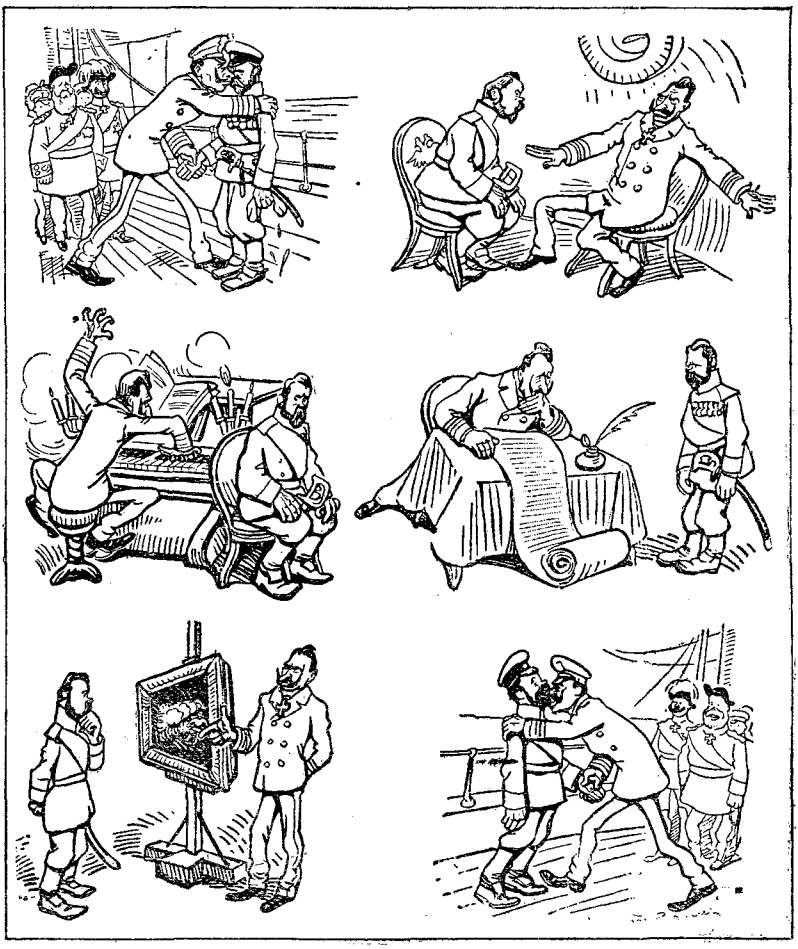
due to the carelessness or ignorance of authorship. But sometimes the author is able to explain away apparent error by a reference to facts. For example, many years ago Mr. Brander Matthews printed a novel entitled *His Father's Sons,* containing the following incident. The scene is the office of the Wall Street operator, Ezra Pierce:

The father and son took their hats and were about to leave the office, when Ezra Pierce paused.

"Mr. Arrowsmith," he said, "what's the balance at the bank to-day?"

The old bookkeeper opened the cheque-book again, and answered, "Not quite two millions."

That passage caught the eye of the editor of the London *Sketch* and he seized upon it as a wildly improbable bit of pure imagination. "Need I say," he remarked, "that no firm ever keeps such a sum in a single bank?" Then he went on to characterise the episode as "a very curi-



KAISER AND CZAR WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

A skit on the activities of the German Kaiser: 1. He receives Nicholas. 2. He declaims. 3. He plays his own compositions on the piano. 4. He reads one of his own poems. 5. He exhibits his own paintings. 6. He says farewell. (Drawn by Radiguet in *Le Rire*, Paris)

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ous blunder," "a blunder that provokes to laughter," with more to the same effect. Certain American writers echoed this criticism, and the Boston *Journal* defended Mr. Matthews in a way that was rather more aggravating than the original attack, saying that a novelist must not be too closely hampered by facts, and that "doubtless the two million bank account ran from the nib of the author's pen just as fluently as the stories of African lion hunting fell from the tongue of Tartarin."

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At first sight, a two million dollar balance does seem rather a tall order, quite as hard to swallow as a ship beating to windward in a rough sea off Cape Horn at a speed of twelve knots an hour. But for the two million dollar balance there was a justification. It is perhaps not generally known that when a young man Mr. Matthews spent several years in a Wall Street office; and it was during this period of his life that the incident occurred which suggested the bank-balance episode in *His Father's Son*. Mr. Matthews was detailed one day to call upon a great financial magnate with regard to the renewal of a rather large loan. The magnate, who is now dead, was found in his office and to him Mr. Matthews stated his business.

"William," said the magnate to his attendant book-keeper, "what is the balance at the bank to-day?"

After consulting the cheque-book, the answer was given, "Twelve hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars, sir."

"You see, Mr. Matthews," said the magnate, turning to the future novelist, "our balance is all drawn down to-day."

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Stephen Leacock

Everyone who has travelled to any extent must have noticed that, with some negligible exceptions, the Canadian has been inclined to change his professed nationality, or rather the expression of it, with his environment. At least he was inclined to do so before the first of last August. If you met him riding on the top of a Piccadilly bus, or in the breakfast room of a Devonshire inn, he would be likely to greet you with an enthusiasm measured by the measure of the man as a fellow American. When that greeting led to further natural questioning and you asked him from what part of the States he came he would inform you that it was not the States at all, but Toronto or Ottawa or Manitoba, as the case might be, but for all that he was as much an American as yourself. The same Canadian in New York, or Denver, or St. Augustine, would be likely to announce himself before there was time for any questions as a "British subject," and there might be even a certain agressiveness in the manner of the announcement. All of which is introductory to two or three paragraphs about Mr. Stephen Leacock, the author of *Behind the Beyond, Sunshine Sketches, Nonsense Novels, Literary Lapses* and *Arcadian Adventures With the Idle Rich,* and a humourist, whose popularity seems to be growing with every month. In speaking of him it was thought necessary to learn his whereabouts at the exact moment of writing. Had he been in London it would have been to an American humourist that we extended greeting. Had he been in Chicago we should have felt bound to emphasise the point of his political allegiance to King George V. As a matter of fact, at the moment of writing, Mr. Leacock happens to be at McGill University in Toronto.

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In the preface to one of his books Stephen Leacock has outlined the events of his life. He was born at Swannmoor, Hants, England, on December 30, 1869. In 1876 the family migrated to Canada, to a farm near Lake Simcoe, in Ontario. That was during the hard times of Canadian farming, and the venture was little more than a partial success. Stephen was educated at Upper Canada College, Toronto, and afterward at the University of Toronto, where he was graduated in 1891. Then he took to school teaching as the only

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trade for which he felt himself fitted, and devoted eight years to work as a member of the staff of Upper Canada College. In 1899 he went to the University of Chicago, to study economics and political science, was soon appointed to a Fellowship in political economy, and by means of this and some temporary employment by McGill University, he survived until he took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1903. "The meaning of this degree," Mr. Leacock has commented, "is that the recipient of instruction is examined for the last time in his life, and is pronounced completely full. After this, no new ideas can be imparted to him." He married about that time, and since has belonged to the staff of McGill University, first as lecturer in Political Science, and later, as head of the Department of Economics and Political Science. "As this position is one of the prizes of my profession, I am able to regard myself as singularly fortunate. The emolument is so high as to place me distinctly above the policeman, postman, street-car conductors, and salaried officials of the neighborhood, while I am able to mix with the poorer of the business men of the city on terms of something like equality."

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"I would sooner," Mr. Leacock has said, "have written *Alice in Wonderland* than the whole *Encyclopædia Britannica.*" For he believes that the writing of solid, instructive stuff fortified by facts and figures is easy enough; that a scientific treatise on the folk-lore of central China, or a statistical enquiry into the declining population of Prince Edward Island are tests involving no great trouble; while to write something out of one's own mind, worth reading for its own sake, is an arduous contrivance only to be achieved in fortunate moments, few and far between. Of the persons and places in his own books he has said that Mariposa is not a real town, but on the contrary about seventy or eighty towns, that may be found all the way from Lake Superior to the sea; and that the Reverend Mr. Drone is not one person, but about eight or ten. "To make him I clapped the gaiters of one ecclesiastic round the legs of another, added the sermons of a third and the character of a fourth, and so let him start on his way in the book to pick up such individual attributes as he might find for himself. Mullins and Bagshaw and Judge Pepperleigh and the rest are, it is true, personal friends of mine. But I have known them in such a variety of forms, with such alternations of tall and short, dark and fair, that, individually, I should have much ado to know them. Mr. Pupkin is found whenever a Canadian bank opens a branch in a county town and needs a teller. As for Mr. Smith, with his two hundred and eighty pounds, his hoarse voice, his loud check suit, his diamonds, the roughness of his address and the goodness of his heart,—all of this is known by everybody to be a necessary and universal adjunct of the hotel business."

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Poe and Dickens

For some time Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have contemplated adding a set of Poe to their Library of Modern Authors. But instead of launching a new edition they decided to bring out in a new form the edition brought out first in 1895, under the supervision of Professor George Edward Woodberry and the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, which lacked little or nothing in its editorial treatment. In glancing through this edition, we chance upon the final answer to a question that was being asked widely in the English newspapers a few years ago. One of the most remarkable chapters in the history of literary anecdote has to do with Poe's exposition of the entire plot of Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge* from a reading of the first instalment. Every one familiar with Poe's critical work recalls the essay on Dickens's romance of the Gordon Riots in which the writer quotes from his own contribution to an issue of the *Saturday Evening Post,* of Philadelphia, of the previous year. But, English writers began asking a few years

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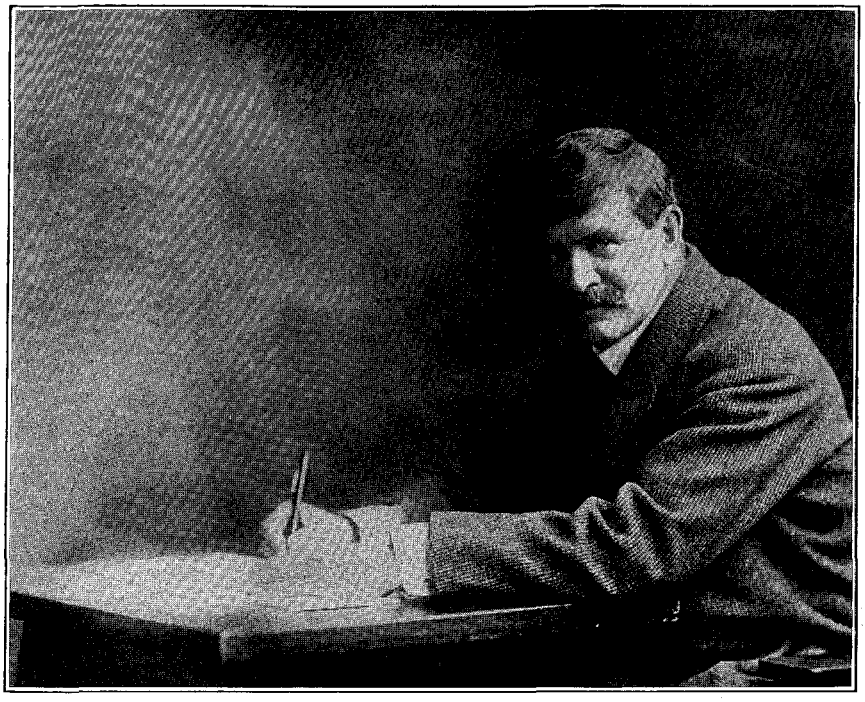

STEPHEN LEACOCK

ago, who has ever seen that original contribution? Mr. Poe, writing after *Barnaby Rudge,* had run almost its full course, quoted from what he had said at an earlier time, and readers have come to accept his statement without question. But why is that first prophetic paper not to be found in the complete edition of his work? The question was a fair one. But it is set completely at rest in a note appended to the seventh volume of the Scribner edition, in which Professor Woodberry corroborates Poe to the effect that the earlier prospective review appeared in the place and on the date recorded.

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The New Rôle

It may be slightly unfair to express an opinion in advance, but we shall be very much surprised if Mr. Montague Glass's forthcoming volume, *The Competitive Nephew,* does not prove something of a disappointment. Mr. Glass has won a wide audience with his stories of the business life and the home activities of the firm of Potash and Perlmutter, but that this audience will relish a departure from the old field is a matter of doubt. Also Mr. Glass's ability to handle a new theme has yet to be proven. In making this comment we have in mind the case of Mr. Peter Finley Dunne. Having discovered Martin Dooley and the philosophy of the Archey Road, Mr. Dunne turned them to account in volume after volume of unflagging interest. But one day he started a series introducing a new character as his mouthpiece. By the time the third paper was written it was found necessary to bring in Mr. Dooley to avert positive disaster. At that the situation was only partly saved. Mr. Glass is as much associated with Potash and Perlmutter as Mr. Dunne was with Mr. Dooley. Can he succeed where Mr. Dunne failed?

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MARGUERITE MÜNSTERBERG, AUTHOR OF "RED POPPIES"

In a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN, Mr. Glass was quoted at some length upon the literary origin of "Potash and Perlmutter," who are simply composite characters, drawn from Mr. Glass's familiarity with the type. As a lawyer he came in contact with hundreds of just such men as the famous cloak and suit firm, Max D. Feldman, the lawyer, and others. But it is not only the men themselves, it appears, but the customs and institutions among the Jewish people of whom he writes that give his stories their distinguishing mark. Mr. Glass's new book, *The Competitive Nephew,* departs entirely from Potash and Perlmutter, but is laid largely in the cloak and suit trade, and deals with the same types as did the previous stories.

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In *The Competitive Nephew* there is a bond of sympathy which in a way recalls the O. Henry story *Makes the Whole World Kin.* There O. Henry showed the bond of sympathy between the burglar and victim when it developed that both suffered from rheumatism. In *The Competitive Nephew* it is an asthmatic cough administered to by Miss Meyerson which brings about a solution of the difficult problem of the nephew. "There are in the cloak and suit trade," said Mr. Glass, "some great and wonderful coughs. In a way they become a trademark. I only wish I could describe adequately some of the coughs that I have met in the world of Potash and Perlmutter. Indeed I assure you they would put some of the worst automobile horns out of business."

PHILIP CURTISS, AUTHOR OF "THE LADDER." MR. CURTISS WAS BORN IN HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, TWENTY-NINE YEARS AGO. AFTER GRADUATION FROM TRINITY, HE WAS ELECTED A FELLOW OF THAT COLLEGE, AND WENT TO SPAIN TO STUDY LITERATURE. ON HIS RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY HE TOOK UP NEWSPAPER WORK. ALTHOUGH MANY OF MR. CURTISS'S SHORT STORIES HAVE APPEARED IN THE MAGAZINES, "THE LADDER" IS HIS FIRST NOVEL

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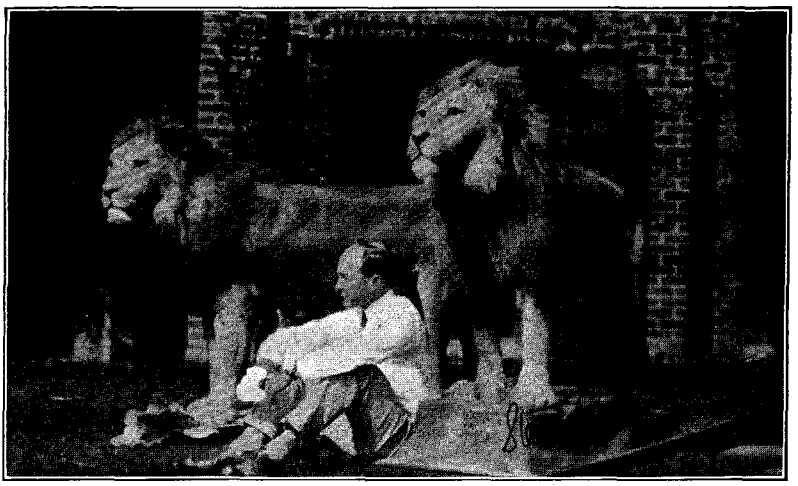

STEWART EDWARD WHITE, PHOTOGRAPHED BETWEEN TWO OF HIS AFRICAN HUNT TROPHIES. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN ON THE LAWN OF MR. WHITE'S CALIFORNIA HOME, "THE JUMPING OFF PLACE"

Prohibition and the Novel

While we have produced no work of fiction presenting the evil results of excessive drinking comparable to Zola's epic *L'Assommoir,* American writers, during the past year or so, have been directing their blows rather steadily against what is known as "the saloon interest." First came Mr. Jack London in his semi-autobiographical *John Barleycorn,* to be followed by Mr. Samuel G. Blythe with *The Old Game,* and Mr. Will Levington Comfort with *Midstream.* Now comes Mr. James Hay, Jr., with *The Man Who Forgot,* which was begun as a prohibition play and then turned into a novel. Mr. Hay, who is the son of Congressman James Hay, the Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, was born January 28, 1881, at Harrisonburg, Virginia. Most of his childhood, however, was spent in Madison, Virginia, a small town fifteen miles from the nearest railway. From 1894 to 1899 he was at the Clay Hill Academy in Clark County, Virginia, after which he spent four years at the University of Virginia, devoting most of his attention to languages and literature. His original intention had been to pursue the study of law, but during his college course he became particularly interested in literary subjects. At college he was editor of the *University of Virginia Magazine,* which is well known as one of the leading under-graduate literary papers, and he was also connected with other college publications.

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After leaving the University of Virginia, Mr. Hay went to Washington, where he worked for six months on the Washington *Post;* and then for six years on the Washington *Times.* During the latter part of his service on the *Times* he covered the Capitol for that paper, and this led to his travelling with Mr. Taft for two years (1908, 1909 and 1910). Mr. Hay says that it was Mr. Taft who rescued him from newspaper work by giving him interviews which seemed so obviously to point the way to magazine writing. In 1910 he went to New York to work for the *Popular Magazine.* Since then he has written extensively for various magazines. In March, last, he developed the idea of writing a prohibition play, but after several months attempting to get this produced, he became discouraged and

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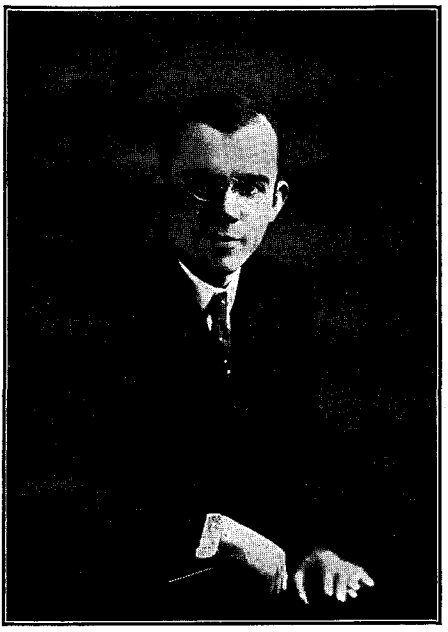

JAMES HAY, JR.

decided to make a book of it. Mr. Hay looks back on his activities in this direction with some humour and has written an article entitled *The Gentle Art of Not Selling a Play,* which pokes fun at the whole wire-pulling system by which dramatic productions are arranged.

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A Tagore Biography

We are printing on another page an extract from *Rabindranath Tagore, the Man and His Poetry,* by Basanta Koomar Roy, a book that the publishers declare to be the first biography of Tagore to appear in this country. The author, Mr. Roy, is a young man, who has been in the United States barely seven years, and who has during this time contributed a number of articles on Hindu literature to current magazines. He was graduated from Calcutta University, and taught for two years thereafter in the Anglo-Bengali English High School of Allahabad, India. Upon coming to this country he spent two years at the University of Wisconsin, graduating with his B. A. degree. Mr. Roy was born in a high caste Hindu family, but sacrificed both caste and social prestige in coming to America, and in adopting American customs. In attaining an American education his aim has been to fit himself to present his native country in lectures and writings to the American public in its true aspect, as he claims that it is thoroughly misunderstood by foreigners. As a personal friend of the poet Tagore, he has had opportunity for acquiring material for his book on the Bengali Nobel Prize winner.

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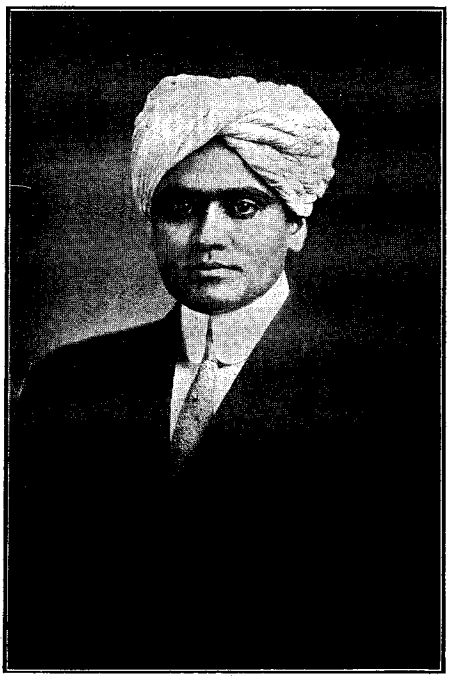
The Literary Shop

Mr. James L. Ford has written a novel which he calls *The Great Mirage.* Since 1894, Mr. Ford has written a number of books, and has been industriously supplying copy to a great many periodicals and newspapers. But none of his activities has proved of sufficient importance to make us think of him in any light other than as the author of *The Literary Shop.* This comment



BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

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will not be pleasing to Mr. Ford, but nevertheless it must be made. To soften it, it may be intimated that if Mr. Ford has possibly overestimated the significance of subsequent work, he certainly has always underestimated the wit, satire, and durability of *The Literary Shop*. Most of us have completely forgotten everything associated with *The Brazen Calf*, except the name; but a great many of us remember and still chuckle over certain reflections in the chapters in *The Literary Shop* on the Bonnærian period of American literature, and those chapters incorporated in a later edition of the book describing the diversions enjoyed by the industrious population of the McClure Village of Syndicate, on the banks of the shimmering Hackensack.

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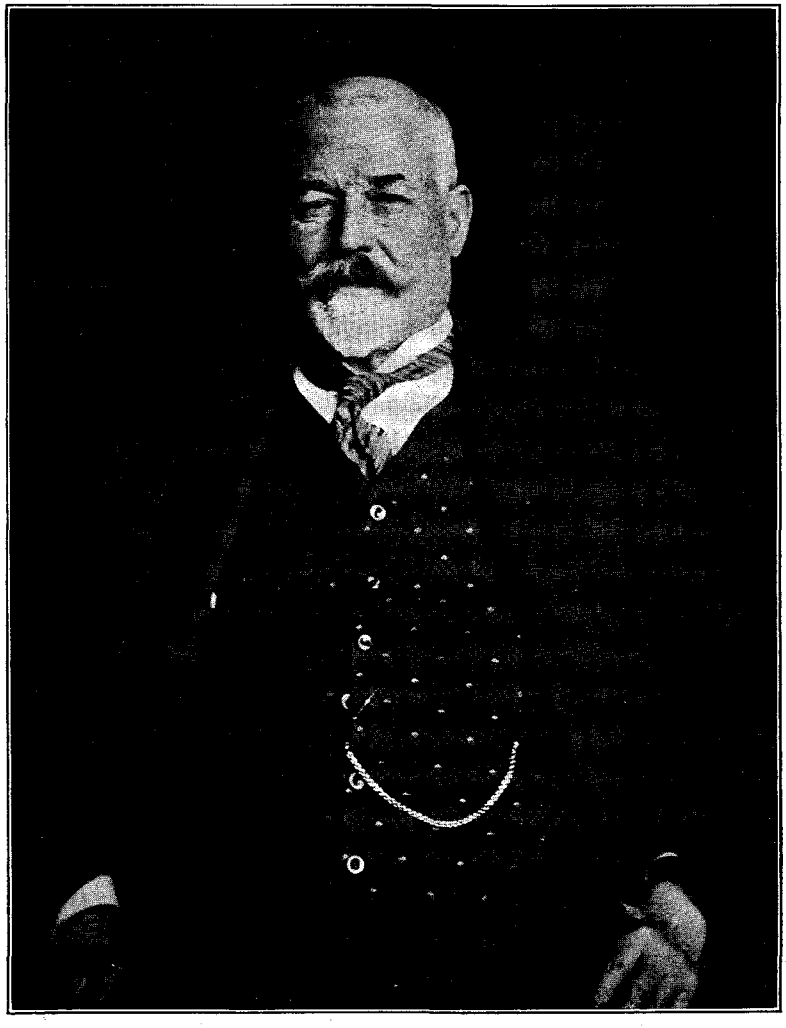
"Tipperary"

"'It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary,' the universal song among the British soldiers at the front and in training, is the work," says a recent issue of the



JAMES L. FORD

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London *Sketch,* "of two men—Mr. Jack Judge, well known as a music hall singer, and Mr. Harry Williams, who collaborated in words and music. Messrs. Feldman accepted it after it had been rejected in several other quarters; and even after its publication, in 1912, the sales hung fire. Then it was that Mr. Feldman prophesied that the world would one day ring with the song. There is no need to point out how remarkably that prophecy has been fulfilled. It is stated that nearly two

THE MAKERS OF "TIPPERARY." HARRY WILLIAMS, POET, COMPOSER AND AUTHOR; BERT FELDMAN, THE PUBLISHER, AND JACK JUDGE, PART-COMPOSER AND AUTHOR (LEFT TO RIGHT)

million copies have been sold in Great Britain since the war broke out; nearly three millions in the United States. Mr. Judge first sang 'Tipperary' in the English provinces; and Mr. Florrie Forde sang it in the Isle of Man in 1913." The *Sketch* account differs materially from other accounts that have come to us. We first heard it sung, sometime last August, before the music and words had reached this country, by a man who claims that it was a popular and familiar tune in the London music halls almost ten years ago. A good many persons have noticed the similarity of "Tipperary" and "A Wee Doch and Dorris," as sung by Mr. Harry Lauder.

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Stephen Graham

A year or so ago Mr. Stephen Graham was in this country, giving to those who met him the impression of a curious and interesting personality. An Englishman, of Northumbrian descent, he looks more like a Russian. His face bears a marked resemblance to the face of Maxim Gorky, a fact which is frequently recognized by Russians who meet him. Perhaps this outward appearance indicates something of the spirit within that has taken the son of P. Anderson Graham, the editor of the English illustrated journal known as *Country Life,* to practically every corner of the great Russian Empire. Whatever the reason may be, seven years ago, when he was in his early twenties, the spirit of adventure called him, and he gave up a good business post in London and went to Russia to find himself. Since then his life has been of Russia and the Russians.

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Stephen Graham had but fifteen pounds in his pocket when he started on that first journey. He reached Moscow and there shared a room with two young Russian students. There was the inevitable period of discouragement and despondency, which passed away with the broadening of his knowledge of the Russian life and language. He tramped about the Caucasus, slept under the stars, and received hospitality from all kinds of queer people. The summer following he journeyed to Archangel, there to see another side of Russian life, and the next year he joined the Russian pilgrims, disguised as one of them, and travelled to Jerusalem. Out of these experiences grew the book *With the Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem,* which was published in 1913. But there was another tide to follow. For one Russian whose face was turned toward Palestine, a dozen were bound for

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America. So Graham joined a party of immigrants on their way to the United States, travelling with them in the steerage across the Atlantic to New York, and thence tramping to Chicago and the farms of the west. When the present European war broke out he was on the frontier of China, one thousand miles from a railway station. His new book, *Russia and the World,* begins with an account of how the war affected the border people; how the Cossacks rode at the summons of the Czar.

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Father Brown and Others

The other day someone spoke of Father Brown, the ingenious, innocent-appearing little Roman Catholic priest, who is the medium through whom Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in *The Innocence of Father Brown* first, and later in *The Wisdom of Father Brown,* has given expression to certain very subtle ideas of crime and crime detection, as the most convincing and effective variation of Sherlock Holmes that has appeared since Dr. John Watson returned from the Afghanistan campaign to take a partnership in the Upper Baker Street lodgings. Which comment inevitably suggests comparisons. For the adequate expression of what, for lack of a better name, is known as the detective story, an invention of personality is necessary. Poe achieved it in his Dupin; Gaboriau in his Lecoq and in his Père Tirauclair. The success of Sherlock Holmes naturally led to the construction of many variations of unquestioned cleverness. For example, there were Joseph Roulet-abille of M. Gaston Leroux's *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* and *The Perfume of the Lady in Black; The Thinking Machine* of the late Jacques Futrelle's series of stories by that name; and the ingenious sleuth, whose name for the moment escapes us, who worked out the mystery presented in Mr. Cleveland Moffett's *Through the Wall.* Another clever builder of detective stories, Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, was only moderately successful with his newspaper sleuth, Jim Godfrey, who was quite overshadowed by the international rascal, Crochard the Invincible. But one day Mr. Stevenson conceived the idea of enlisting Crochard, under the spur of patriotism, as an ally of the official authorities, with exceedingly happy results.

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For sheer invention Mr. Chesterton has surpassed Conan Doyle. But he has never succeeded in providing the thrill and the sense of horror achieved in such a story as *The Adventure of the*

STEPHEN GRAHAM

Speckled Band. Father Brown is human, and so is his ally the gigantic Flombeau, but the plots of the tales are not human. Nor is it always possible to follow the process of reasoning by which Father Brown arrives at his conclusions. In even the most *outré* of the Sherlock Holmes narratives, *The Man With the Twisted Lip,* for example, the reader is always ready to accept the eventual explanation. That Mr. Nev-

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HARRY LEON WILSON. TAKEN AT THE BOHEMIAN CLUB GROVE IN CALIFORNIA

ille St. Clair left his wife and country residence every morning ostensibly for his office in the City, assumed the disguise of a beggar and took his lucrative post on London Bridge, was astonishing, but in no sense impossible. But when Mr. Chesterton describes the scientist Hirsch becoming Colonel Dubosc, and denouncing himself for no comprehensible reason, or the lawyer Green living for years as the Duke of Exmore, without arousing neighbourhood suspicion, we are entertained but we never for a moment forget that these characters and situations belong to the very improbable land of make-believe.

A new and amiable variation of the detective type of fiction appears in *The Adventures of Detective Barney,* by Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins. Barney's exploits, by the way, have been presented on the stage in a play entitled *The Dummy.* Barney is sixteen years of age, the product of the lower west side of New York City. To him the world beyond the North River, the East River and the Harlem River does not exist, or, at any rate, has no obvious reason for existing. Informed that he is about to be taken to Philadelphia, he is puzzled. Hitherto, Philadelphia has meant to him, not a city, but a base ball team. An adventure involving a night in the country leaves him terror stricken. On the other hand, no aspect of the great city is a mystery to him. Separated from Broadway for the briefest moment, he yearns for the white lights as Private Ortheris in his madness yearned for the Tottenham Court Road. His grammar is frequently defective, but never his native shrewdness or his resource. An interesting type. May he appear for our amusement in many new incarnations.

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Chesterton on the War

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, whom we reported in the last number of THE BOOKMAN to be in a critical state of health, is now well on the road to recovery. A small volume by him on the European War is shortly to be published by Dodd, Mead and Company. It will contain the articles that have appeared in the current press under the titles "The Facts of the Case" and "Letters to an Old Garibaldian."

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Ruggles

Like the origin of "Bunker Bean," the literary beginnings of Harry Leon Wilson's new character Ruggles —*Ruggles of Red Gap,* the English valet who becomes the social arbiter of that most interesting far-western centre of culture—must remain in oblivion. However, Mr. Wilson told a friend the other day something of the frame of mind that brought Ruggles into

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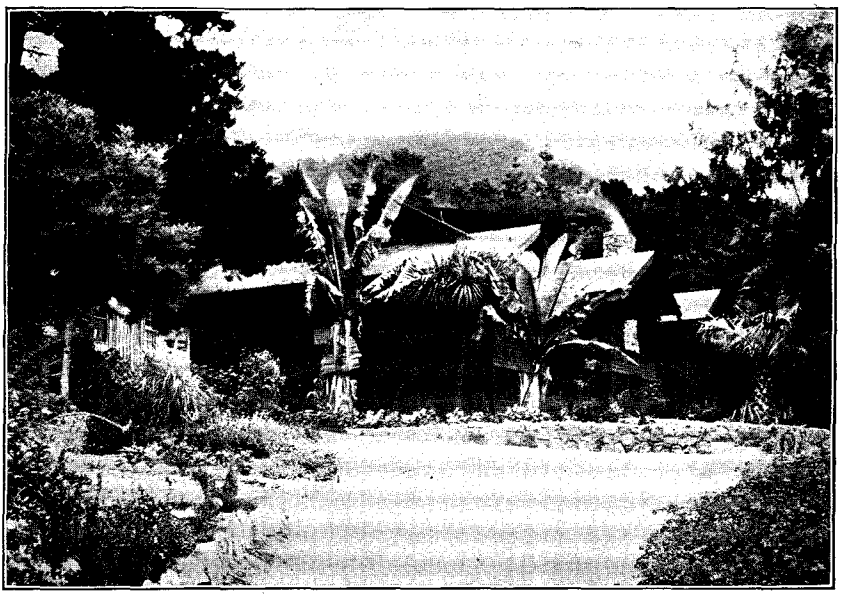

THE HOME OF HARRY LEON WILSON AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

life. "The origin of Ruggles," he said, "is past finding out. Perhaps he has germinated on some occasion when I studied his silent kind with frank interest and ever respectfully wondered what it might be thinking about. Perhaps he grew from the conviction that even an English valet must be found human if one could only explore him. As explorers of his own race would never by any chance harbour even a suspicion of this, I was compelled to throw him among people who would. Hence Red Gap and a certain Cousin Egbert who artlessly believed from the very first that he was human. This is the sole misty basis of Ruggles, Red Gap and all the rest of it."

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Just as *Bunker Bean* satirised one or two phases of American life, so *Ruggles of Red Gap* holds up the mirror to our American idiosyncrasies by showing us the aloof point of view upon American ways of the typical English serving man. There was a time after Ruggles, the Honourable George's man, had been transferred to the services of "the American Johnnie with eyebrows" (who, it turned out, was a Senator and millionaire from the Far West, and whose wife, moreover, had coveted Ruggles for the reformation of one Cousin Egbert, who was uncouth in the Western way). There was the time, to continue again, when Ruggles first met his charge:

> Meditating thus bitterly, I had but finished dressing when I was startled by a knock on my door, and by the entrance to my summons of the elder and more subdued Floud, he of the drooping moustaches and the mournful eyes of pale blue. One glance at his attire brought freshly to my mind the atrocious difficulties of my new situation. I may be credited or not, but combined with tan boots and wretchedly fitting trousers of a purple hue, he wore a black frock coat, revealing far, far too much of a blue satin "made" cravat, on which was painted a cluster of tiny white flowers—lilies of the valley, I should say. Unbelievably, above this monstrous mélange was a rather low-crowned bowler hat.
>
> Hardly repressing a shudder, I bowed, whereupon he advanced solemnly to me and put out his hand. To cover the embarrassing situation tactfully I extended my own, and we actually shook hands, although my clasp was limply quite formal.
>
> "How do you do, Mr. Ruggles," he began.
>
> I bowed again, but speech failed me.
>
> "She sent me over to get you," he went on.

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He uttered the word "she" with such profound awe that I knew he could mean none other than Mrs. Effie.

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Mrs. Ferris Greenslet

In the February issue of THE BOOKMAN there was published a review of *The Nightingale,* as the work of "Ellenor Stoothoff." That the signature was a pseudonym was perfectly apparent and recently it has been made known that "Ellenor Stoothoff" is Mrs. Ferris Greenslet, the wife of the literary adviser of the Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston. Mr. Greenslet himself is an author, among his works being *The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich* and *The Life of James Russell Lowell.* The story of *The Nightingale* involved a rather interesting problem. It described a woman running away from her husband to take a motor trip through Italy, alone, for the purpose of regaining the health that she felt to be essential to the happiness of them both. A number of readers have written to the author questioning the wisdom of the heroine's course. But Mrs. Greenslet does not think she did wrong. She says:

In fact, I think there would be a great many more happy homes and a great many less divorces if, when people get tired and worn out, instead of staying home and getting on each other's nerves, they had initiative enough to go off by themselves and recuperate—on the same theory that we send a fussy child to its room to stay there until it can come back and be pleasant. People don't get off by themselves enough. As somebody wrote me, "Your heroine was sensible enough to change an impending tragedy into light comedy." Hilda is a type, anyway—an exaggerated type. I simply took the characteristics of modern American women that one hears so much about—restlessness, irresponsibility and desire for change—and raised them to the *nth* power. For all so many people find *The Nightingale* only amusing, I really meant in it to show how in my opinion the modern husband must be equipped to hold the kaleidoscopic wife that civilisation has evolved. He must be a philosopher (and the training the modern husband receives nowadays fits him admirably for that rôle); he must grant her a very large measure of freedom, both in her ideas and actions; and, above all, he must have an all-embracing and all-sufficient sense of humour.

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Gerald Stanley Lee

In his magazine, *Mount Tom,* Gerald Stanley Lee has been devoting much thought and time and space to the war, and his new book upon which he is now at work will reflect something of the great conflict and the relation of America to it. In speaking of the war the other day, Mr. Lee said:

No one has really expressed the experience of a soul struggling with this war, and the sooner we get it expressed and look back and see what has happened to us, the sooner America will be in a position to rise to the crisis and do in the world at last what she was conceived for.

Whether this was a hint as to the nature of the successor to *Crowds,* or not, he would not say. Some of Mr. Lee's comments in *Mount Tom* are interesting in connection with the above quotation. For instance, in a recent issue under the heading of "Seven Dumb Nations" he says:

It is a mistake to suppose that because people do things in a machine civilisation they mean anything by them. The reason all the people are fighting in Europe to-day is that the diplomats—the men whose special business it is to express nations to one another—could not express them. The war in Europe is a stupendous breakdown of the European languages. Every nation in Europe to-day is practically a dumb nation. Each has suddenly failed to find words to express itself—to express its temperament to the other temperaments so that it will be understood. So they fight.

Why did the nations so suddenly and completely fail to express themselves to one another?

A crisis arose in which they had to express themselves with immense effect in a few hours, or it would be too late.

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Any great nation—say, of fifty million people—that is so placed or so places itself that it has got to express fifty million people in a few hours or die, finds out in a hurry that the facilities in this present world for expressing fifty million people to three hundred million other people, and getting all the expression in before twelve o'clock that night, are very inadequate.

Naturally, if a nation of fifty million people has got to express itself within one round of the clock, it must find some way of doing it all in one swoop—in the same way that machinery does things.

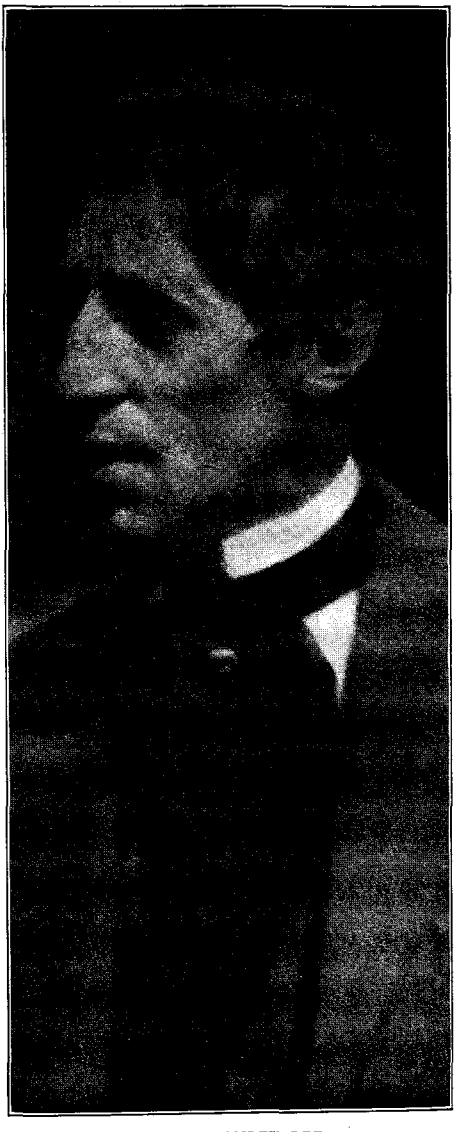
Everything in modern life done for very large numbers of people in a very short time has to be done by machinery. The only big machine any nation in Europe had provided itself with for the emergency of expressing itself all at once, all in one huge crash in a day, was the army machine.

It is the absence of the Crowd expression and the Crowd machine (of which Mr. Lee had so much to say in *Crowds*) which he sees here as the trouble with the fighting nations. But apparently these essays point the way to the further development of the Crowd philosophy, in his new book.

• • •

Books for the Blind

A note comes to us that Fabre's *Life of the Spider* is being transcribed into raised type for the blind. Other books that are also being prepared in this way are, we learn, Birmingham's *General John Regan,* and Tinsley's *Practical and Artistic Basketry,* among recent publications; and among older well-known books are *The Scarlet Letter* and *Vanity Fair.* The New York Public Library Reading Room for the Blind reports that of most interest to the blind are short stories by O. Henry, Conan Doyle and Richard Harding Davis; while among the newer novels, Henry Sydnor Harrison's *Queed* and *V. V.'s Eyes* are both in considerable demand. Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* and Mary Antin's *The Promised Land,* both of which may be obtained for the blind, do not seem so popular. Four books on cooking at the New York Library's reading room are, however, called for frequently.



GERALD STANLEY LEE

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JAMES STEPHENS—AN APPRECIATION

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

WHO that read the very first page of *The Crock of Gold* was not thrilled with a delicious sense of discovery such as occurs at most only once or twice in a decade? And who, reading only half way through, was not thoroughly convinced that he had found one more veritable "little master" of English prose and of English fiction? *The Crock of Gold,* like *The Demi-Gods,* which has since appeared to deepen, if anything, the impression of the first work, is primarily a *conte philosophique,* written by a humourist and a poet. As such it is certainly unique in recent literature. It would, indeed, be rare enough in English at any time. And when, once in a blue moon, a writer, like William Locke, has tried to filch one from the French of a writer like Anatole France, he has straightway supplanted its ripe, if somewhat disreputable, wisdom of a M. Jerôme Coignard, with a sentimental love story. Fancy, if one will, a version of Voltaire's *Candide* by Mrs. Barclay!

Stephens himself shows traces of the potent Anatolian influence in tales which, too, frequently involve the adventures of "beloved vagabonds." Is it, for example, not asking a trifle too much of mere coincidence to account for the apparition in *The Demi-Gods,* of a whole covey of guardian angels on Irish soil, so soon after a similar visitation imagined by the old master in his *Révolte des Anges?*

Stephens, as a matter of fact, and for all known to the contrary, might be able to file a very plausible affidavit of priority for at least the germinal idea underlying both their stories. For it certainly appears embryonically in that wild bit of Irish humour entitled "The Three-Penny Piece," which originally formed part of the collection called *Here Are Ladies,* and which here recurs as a chapter of the later work.

But quite aside from the question of direct borrowings or literal resemblances, there is the spirit of Stephens's work. Do we not find some conscious emulation of the author of, let us say, *La Chemise,* in the turn which he gives to his own irony, his own poetic temper, his own power of psychological analysis? While, in addition, there is his passion for playing with ideas, his mystic naturalism that allows him to weave lovely cosmic myths, and above all, his tenderness for men and women whom he, too, treats, as if they were very weak, very innocent, and very unprotected—especially against themselves.

Yet—to touch upon the last alone—there is in this tenderness little, if any, of the contempt which we often feel lies at the root of the French writer's indulgence. Grim and sardonic his mood may seem in certain of the tales in *Here Are Ladies.* Yet, on the whole, his is more nearly the spirit of another European writer of far-spreading influence—Dostoevsky, high priest of that pity which wells up in inexhaustible waves from the Russian heart.

Poor Folks. That is the title of Dostoevsky's first novel, written even before he had eaten of the bitter fruits of prison experiences. And is it not of "poor folks," precisely, that Stephens writes with special predilection? In *Mary, Mary,* his heroine is a charwoman's daughter; and in *The Demi-Gods* his people are so poor that their whole life, as the author himself expresses it, is a hunt for food, each meal being a city which must be taken by storm. Moreover, Patsy MacCann is a thief, who could, at a pinch, become a murderer. He actually has so little "moral sensitiveness," that, when his enemy is killed

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accidentally in the course of a scrimmage, he can cover up the man's face with a newspaper, quite as a matter of course, before packing him away in a casual roadside grave, then go on about his business without giving a second thought to the late bloody transaction. Yet it is significant to note that four fully certified angels, who stand by all the time without saying a word, do not refuse to shake Patsy's hand, or share his pipe with him, when they come to say good-bye at the "latter end" of their common journey.

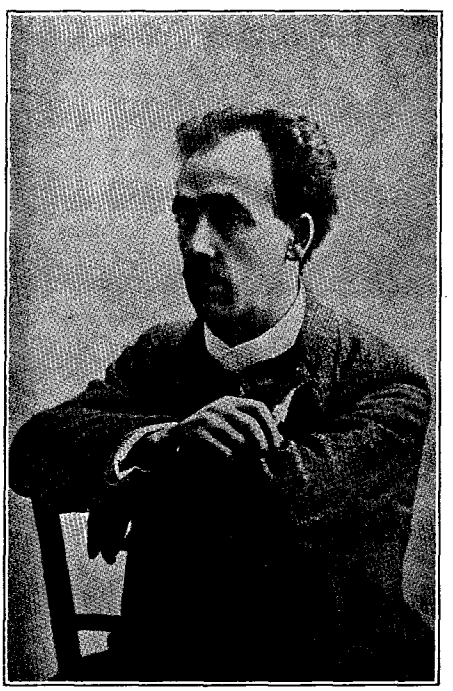
But "pity" is perhaps too strong and too much misused a word to describe Stephens's sentiment toward his characters. It is rather a shrewd and humourous understanding of their circumstances—not unmixed, perhaps, with a certain wayward appreciation of this independence. Has there ever in English—if we except Borrow—been such a penetrating, and at the same time, sympathetic analysis, of the point of view of the vagrant, the outcast, the wanderer, for whom the people who live in houses do not count.

MacCann and his daughter scarcely looked on them as human beings, and if he had generalised about them at all, he would have said that there was no difference between these folk and the trees that shaded their dwellings in leafy spray, that they were rooted in their houses, and that they had no idea of life other than the trees might have which snuff forever the same atmosphere and look on the same horizon until they droop again to the clay they lifted from.

"It was with quite other people they communed." These were wandering beggars, tinkers, and ballad-singers, of whom the author gives us glimpses which have the full fine Borrovian flavour.

The same spiritual gymnastic which thus permits him to assume the attitude of the outcast toward society—and one feels in this less a sense of sheer skill than of profound sincerity—enables him also to introduce himself agilely into the cerebellum of animals. There is, for example, the little ass who drags Patsy's and Mary's few worldly belongings about for them, sharing their food and their famine, their fortunes and their misfortunes. Unharnessed and left standing, it was his habit to think, and usually his thoughts took an Epicurean or gastronomic turn. First he thought of carrots:

He thought of their shape, their colour, and the way they looked in a bucket. Some



JAMES STEPHENS

would have the thick end stuck up, and some would have the other end stuck up, and there were always bits of clay sticking to one end or the other. Some would be lying on their sides as though they had slipped quietly to sleep, and some would be standing in a slanting way, as though they were leaning their backs against a wall and couldn't make up their minds what to do next. But, however they looked in the bucket, they all tasted alike, and they all tasted well. They are a companionable

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food; they make a pleasant crunching sound when they are bitten, and so, when one is eating carrots, one can listen to the sound of one's eating and make a story from it.

And so the ass's thoughts go all through the pleasant category of things good to eat, with the result of a complete asinine anthology of tempting tastes and textures.

It is the same with inanimate objects, all of which he can endow with a soul, and hence with a psychology, sometimes profoundly poetic, sometimes grotesquely amusing, but always admirably spirited and full of life. Take, for example, the following description of an interior seen through the window which Patsy was about to enter one dark night:

> The lighted room was both inviting and terrifying, for it was even more silent than the world outside; the steady globes stared at the window like the eyes of a mad fish, and one could imagine that the room had pricked up invisible ears and was listening toward the window, and one could imagine also that the room would squeak and wail if any person were to come through anywhere but a door and stand in it.

As Patsy still stands looking into the room before mounting the sill, a man and a woman enter it. The ensuing scene, so strange and intense, though so simple and even ordinary, is an admirable instance of the effective way in which Stephens can create a fantastic atmosphere for his human tragedy.

A realist, there is never in his realism anything of the flat or commonplace. His vision is personal. And this vision, whether it be the result of seeing things more intensely than others, or merely of seeing them from a different angle, becomes visionary, so that we seem not so much to be looking at things, as to be peering into them or through them.

This, too, is a trait of Dostoevsky, as it is also of Maeterlinck, whose early theatre is, indeed, based very largely upon a calculated use of just such effects. And one can think of no higher praise to bestow upon Stephens than to say that there are moments when, in his mingling of pity and comprehension with this transfiguring note of human fantasy, he moves us with the very emotion set stirring most often by the great Russian realist.

HENRI BERGSON AND HIS PHILOSOPHY*

BY G. G. WYANT

In studying the life of Henri Bergson, the writers of the present book find little of as striking interest as the development itself of the philosopher's own thought. Professor Bergson has lived the quiet and uneventful life of the teacher and research scholar, rising from the position of schoolmaster at Angers to occupy the chair of Modern Philosophy at the Collège de France. Symbolical of his external life is the residence he has selected on the outskirts of Paris.

Its actual situation is peaceful and secluded, within an enclosure containing several houses, each having its own garden and each occupied by one family. On the wrought-iron gates admitting to the enclosure we read the name Villa Montmorency, a name which applies to the whole settlement. This is occupied for the most part by men of letters. No street-cries are allowed there and no beggars; carriages and motors are warned that they must drive slowly.

Most of the houses are surrounded only by a low fence and can be seen by passers-by; but the three-storied house of the philosopher is completely screened by a high paling, and all the windows are closely cur-

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tained. There is a veranda in front of the house, shading both the front door and the windows of his own study; under this are a few chairs. In fine weather he can slip out from his study into the open air and still have perfect privacy.

During the long vacations he has been accustomed to continue his secluded mode of living at his Villa Bois-Gentil near St. Cergue in the Jura mountains.

Here he has a glorious view of Mont Blanc on the one hand and the blue crescent of Lake Leman on the other.

Henri Louis Bergson was born of Jewish extraction in 1859 in Paris. Part of his childhood was spent in England, a fact that probably accounts for his facility in English. His school days in Paris were passed at the Lycée Fontane, the name of which has since been changed to the Lycée Condorcet. In 1878 he entered upon his academic studies at the École Normale Superieure, after three years of which he obtained the rank of Licencié-ès-Lettres. Then followed the variety of increasingly important positions in his pedagogical career. For two years he remained at Angers, then, ambitious of securing a position that should bring with it the possibility of promotion to university work, he succeeded in obtaining such a situation at Clermont-Ferrand, once the capital of the Province of Auvergne. After five years there he obtained his doctor's degree and in the same year (1889) took up his work in Paris, first at the Collège Rollin, and later at the Lycée Henri-Quatre. In 1898 he left the Lycée and became a professor at the École Normale, where he had himself as a student obtained his first degree. He remained here only two years, however, leaving it to take up his career at the Collège de France, first to occupy the chair of Greek Philosophy and later that of Modern Philosophy, which he now holds. In 1901 he was elected to the Institute, and in 1914 he became a member of the Academy.

This in bare outline is the external career of the most famous philosopher of contemporary thought. It is a career, however, that represents a vast amount of original and ambitious work and an ever growing influence and importance in the realms of letters and philosophy. In his earliest school days in Paris, Bergson is said to have taken prizes on every possible occasion, being especially proficient in mathematics and the natural sciences. He definitely directed his studies into the classics, however, upon his entrance into the École Normale, and here he won special distinction as a Greek scholar. The authors of this study of Bergson quote the report that "Bergson at the outset of his career laid down in detail a plan of his work and never deviated from that plan." To the student of Bergson's conceptions of the intellect and of time, such a doctrine of finality applied to the philosopher's own career seems inappropriate enough. As a matter of fact, during the five years at Clermont Ferrand he delved into a great variety of subjects—art, literature, medicine, hypnotism, biology, the drama and, these authors add, "even sport." Such a wide range of interests did, at the outset of his career, give Bergson a synthetic grasp of human activities, for as he himself says: "If we do not begin by giving a glance at the whole, if we pass at once to the consideration of the parts, we may perhaps see very well, but we do not know what we are looking at." During his "retreat" in Auvergne, however, his preparation of his two theses for his doctor's degree indicates his definite bent toward philosophy; one thesis, in Latin, *Quid Aristoteles de loco senserit;* the other in French has been translated and published in English under the title of *Time and Free Will.* It was also during this period in the provinces that he first formulated his ideas on laughter, giving a lecture on the subject to a large and delighted audience in the university town; but it was not until sixteen years later (1900) that

*Henri Bergson: An Account of His Life and Philosophy. By Algot Ruhe and Nancy Margaret Paul. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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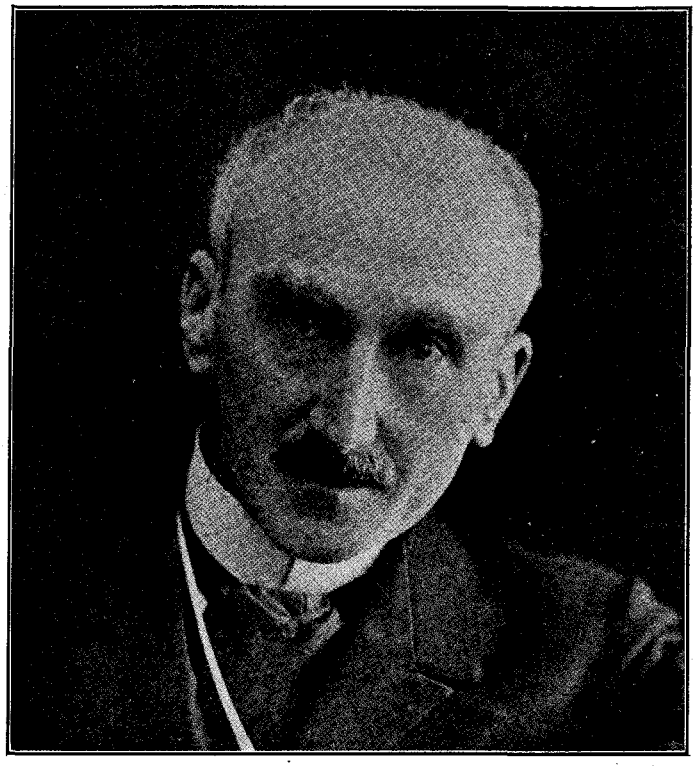
he published his matured ideas on the subject in *Le Rire* (translated and published, *Laughter*). It is said that during one of his regular walks at this period

> after he had lectured on the antinomies in regard to movement of the Eleatic school, an inspiration came to him, bringing the master idea of his whole doctrine—the idea of duration.



HENRI BERGSON

During his first years in Paris, Bergson, now with considerable of a reputation among French thinkers, devoted himself to his teaching and to preparatory studies for the work that has been translated as *Matter and Memory,* first appearing in French in 1896 and in English in 1911. Regarding the origin of this work Bergson has said:

> I set myself the following problem: What is it that modern physiology and pathology can teach with regard to the time-honoured question of the relation between matter and mind, when the learner is without prejudice and is determined to forget every speculation that he has already entertained on the subject, and is also determined to set aside, in the pronouncements of scientific men, all that is not purely and simply a statement of facts?

Articles began shortly to appear in reviews devoted to philosophy and an address at this time on "Le Bon-Sens et L'Education" is interesting as indicating Bergson's trend toward the consideration of the value of instinct:

> The education of good sense will not consist, then, merely in setting free the intellect from ready-made ideas, but also in turning it away from ideas that are over-simplified,

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in arresting it on the slippery incline of deduction and generalisation, and lastly, in curing it of excessive confidence in itself.

In 1900 Bergson gave an address before the first *Congrès international de Philosophie* and in the following year before the *Institut Psychologique international,* the latter paper on "Le Rêve" indicating a divergent interest in Bergson's thought that developed into his accepting the presidency in 1913 of the Society for Psychical Research. From 1901 onward Bergson contributed a wealth of articles to current French reviews and discussions to the *Societé Française de Philosophie,* arguing often on his favourite topics of intellect, will, matter and mind, and especially against the parallelist doctrine in psychology. In 1903 he made the first of a long list of contributions to the *Académie des Sciences Morales et Politique* of which he had become a member. Again, in 1904, Bergson read a paper before the International Congress of Philosophy, once more attacking the doctrine of parallelism in psychology, a paper of which these writers say "It is hardly too much to say that from this date a new era in psychology begins."

L'Évolution Créatrice (obtainable here as *Creative Evolution*) appeared in 1907. Of it Ruhe and Paul write:

> With this book, which both in actual size and in philosophic inclusiveness is his greatest work, a new phase in the history of its author begins. Until then he was but little known or studied outside France; within two or three years after the publication of *L'Evolution Créatrice* his books were translated and his thought disseminated very widely both in Europe and America.

Now Bergson was reaching a large public and instead of placing his discussions in specialised reviews he wrote for the more general mediums and accepted invitations to lecture before mixed audiences at home and abroad. Papers and addresses followed, but it is as the author of *Creative Evolution* that Bergson is most widely known and it was as the author of this book that he was received in 1913 in this country, coming here at the invitation of Columbia University and as a delegate from the University of Paris. He lectured in New York and in some other university cities before crowded lecture halls, the limitations of his voice preventing him from speaking in the larger auditoriums to the disappointed throngs who wished to hear him.

To show his influence on the minds of men, it is interesting to observe that "certain librarians in America, Germany and Sweden reckoned in 1912 that four hundred and seventeen books and articles on Bergson had appeared," no account being taken of newspaper articles and short book reviews. Of his philosophy itself Professor Draghicesco of Bucharest has written an appreciation from which is quoted:

> This immense and decisive influence on the philosophy of the future is already foreshadowed by an actual success marking a definitely new direction in the evolution of modern thought—a new discredit that has fallen on the old, official, cut-and-dried methods of the schools. In the sphere of religion and morals it will have—unintentionally, almost in spite of itself—practical and theoretic consequences that are incalculable. Moral philosophy, led astray by an inflexible rationalism, will find its proper road and true methods. It will be the same with religious speculation. . . .

PHILOSOPHY

After the chapter on "Life and Personality," the five remaining chapters are devoted to an epitome of Bergson's philosophy as obtained from his different writings, especially from *Creative Evolution,* the language of this work often being followed closely. The discussion is divided into the topics: "Change," "Freedom and the Will," "Body and Soul," "Life" and a "Conclusion"; and there are sub-headings consisting of catch-words that to a large extent serve to indicate the salient points of departure from previously accepted theories. In addition to this book, a number of

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able expositions of Bergson's philosophy have appeared so that it will be permissible here only to indicate a few of the most important conclusions of Bergson's arguments without touching upon the wealth of constructive detail with which the philosopher has established them.

Bergson's philosophy is declared to be based upon experience—exterior (the knowledge derived from science) and interior (the study of our own psychology). Physics shows us that the mechanical energy of the universe has a tendency to be degraded into heat; that is, that the universe of visible and heterogeneous changes is running down into its elementary vibrations that are invisible and homogeneous. Life, on the other hand, consists of a storing up of energy and its explosion into the functions of life; that is, life, or consciousness, is "an effort to re-mount the incline that matter descends."* This effort is the original *vital impetus* of life working against matter in its search for complete freedom and complete creation, and it is an effort that is perpetually renewed, perpetually active, working itself out in a variety of ways. Time, then, to Bergson is a reality—not time conceived as a succession of states, but true duration that is "the continuous progress of the past which gnaws into the future and which swells as it advances." Modern science which deals with *relations* or *laws* points the way to this conclusion and a study of our own awareness of environment arrives at the same end. This theory alone can account for the dissociation and at the same time the correlation of parts in life's evolution. Thus both mechanism and teleology are shown to be inadequate and false. (Mechanism is the theory of the gradual building up of life under the influence of external circumstances; that life is a function of environment. Teleology, a popular form of modern monism, says that the universe is proceeding on a preconceived plan toward a certain definite end. Both theories are anthropomorphic and are deterministic as far as the individual is concerned.)

Considering the development of this *vital impulse* we find two distinct and parallel lines along which its effort has proceeded: vegetable torpor and animal mobility with developing consciousness. This latter has again divided into two distinct and parallel paths: instinct and intelligence. Both instinct and intelligence have advantages, both have disadvantages. Intelligence has evolved through contact with matter and therefore proceeds along the lines laid down by the geometry of matter. It makes use of matter for its weapons; it correlates its discoveries and thus experience, acting upon intelligence, "winds up" into speculation. So every invention gives to man more than its mere utility—it opens up to him an ever-increasing field of combinations for new discoveries with an ever-growing degree of freedom. In dealing with the practical affairs of existence, intelligence is thoroughly at home. On the other hand instinct has evolved through contact with life itself and therefore proceeds along the lines of the evolution of life. It makes use of its own organisation for its weapons; it can have no correlative faculty and thus experience, acting upon instinct, "winds off" into action. So every advance in the evolution of instinct binds the organisation more closely to life with an ever decreasing degree of freedom. In dealing with life itself, a "flux," instinct is thoroughly at home.

In the path of greatest risk, that of intelligence, however, nature has proceeded the farthest but at a considerable cost: it has had to drop to a large extent (but not wholly) instinct. For intelligence can never grasp life, instinct can never attain knowledge. What then is the solution and how can we get into harmony with the direction of the vital impulse? "Intuition," says Bergson. Man has within his nature the vestiges of instinct, just as the animals characterised

*Bergson's theory of the origin of matter has been severely criticised. Consult Stewart: *A Critical Exposition of Bergson's Philosophy.*

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by instinct possess to a low degree intelligence. Let us cultivate this instinct and bring it into the realm of consciousness—develop it into intuition. "By intuition I mean instinct that has become disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflecting upon its object and of enlarging it indefinitely . . . then, by the sympathetic communication which it establishes between us and the rest of the living, by the expansion of our consciousness which it brings about, it introduces us into life's own domain, which is reciprocal interpenetration, endlessly continued creation." And a sure sign of our attaining success, of our guiding our lives into the direction in which the vital impulse of life is urging us, is joy—joy that comes from a growing degree of freedom, a fuller creation.

The follower of Bergson's philosophy, then, finds many of our modern problems solved for him, notably, scientific scepticism, the doctrines of mechanism and finalism (mentioned above) and the question of free will. It is the first philosophy that would express the results of modern science in accord with the aspirations of the soul; it is a philosophy that gives the individual the possibility of free action, that puts responsibility upon him for himself and for humanity, that opens up for one who wills to progress wide vistas of potential development. From the standpoint of the race, we see consciousness working upward against matter in an ever cumulative and accelerating development, so that human progress may be represented, not by the inclined straight line (the diagram of a uniform rate), but by the parabola, a curve that ascends with an ever increasing velocity without approaching a limit.

If the above brief and inadequate outline has served to stimulate among those unfamiliar with it an interest in Bergson's thought, a reference to the philosopher's own work, especially *Creative Evolution,* is recommended. This implies no criticism of the authors of this book on Bergson; their summary is valuable and especially interesting in describing the life and personality of the philosopher. But they would be the first, probably, to declare that in readability, interest, grace and charm of expression and convincing vigour, no predigested account, however good, could surpass the work of the master himself.

It has been found expedient to postpone the second paper in the series on the Magazine in America until the April issue. The second paper, as announced in February, will deal with the Boston Magazines from the beginning of the century down to the establishment and demise of "The Dial." The magazine marked, says Colonel Higginson, the first important epoch in the literary history of New England. The literary rivalry of the three chief cities of the country—Boston, Philadelphia, and New York—had already begun; and the scorn each exhibited for the other was considerable. Mr. Tassin will take up each in turn. It was before the end of the period he discusses in his next article that Boston wrested from Philadelphia the title of the Athens of America.

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MAURICE MAETERLINCK. FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

VI—The United States

I

Stevenson saw nothing of New York on the occasion of his first coming to America. At 6 P. M. on Sunday, August 18, 1879, he disembarked from the second cabin of the *S. S. Devonia,* which had sailed from the Clyde on August 7th. His sole impulsion at the time was that of "stepping westward"; and he remained in the metropolis only twenty-three hours before crossing to Jersey City to take the train that was to carry him across the plains. Under the circumstances, he felt no desire to explore a city that seemed, at a glance, to have "an air of Liverpool."

Louis left the *Devonia* in the company of a fellow-traveller, named Jones; and an account of their adventures is rendered in the final chapter of *The Amateur Emigrant,*—the only passage in the works of R.L.S. that bears the caption of "New York." From this chapter the following quotations may be called to the remembrance of the reader:

> Jones and I issued into West Street, sitting on some straw in the bottom of an open baggage-wagon. It rained miraculously; and from that moment till on the following night I left New York, there was scarce a lull, and no cessation of the downpour. . . . It took us but a few minutes, though it cost a good deal of money, to be rattled along West Street to our destination: "Reunion House, No. 10 West Street, one minute's walk from Castle Garden, the Steamboat Landings, California Steamers and Liverpool Ships; Board and Lodging per day 1 dollar, single meals 25 cents; no charge for storage or baggage; satisfaction guaranteed to all persons; Michael Mitchell, Proprietor." Reunion House was, I may go the length of saying, a humble hostelry. You entered through a long bar-room, thence passed into a little dining-room, and thence into a still smaller kitchen. The furniture was of the plainest; but the bar was hung in the American taste, with encouraging and hospitable mottoes. . . . I suppose we had one of the "private rooms for families" at Reunion House. It was very small, furnished with a bed, a chair, and some clothes-pegs; and it derived all that was necessary for the life of the human animal through two borrowed lights; one looking into the passage, and the second opening, without sash, into another apartment, where three men fitfully snored, or in intervals of wakefulness, drearily mumbled to each other all night long. . . . You had to pass through the rain, which still fell thick and resonant, to reach a lavatory on the other side of the court. There were three basin-stands, and a few crumpled towels and pieces of wet soap, white and slippery like fish; nor should I forget a looking-glass and a pair of questionable combs. . . . Those who are out of pocket may go safely to Reunion House, where they will get decent meals and find an honest and obliging landlord.

Reunion House was still extant in the spring of 1895, when it was visited by a friend of the present writer, Mr. Louis Evan Shipman, who published his record of this visit in *The Bookbuyer,* for February, 1896. Some years ago, however, this landmark for literary pilgrims ceased to be. The site is now covered by the Whitehall Building—a skyscraper thirty-two stories high. The nearest edifice that dates from Stevenson's day is No. 16 West Street. This is a tenement-house, four stories in height, built of red brick, with rusty iron fire-escapes dangling down the front. The street-level is occupied by a cheap Greek res-

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taurant. Beside the window of this restaurant, a dirty door-way admits the investigator, through a dingy passage, to a darkling inner court that appears predestined to enshrine "a pair of questionable combs." Nothing could be more characteristic of the transitional New York of the present time than the ridiculous contrast between the shabby and crumbling house at No. 16 West Street and the superb erection that adjoins it. To reconstruct the block as it appeared to R.L.S., it is necessary to imagine the Whitehall Building into non-existence, and to re-create a No. 10 in harmony with the aspect of the No. 16 that is still permitted to exist today. It is possible to imagine the astonishment of R.L.S.—if he could return to-morrow to seek the clothes that he abandoned "as they lay in a pulp in the middle of a pool upon the floor of Mitchell's kitchen"—to find himself confronted, on the site of his Reunion House, by a superb and soaring office-building, while all the rest of his remembered West Street remained as dingy and depressing as of yore.

The single day of Monday, August 19, 1879, was spent by R.L S. in "nightmare wanderings in New York"; but these wanderings were motivated by immediate practical necessities, and not by any desire to see the city. "I went to banks, post-offices, railway-offices, restaurants, publishers, book-sellers, money-changers"—he tells us—"and wherever I went, a pool would gather about my feet, and those who were careful of their floors would look on with an unfriendly eye."

A legend still persists that, during the course of this turbulent day, Stevenson turned up in the offices of the *Century Magazine,* and tried to sell some manuscripts, and was politely shown the door because of his incongruous appearance. To put this rumour at rest, I wish to state that, some years ago, I took occasion to question the late Mr. Richard Watson Gilder very closely on this point, and that he assured me that there was absolutely no foundation for the legend.

II

The entire truth of that Great Adventure which allured Louis all the way from Grez to San Francisco has never yet been set before the reading public. The time has not yet come for telling all that is understood upon this subject by three or four people still living in the world; but, now that Louis has been dead for twenty years and Mrs. Stevenson has also passed away, a totally disinterested writer of a younger generation may perhaps be pardoned for lifting a single little corner of the veil which has been permitted for so many years to shroud in mystery this particular and all-important chapter of Stevenson's experience.

The very title of *The Amateur Emigrant* has led the majority of readers to infer that Louis came to America in the second cabin and crossed the plains in an emigrant train, mainly for the sake of the adventure and for the purpose of securing copy for his writings; and his love-story has been told in terms that have reduced it to the sentimental imbecility of those romances that are approved as highly proper in boarding-schools for girls.

Let us now consider frankly a few of the facts. Stevenson met Mrs. Osbourne at Grez in the summer of 1876. Their union—to repeat a previous statement in these pages—was immediate and complete. It was not, however, till nearly three years later that Mrs. Osbourne found it necessary to return to California, to secure a divorce from her husband, from whom she had previously parted, by mutual consent, because of incompatibility of temper. When Stevenson informed his intimate friends of his intention to follow Mrs. Osbourne to California, and to marry her as soon as her divorce had been decreed, they endeavoured to dissuade him from the project. The grounds for their opinion of the case may now, perhaps, be stated clearly.

Stevenson's project was to marry a woman twelve years older than himself,

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with two children in their teens. His assurance that she was the one woman in the world decreed by destiny to be his mate was, not unnaturally, discounted by those who, at the moment, knew him best. To put the matter somewhat crudely, they had heard him say the same sort of thing so many times before, that they were a little impatient of his protestations.

The history of Stevenson's relations with women in his youth has never yet been written. It has been stated—and stated truthfully—by his biographers that, in his growing years in Edinburgh, he was less interested than the average young man by women of his own age and of his own class. A famous Scottish man of letters—whose name I do not feel at liberty to mention—has assured me that, during his early twenties, Louis proposed marriage to two ladies who belonged to his own circle in Edinburgh. One of these ladies I have never seen. The other I have met; but, of course, I never questioned her upon the subject. If the information of my credible authority is not at fault, it seems most reasonable to infer that both of these rejected proposals were motivated by the impulse of the moment and represented no very profound feeling in the youthful suitor. One point, at least, is certain—that Louis, in his adolescence, was not accustomed, as the phrase is, to keep company with young women of his own aristocratic circle.

At the same time, as every one in Edinburgh knows, although this fact has hitherto been expunged from all biographies of R.L.S., Louis was habituated to a dangerous and fitful intimacy with many women of a class inferior to his own. In common with many people who are afflicted with a tendency to tuberculosis, he was troubled, throughout his adolescence, with a superfluity of sexual impulsion. His early quarrel with his father, and the consequent cutting down of his allowance, was occasioned not merely by a disagreement concerning the theory of religion, but also—and a little more emphatically—by the elder Stevenson's desire to curb what seemed to him the inexcusable and devastating wildness of his son.

These facts of Stevenson's early struggle between the two natures that were forever warring within him were, of course, known fully to those who loved him best, and cared most about his future, during the second half of the third decade of his life. His entanglement with Mrs. Osbourne appeared, therefore, to his best friends at the moment, merely as another misadventure from which—as so often in the past—he needed imperatively to be rescued. In this inference, his friends were wrong, as all of them [save one] admitted subsequently, when they met the lady in the case; but their opposition to the infatuation that appeared, at the time, to threaten a tragic termination to the promising career of R.L.S. can no longer be regarded as illogical.

In persisting in his determination to marry Mrs. Osbourne, Louis could expect no sympathy from his strictly-minded father; and to brave the disapproval of his father was to render inevitable a discontinuance of that parental subsidy which theretofore had descended like manna from the skies as his sole means of support. This practical consideration afforded his best friends a secondary motive for urging him to discontinue a relation whose cost seemed, upon its face, to overweigh its value. In a world in which, for Louis, there had been so many women, most of whom had been forgotten without pangs, it seemed quixotic and superfluous to sacrifice so much for one who figured, in the outlook of his most experienced and sage advisers, merely as the latest factor in a still unfinished series.

But Louis, this time, knew his mind. He had been taught at last what he had never learned before—although he had read it in Walt Whitman—that "the soul is not more than the body and the body is not more than the soul." He had learned at last to reconcile the sheer spirituality that he had experienced in his friendship with an unattainable

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woman like Mrs. Sitwell with the sheer sensuality that he had experienced in his relations with many women whose names are not recorded in the story of his growing up. For the first time in his life, he realised a reconciliation of those apparent inconsistencies that are the necessary parents of the strange, miraculous phenomenon known to philosophic criticism by the name of "modern love," and could say, with the greatest lyric celebrant of this phenomenon, "Thy soul I know not from thy body, nor thee from myself, neither our love from God."

It was this impulsion that moved in the mind of R.L.S. when he determined to cut himself off from his father to follow Mrs. Osbourne to America. His last night in England was spent in the home of Mr. Edmund Gosse. Mr. Gosse has told me personally how, for hours, he reasoned with Louis, in an endeavour to deter him from what seemed, at the time, to be a mad determination. To put an end to the discussion, R.L.S. finally brought forward certain arguments to prove that, if he should decide to stay at home, he would write himself forever, in the books of the Recording Angel, as a coward and a cad. Thereupon, Mr. Gosse, changing his tactics, endeavoured to advance a loan of money to his friend; but this loan was firmly refused by an idealist who preferred to embark penniless upon his Great Adventure.

Another detail of these days was revealed to me by the late Alison Cunningham. She told me that Louis slunk away, without a word, from Swanston Cottage, in the early morning; and that his father never learned whither he had vanished until, a month later, he received a communication sent by Louis from New York. Cummy, at this time, was a very old woman, and I did not always trust the accuracy of her recollection of events long past; but she repeated this assertion several times, without any variation of detail, during the days I spent with her in Edinbugh, in the summer of 1910.

The poverty experienced by R.L.S. on his trip to California in 1879 was a matter of grim reality, and not at all a matter of romance. His reason for taking passage in the second cabin was not—as Mr. Balfour has suggested—"a desire to gain first-hand knowledge for himself of emigrants and emigration, which might be of immediate use for making a book and of ultimate service to him in a thousand ways." He travelled in the second cabin because, by cutting himself off from his father, he had made himself a pauper; and he chose the second cabin in preference to the steerage, merely in order that he might have a table on which to write for money while the ship was at sea. This convenience he utilised for composing *The Story of a Lie*.

His crossing of the continent in an emigrant train was dictated, also, not by the desire to gather copy for a subsequent book, but by the immediate necessity for strict economy. Louis had made a wager against the Providence that had coddled him throughout his youth; and the stakes were life and death. Though he had never earned his living, in all his thirty years of life, he had determined at last to do so, in order to establish his economic fitness to assume the burden of a marriage toward which he felt himself impelled by a sublime and rare conjunction of desire and duty. In this endeavour to become—at a single, unanticipated impulse—self-supporting, he ultimately failed; but he embarked upon it with a bravery that must be recorded to his everlasting credit. The horrors of Reunion House were turned to humour in the last chapter of *The Amateur Emigrant;* but, in actuality, they were borne with gritted teeth by a nameless author who, at the moment, was husbanding his small resources for a final and decisive battle against oblivion and death.

III

Stevenson's account of his experiences in the second cabin of the *S. S. Devonia* is rendered in *The Amateur Emigrant;*

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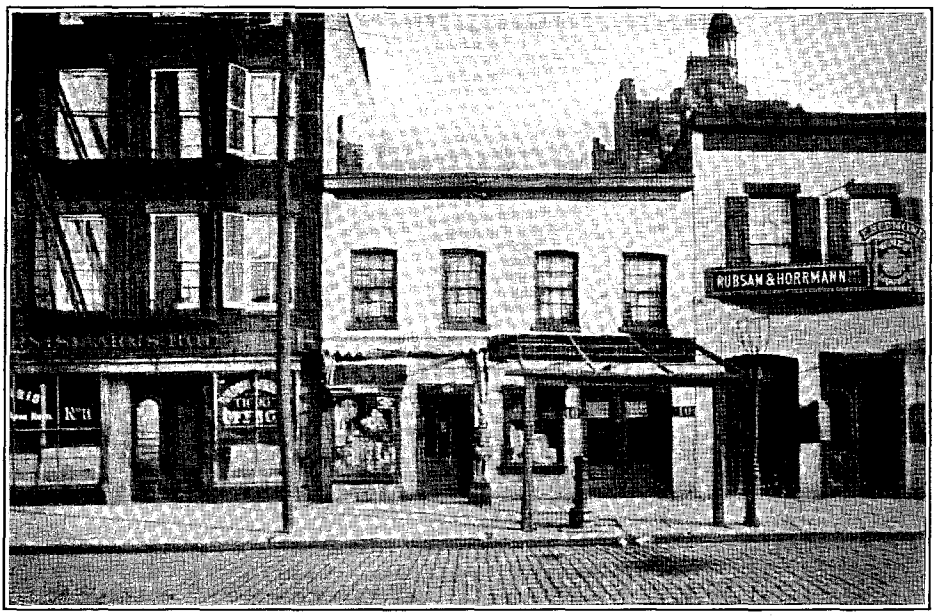

NO. 10 WEST STREET, WHERE STEVENSON STAYED AT THE TIME OF HIS FIRST VISIT TO NEW YORK

and the story is continued in the long essay entitled *Across the Plains,* which records his adventures in the emigrant train that, departing from Jersey City on August 19th, finally deposited him in San Francisco on August 30, 1879.

I regret to say that I have never been to California. At one time or another I have personally visited all of the important places that thus far have been mentioned in these pages; but, like many other natives of New York, I have always found it easier to cross the ocean than to cross the continent, and have studied nearly all the European countries before studying my own. I make this personal statement in explanation of a necessary lack of fulness in my tracing of the trail of Stevenson through California. I do not care to waste the reader's time by writing second-hand descriptions of places I have never seen; nor am I willing merely to repeat what has been said before. For this reason, I shall do no more than summarise the essential facts of Stevenson's experience of California, in order that the reader may not be required to overleap a hiatus in the record now presented.

Almost immediately after his arrival in San Francisco—where he was met, of course, by Mrs. Osbourne—Stevenson proceeded to "an angora goat ranche, in the Coast Line Mountains, eighteen miles from Monterey." Here he remained, in a condition of physical collapse, for two or three weeks. Subsequently, from the middle of September to the middle of December, he lived in Monterey, "the old Pacific capital,"—a place described particularly in an essay appended to *Across the Plains.* Here he wrote *The Amateur Emigrant,* the essays on *Thoreau* and *Yoshida Torajiro,* and *The Pavilion on the Links,* began a novel,—destined afterward to be discarded—entitled *A Vendetta in the West,* and planned *Prince Otto.*

Shortly before Christmas, Stevenson returned to San Francisco, where he rented a room in a cheap lodging-house, kept by Mrs. Mary Carson, at No. 608 Bush Street. This three-story wooden tenement was torn down several years before the earthquake. For three

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months Louis lived in almost utter solitude and abject penury. On December 26th, he wrote to Sidney Colvin:—"For four days I have spoken to no one but to my landlady or landlord or to restaurant waiters. This is not a gay way to pass Christmas, is it? and I must own, the guts are a little knocked out of me." He adopted a régime that reduced his daily expenditure for food to forty-five cents. The restaurant which he frequented is no longer in existence. Indeed, the only haunt of Stevenson at this period of his career that may still be visited by pilgrims is Portsmouth Square—in which, owing to the initiative of Mr. Bruce Porter, was erected the first monument "to remember Robert Louis Stevenson" that was set up anywhere in the world.

STEVENSON'S MONUMENT, PORTSMOUTH SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO

His impressions of San Francisco were recorded in the essay entitled *A Modern Cosmopolis,* and were subsequently utilised as the basis for several chapters of *The Wrecker.* Chapter VIII of *The Wrecker,* entitled *Faces on the City Front,* details, beneath a thin disguise of fiction, the first meeting of Stevenson with the late Charles Warren Stoddard, the author of *Summer Cruising in the South Seas,* who, with the possible exception of the late Virgil Williams, the founder of the California School of Art, became his best friend in California.

Immediately after Stevenson's death, Stoddard published, in *Kate Field's Washington,* a paper in which he recorded the following impression of R.L.S.:—"His was a superior organisation that seems never to have been tainted by things common or unclean; one more likely to be revolted than appealed to by carnality in any form." Lest this statement, emanating from a personal friend of R.L.S., should be accepted as authoritative by posterity, it seems to me desirable, in the interest of that utter understanding that is the aim and end of criticism, to set beside it, without comment, a statement made by R.L.S. himself, in a letter to Sir Sidney Colvin, written at 608 Bush Street, San Francisco, in February, 1880:—"I have been all my days a dead hand at a harridan. I never saw the one yet that could resist me. When I die of consumption, you can put that upon my tomb."

Stevenson did little writing in San Francisco, because his first experience of the pinch of poverty was depressing not only to his health, but also to his spirits. The manuscript of *The Amateur Emigrant,* which he had despatched from Monterey, seemed disappointing, both to Henley and to Colvin. They told him so, because they cared about his work; but their critical disapproval struck him as a blow, because it seemed to dash his hopes of ever earning his living, like many lesser writers, by a desperate plying of the pen. He protested to Colvin, in a letter sent from San Francisco, in the month of May,—"The second part

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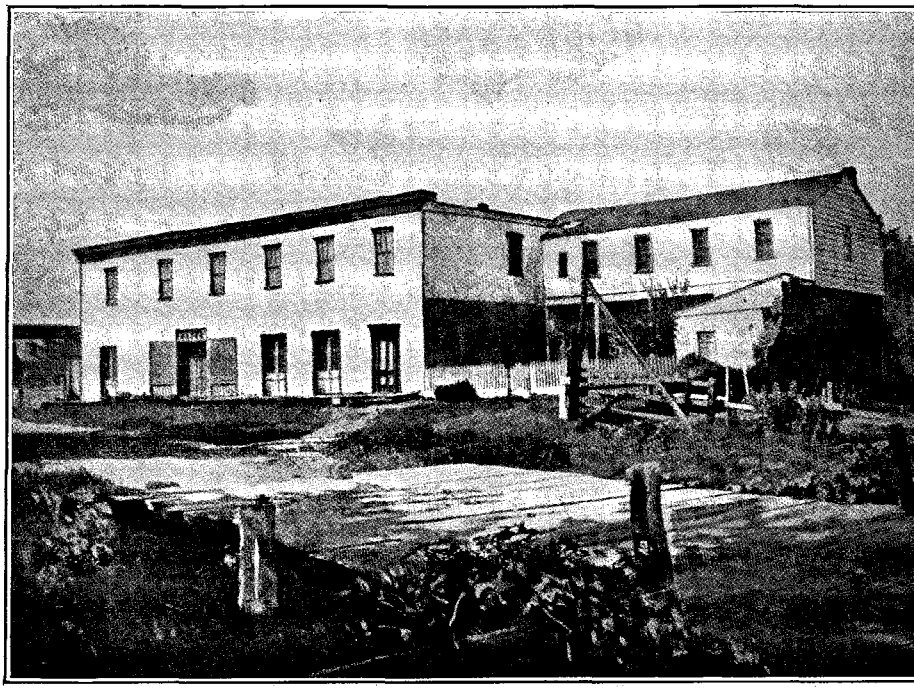
was written in a circle of hell unknown to Dante—that of the penniless and dying author." So complete had been his failure to support himself without assistance that he was reduced at last to a mood by no means natural to him nor characteristic of the usual complexion of his mind,—that mood of self-pity, which must be considered as ignominious as the useless and unforgivable



THE HOUSE AT MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, WHERE STEVENSON LIVED FROM SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1879

emotion of remorse. But in May, 1880, he received a telegram from his father which read,—"Count on 250 pounds annually." Then his spirits rose again; and he renounced his losing fight against conditions that many lesser men have mastered.

Despite the critical disapproval of Colvin, *The Amateur Emigrant* had been set up in type, because of Stevenson's need for instant funds. It was now, at once, withheld from publication. The elder Stevenson objected to a book that would acquaint the public with the fact that an only son of parents well-to-do in Edinburgh had been required to travel half-way around the world as a common emigrant. With money supplied by Thomas Stevenson, the book was bought back from the prospective publishers; and it was not ultimately issued till after the death of R.L.S. *Across the Plains* had been conceived originally as a second section of *The Amateur Emigrant;* and it was only because of the summary suppression of the first section that it was published without a prelude in 1892.

Mrs. Osbourne having secured her divorce, and Stevenson having become reconciled with his father, the two were married on May 19, 1880. The ceremony was performed by a Presbyterian minister, the Reverend Dr. Scott, at his house on Sutter Street, near his church in Union Square. No one else was present at the wedding, except Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Virgil Williams.

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TOLL-GATE AND INN AT SILVERADO, MOUNT SAINT-HELENA, CALIFORNIA, WHERE STEVENSON WAS TAKEN BY HIS WIFE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

Immediately after the marriage, Stevenson—who, at the time, was in a state of utter physical exhaustion—was taken by his wife to a deserted mining-camp on the slope of Mount Saint Helena, in the Californian Coast Range, fifty miles north from San Francisco. A detailed account of this adventure is rendered in *The Silverado Squatters,* which was subsequently written at Davos and Hyères.

Louis remained for more than two months at the Silverado mine in Calistoga; and during this time he recovered his health. His next desire was to take his wife and step-son back to Scotland. He sailed from New York on August 7th and was met at Liverpool by his parents and Sir Sidney Colvin on August 17th. On the occasion of this transit, he spent only a few hours in New York, and saw no one in these hours,—not even his old friend, Mr. Will H. Low, who was secluded, at the moment, in Nantucket. Indeed, this occasion can scarcely be recorded, in any real sense, as a visit to New York by R.L.S.

IV

Stevenson's second arrival in America was very different from his first. Instead of a nameless emigrant trundling in a baggage-wagon to a cheap lodging-house in West Street, he was now a famous personage, besieged by reporters, lionised and lauded as the author of *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island* and (most of all) the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* He had sailed from London on the *S. S. Ludgate Hill,* on August 21, 1887, and had landed on September 7th. He remained over night at a hotel in New York—probably the Victoria, at Broadway and Twenty-Seventh Street, though I have never been able to verify this information absolutely. The very next day, Thursday, September 8th, he was taken to Newport by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fairchild. Those of us who love the south shore of New England are grateful for this little glimpse of it described by Louis in a letter to Sir Sidney Colvin:—"A journey like fairy-land for the most engaging beauties, one little rocky and pine-shaded cove after another, each with a house and a boat at anchor, so that I left my heart in each and marvelled why American authors had been so unjust to their country."

A severe cold that Louis caught upon this journey laid him low, and he was required to remain in bed throughout the fortnight of his visit to the Fairchilds. For this reason, he saw nothing of Newport,—a place which otherwise would surely have impressed him, because of his fondness for rocky coasts and wide vistas of the sea.

It was while Stevenson was lying abed in Newport that Richard Mansfield gave his first performance in New York of Mr. T. Russell Sullivan's dramatisation of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* at the Madison Square Theatre, on Monday evening, September 12th. Stevenson's wife and mother witnessed the performance from Mr. Sullivan's box. Louis himself, however, never saw the play. In this connection, it may be added that, although all four of the

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plays that Stevenson wrote in collaboration with William Ernest Henley have been acted at one time or another, Louis never saw a performance, nor even a rehearsal, of any of his scenes.

On his return to New York, toward the end of September, Stevenson was introduced by his old friend, Mr. Will H. Low, to Mr. Charles Scribner and Mr. E. L. Burlingame, and also to the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens, who began at this time his sketches for the famous medallion of R.L.S. Louis was now required to endure, for the first time in his life, that humourous discomfiture that is so strangely coveted by those who never have attained it,—the discomfiture of being famous. He had to hide him-

LLOYD OSBOURNE MRS. STEVENSON "R. L. S."
SPORT
A GROUP PORTRAIT TAKEN AT SARANAC LAKE

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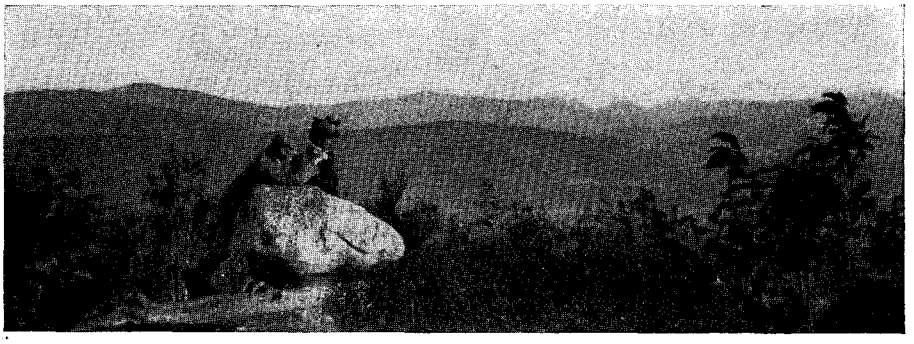

A CHIEF LANDMARK OF THE WILDERNESS

self from interviewers and from lion-hunters; and he was soon bewildered by enterprising publishers, who were striving to outbid each other for his services. Until this time, he had been unable to support himself, without assistance from his father; but now, at the age of thirty-seven, he found himself discovered by America.

V

On October 3, 1887, Stevenson arrived at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains; and here he remained until April 16, 1888. The six and a half months of his residence in the Adirondacks constitute the most productive period of Stevenson's career in the United States. Before leaving New York, he had agreed with Mr. E. L. Burlingame to write a series of twelve essays, to appear month by month throughout the year in *Scribner's Magazine*. For this service he was paid $300 per number, or $3,500 for the dozen contributions: on this point I have questioned Mr. Burlingame, and he has assured me that these figures are correct. As such payments are computed nowadays, it will be noticed that Stevenson's *honorarium* amounted approximately to five cents per word. There are many, many writers in America to-day, whose names appear in no wise destined to go thundering down the ages, who are accustomed to receive a larger recompense than this. Rates have risen since 1887; and writers, as well as plumbers and ditch-diggers, are now paid in accordance with a higher scale of wages than was accepted thirty years ago. Mr. Burlingame has assured me that his payment to R.L.S. was far in excess of the usual rate in 1887; and the Messrs. Scribner, therefore, should be pardoned for paying no more than five cents per word for an everlasting masterpiece like the essay on *The Lantern-Bearers*.

To Stevenson himself the payment seemed excessive; and it was not without misgiving that, at the age of thirty-seven, he embarked upon his very first adventure in preparing copy, once a month, for a magazine that always had to go to press upon a certain date. To many other writers this harrowing necessity has become a second nature at the age of twenty-five; but, in Stevenson's case, the wonder is that he managed to confront that perennial recurrence of a dagger at the throat so manfully. Among the essays that he wrote at Saranac, to comply with the conditions of his contract, were many of the finest works of his career. *Pulvis et Umbra,* for example, which—despite the disapproval of so eminent a critic, so impressive a protestant, and so persuasive a friend as Sir Sidney Colvin—I still persist in regarding as Stevenson's greatest single piece of writing, was prepared at this time for Mr. Burlingame; and the series included also such immortal essays as *The Lantern-Bearers* and *A Christmas Sermon.*

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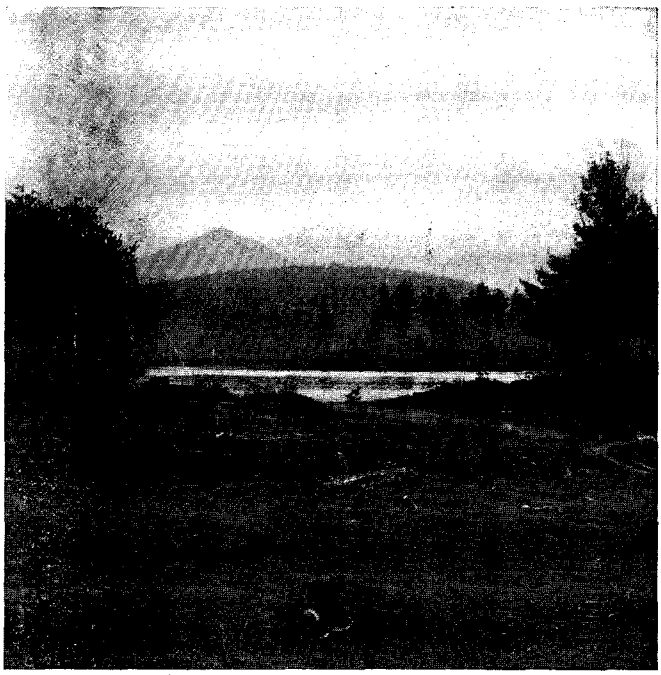

MOODY POND, SARANAC

From the scenery of Saranac itself, Stevenson derived his inspiration for the final chapters of *The Master of Ballantrae*. These chapters were subsequently written at Honolulu, in accordance with his lifelong custom of describing places at a distance; but the entire tale was conceived at Saranac, under circumstances recorded in the posthumous essay on *The Genesis of the Master of Ballantrae;* and the early chapters of the book—which dealt with his remembered Scotland—were written before he left the Adirondacks. At the same period, Stevenson revised the manuscript of *The Wrong Box,* which had been drafted in entirety at Saranac by his step-son, Mr. Osbourne.

The settlement at Saranac Lake is now famous as a resort for invalids afflicted with tuberculosis. In Stevenson's time, the town was less developed than it is to-day: the railway, for instance, was not carried through to Saranac till the very year when Louis was installed there. Stevenson said of the aspect of the place, in a letter to his cousin Bob, "The whole scene is very Highland, bar want of heather and the wooden houses;" and to Mr. Edmund Gosse he wrote, "We have a house in the eye of many winds, with a view of a piece of running water—Highland, all but the dear hue of peat—and of many hills—Highland also, but for the lack of heather." The justness of these two descriptions will be recognised at once by all who are equally familiar with the Scottish Highlands and the Adirondacks; and any new description of the essential aspects of the Adirondack wilderness would be superfluous to readers of *The Master of Ballantrae*.

In the Christmas season of 1911-1912, I made a special trip to Saranac Lake for the purpose of interviewing those of the inhabitants that still remembered R.L.S. Louis had lived at "Baker's,"—"a house upon a hill, and very jolly in

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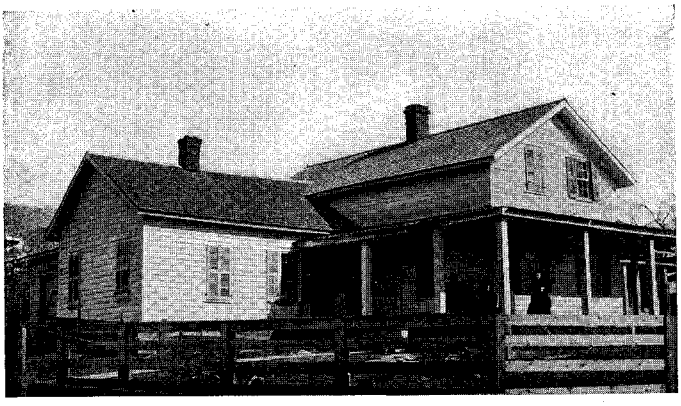

STEVENSON'S COTTAGE. OSBOURNE, MRS. STEVENSON, SR., VALENTINE

every way." "Baker's" is a wooden cottage situated at the summit of a knoll a little to the northward of the village, and offering from its veranda a wide vista of the mountains. It appeared that, when the Stevensons had rented this cottage, the owner, Mrs. Baker, had not moved away, but had continued to reside in a single little room under the same roof. I was therefore doubly interested in meeting Mrs. Baker, who had seen R.L.S. every day for nearly seven months, at a time when he was writing many of his greatest essays. In answer to my first question concerning Stevenson's habits at this period, the worthy Mrs. Baker told me that he always smoked cigarettes in bed and burned holes in the sheets. For two hours I continued to talk in my most engaging manner, endeavouring every now and then to surprise Mrs. Baker into some other spontaneous and unconscious revelation; but, every time that I paused for a reply, she merely told me once again that Louis *would* burn holes in the sheets, and that nothing could be done about it. He liked to stay in bed: he never staid in bed without smoking cigarettes: he dropped the ashes on the sheets: the sheets were full of holes: and . . . that was all that she remembered of Robert Louis Stevenson. . . . There are many morals to this little anecdote; and he who runs may read them.

I enjoyed a very different conversation with Doctor Edward L. Trudeau, who served as Stevenson's physician throughout the winter that Louis spent at Saranac. This memorable man has lived and worked at Saranac for over forty years. He is himself afflicted with tuberculosis, and has been ever since his early twenties. In this desolate, inhospitable settlement—where the cold, dry air is favourable to consumptives—he has fought for nearly half a century against the disease that has hollowed his own cheeks and interjected a discomfortable heave and wheezing of the voice between his eager phrases. Scientifically, he is the foremost living student of tuberculosis in America. Single-handed, he has founded a City of the Sick, which sits with touching wistfulness upon a mountain-side, where the stricken [like himself] recline eight hours daily in the frigid and recuperative air of out-of-doors. In his laboratory, he has cultivated and examined the tuberculosis germ, and tested its effects on animals. For years and years he has been fighting to defeat it, toiling all the time under sentence of death from its insidious assaults.

Dr. Trudeau received me on an isolated upper veranda of his house. He was reclining in a steamer-chair—as is the custom in this community of consumptives—wrapped up in many furs,

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THE BAKER COTTAGE, WHERE R. L. S. LIVED WHILE AT SARANAC LAKE

and with his head swaddled in a furry cap. He is an aquiline, emaciated man, with a fine profile accentuated by deeply-sculptured cheeks, a scrubby brown moustache [his hair I could not see], slender, fine, and eager hands, and a resonant, enthusiastic voice.

I had come to ask of R.L.S., and I remained to admire this hero of innumerable, unnoted battles,—this maker of a City of the Sick, who, because of him, now look more hopefully on each successive rising of the sun. We talked, of course, of Louis. It became evident that, during the winter that Stevenson spent at Saranac, he was in what the doctor called "an arrested state" of tuberculosis. He did not suffer, at that time, from any active symptoms. The disease, which undoubtedly he had experienced before, no longer really troubled him. He was still physically weak; but not dangerously, nor even uncomfortably, ill. His state, instead of interrupting work, negatively helped it by excluding interruptions. At this point, the reader may be reminded that the professional testimony of Dr. Trudeau agrees with the impression of Stevenson's illness that was derived by Mr. Henry James at Bournemouth.

Stevenson, at Saranac, was, as usual, a dare-devil,—according to the report that Dr. Trudeau gave me. He did what he wanted to do, regardless of consequences. It was bad for him to smoke; but he smoked cigarettes incessantly, one after another, rolling them as he sat up in bed and puffing at them as he wrote.

Louis was, as always, active, eager, and tempestuous in conversation. A topic started, he would leap up from his chair, and, pacing the unhomely living-room of the Baker Cottage, would argue, preach, and fight, sawing the air with violent wavings of the hands. Once there was an argument concerning the

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respective merits of the systems of transmitting luggage on British and American railways. Dr. Trudeau reminded Stevenson that, whereas in England it was necessary that the traveller should personally superintend the transfer of his luggage at every change of cars, in America he could check his trunks through from New York to San Francisco and never think of them again. Louis, the canny and deftly dodging acrobat, took refuge in a verbal subterfuge. "Checks," he cried, "checks: an American can do nothing without them: he cannot even die without passing in his checks."

Stevenson hated illness and displayed a childish aversion toward any serious preoccupation with disease. Dr. Trudeau could never persuade him to inspect his growing sanitarium on the mountain-side. A day or two after Louis had finished *The Lantern-Bearers,* Dr. Trudeau led him into his laboratory, showed him the diminutive tubercular bacillus growing in a test-tube, and talked to him about his own vast dream of defeating the disease. Louis was merely disgusted and annoyed. "Trudeau," said he, "you are carrying a lantern at your belt, but the oil has a most objectionable smell."

The doctor told me this with humour; but it did not seem to me so funny when I thought about it afterward. At present I remember an eager, active-minded man, sitting anchored in a lounging-chair and muffled among furs; talking with that tense voice of the achieving dreamer; at home in life, though exiled from its laughing and delightful commonplaces; cheerful and alert, though slowly dying; young, clear-eyed, and still enthusiastic, although already ancient in endurance; lying invalided while his City of the Sick grows yearly to greater prominence among the pines; fighting with an easy smile the death that has so long besieged him, to the end that others after him, afflicted similarly, may not die. And the best of our tricky and trivial achievements in setting words together dwindle in my mind to indistinction beside the labours and the spirit of this man.

VI

On April 16, 1888, Stevenson left Saranac Lake, considerably helped in health, and returned to New York City. His presence in the metropolis was confided only to a few people; and much of his time was spent in bed, not because of illness, but merely because this habit contributed to his seclusion. Saint-Gaudens, moreover, was sketching him in bed for the medallion.

At this time, Louis lived for two weeks at the Hotel St. Stephen's, in East Eleventh Street, near University Place. This hotel was not unnoted in its day: it was, for instance, the residing-place of Mrs. Jefferson Davis for several years after the Civil War. After Stevenson's time, it became incorporated with the Hotel Albert, which stands immediately adjacent to it, at the corner of University Place. At a still later period, the building of the Hotel St. Stephen's was abandoned. It is still standing; but it has been vacant for several years, and its deserted and decadent aspect is of little interest to the literary pilgrim. No one now resident at the Hotel Albert was there in 1888, and no record of Stevenson's stay has been retained in the archives of the office.

I have talked with several people who called upon R.L.S. at the Hotel St. Stephen's. Mr. John S. Phillips and Mr. Oliver Herford have both transmitted the impression of a certain incongruity between his habit of sitting up in bed and the energy and vigour of his personality. Louis spent nearly an entire afternoon on a bench in Washington Square conversing with Mark Twain; and New Yorkers who desire to trace his very footsteps may also be informed, on the authority of Mr. Herford, that Stevenson frequented the old Café Martin, at the corner of University Place and Ninth Street.

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THE UNION HOUSE, MANASQUAN, NEW JERSEY, WHERE STEVENSON LIVED DURING MAY, 1888. "R. L. S.'S" FINAL RESIDENCE IN "OUR PART OF THE COUNTRY"

VII

At the beginning of May [the exact date, according to his mother's diary, was April 30th], Stevenson went to Manasquan, New Jersey, a resort that had been recommended to him by Mr. Will H. Low. Here he remained for a month, until a telegram from San Francisco told him that his wife, who was visiting in California, had discovered that the schooner yacht *Casco* might be hired for a cruise in the Pacific. Mr. Low was with him when the telegram arrived. "What will you do?" was his query, and the answer came at once, "Go, of course."

The Manasquan River, as it approaches the sea, broadens out to a lagoon, which separates Manasquan itself from Point Pleasant. Beside the river, nearly two miles inland from the dunes that hedge the ocean, was situated the Union House, where Louis lived. The Stevenson family had the place entirely to themselves, because the regular season for summer-boarders did not begin till June. Louis took many long walks, and enjoyed sailing in a cat-boat navigated by his step-son. It was at Manasquan that Saint-Gaudens modelled the hands for his medallion; and Mr. Low, who saw a great deal of Louis at this period, has recorded several conversations at Manasquan in a charming chapter of his *Chronicle of Friendships*.

Till very lately, visitors to Manasquan were shown the room on the second story of the Union House which was Stevenson's final residence "in our part of the country." Recently, however, this old-fashioned, quiet, quaint hotel was almost entirely destroyed by fire; and America lost one of her few remaining landmarks associated intimately with the life of R.L.S.

VIII

Stevenson returned to New York on May 28th and arrived in San Francisco

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on June 7th. He remained at the Occidental Hotel in Montgomery Street—which was destroyed in the conflagration that resulted from the great earthquake of 1906—until the *Casco* was fitted out for her cruise. The contemplated trip among the South Sea Islands had been financed by Mr. S. S. McClure, who was able to offer Stevenson the sum of ten thousand dollars for a series of travel-letters to be published in a syndicate of newspapers. Louis was so impressed by the enterprise and by the personality of Mr. McClure that he later used him as a model for the character of Jim Pinkerton in *The Wrecker*.

The *Casco* was towed outside the harbour of San Francisco in the early hours of June 28, 1888. Little did any one imagine at the time that Louis was destined never to set foot again in Europe or America. It was a long trail from the Golden Gate to the summit of Vaea Mountain.

This trail I have not followed. I cannot lead the reader "up the Road of Loving Hearts, 'on a wonderful clear night of stars,' to meet the man coming toward us on a horse." In the diary of every traveller, the best-belovèd places are those that are still to seek. But it is good to remember always that Vailima is only half the world away, and that some day we may see the isle of Upolu arising from the sea. As Louis said in *El Dorado,* "There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that . . . the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life."

THE MANTLE OF EUGENE FIELD

BY WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE LARNED

Did you ever throw bricks in a quicksand? Did you ever trace a pattern in the frost on the window pane, and see it dissolve with the rising sun? No? Then you cannot, perhaps, fully understand the feeling of futility that sometimes comes over the sensitive man who, day by day, year in and year out, contributes a column of paragraphs, or similar filling, to a newspaper. Once I asked a celebrated psycho-therapist about it, and he promptly answered that any man of brains oppressed with a "sense of futility" in his daily work was simply trying to find a euphemistic phrase for laziness.

Perhaps he was right. But I have talked to several temperamental "geniuses" who "conduct columns," and at least one of them has admitted that there are days when heaving bricks in a quicksand would seem to him a fruitful occupation. It was Bob Burdette, I believe, who balked at some syndicate's request that he supply a daily column of humour. Owen Seaman, editor of *Punch,* has recited in rhyme the trials of being "funny every week." Yet today our prolific land yields sundry journalists who "blaze with their serried columns," and do not bend the knee.

In 1883 there came from Denver to Chicago a tall, stoop-shouldered young man, with a passion for apple pie, a body somewhat impaired by nervous dyspepsia, and a mind and heart bubbling over with merriment. Endowed with the *vis comica* in a rare degree, with a personal charm that endeared him to everybody, with a talent that expressed itself both in biting satire and in delicate sentiment, Eugene Field was the first of our conspicuous "column conductors." For

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twelve years, under the heading "Sharps and Flats," in the *Daily News,* he edified, amused, shocked, bewildered, and even moved to tears, the readers of a continent. Field threw countless bricks into the quicksands of journalism, and was content if they made a splash as they disappeared. But there was a shower of precious pebbles, too, wrought with studious care by an artist who loved his work; and these, as everybody knows, have been preserved. It was Field who really established the model and set the pace for this particular department of American journalism, and all pious "columnists" burn their candles before the altar of Saint Eugene. Before he passed, the Chicago press bred other men who were to acquire international reputations—George Ade and Finley Peter Dunne; but these belong in another category. So also do the paragraphers who, in their day, lifted from obscurity into general recognition the newspapers they worked for: Ney, of the Laramie City *Boomerang,* Burdette of the Burlington *Hawkeye;* the humourists of the Danbury *News,* Oil City

BERT LESTON TAYLOR, THE INVENTOR OF THE "COLYUM"

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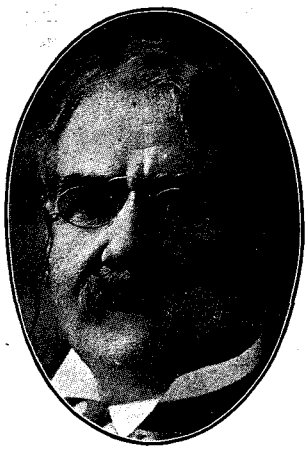
Derrick, Norristown *Herald.* A survivor is the opulent E. W. Howe, of Atchison, Kansas—the tired printer who wrote a tired preface for his *Story of a Country Town,* and has now retired to Potato Hill, on an incredible income from the *Globe.*

With these and other paragraphers in mind, it would perhaps be more exact

"UNCLE JUD" MORTIMER LEWIS, OF THE HOUSTON "DAILY POST"

to say that while Field, in his "Sharps and Flats," set the fashion and the standard in his specialty, it remained for a young man, born in Goshen, Massachusetts, and educated in the College of the City of New York, to give the newspaper "column" in Chicago a new twist, and so to remodel the nature of its con-



FRANK L. STANTON, OF THE ATLANTA "CONSTITUTION"

tents that writer and reader entered into a closer relationship. Field, as we have seen, had started a novelty in "columns," and had written nearly every line himself. He died in 1895. Four or five

H. L. MENCKEN, OF THE BALTIMORE "EVENING SUN"

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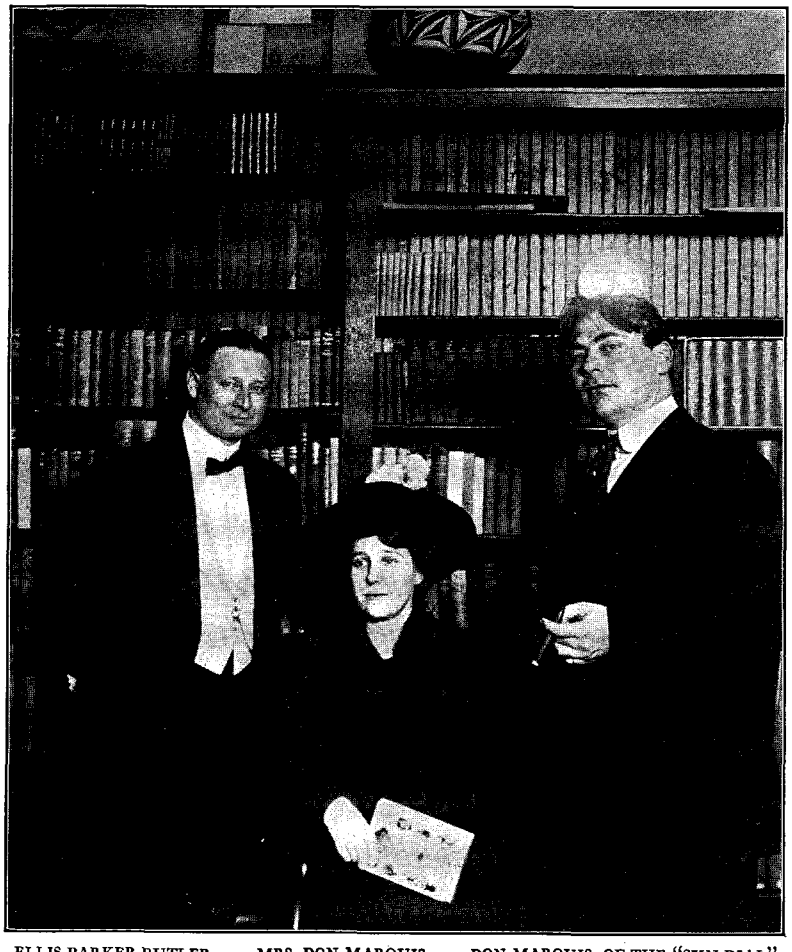
years later, Bert Leston Taylor invented the "colyum" (a pronunciation borrowed, I believe, from the composing room). It is this—a melange of original paragraphs, verses and "features," mixed with contributions from other pens—that has been imitated all over the United States. It came about in this way:

In December, 1899, Taylor, on his way East, tarried quite by accident in Chicago, and presently found himself at work on the Chicago *Journal*. W. H. Turner was manager, and Peter Dunne was doing the editorials and just arranging to syndicate "Dooley." Turner had started a "column" on his first page called "A Little About Everything," made up of news items, with an occasional joke thrown in. He had only a vague notion of what he wanted that column to be; so he fished for ideas with the bait of a weekly prize for the most and best paragraphs contributed by the staff. When Taylor had won the prize for three successive weeks, Turner said he thought it would be cheaper to give him the "column" to run. At that time Colonel Roosevelt was on his famous lion hunt in the West, and Taylor began to print imaginary reports of his adventures, illustrated. That was the



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER MRS. DON MARQUIS DON MARQUIS, OF THE "SUN DIAL"

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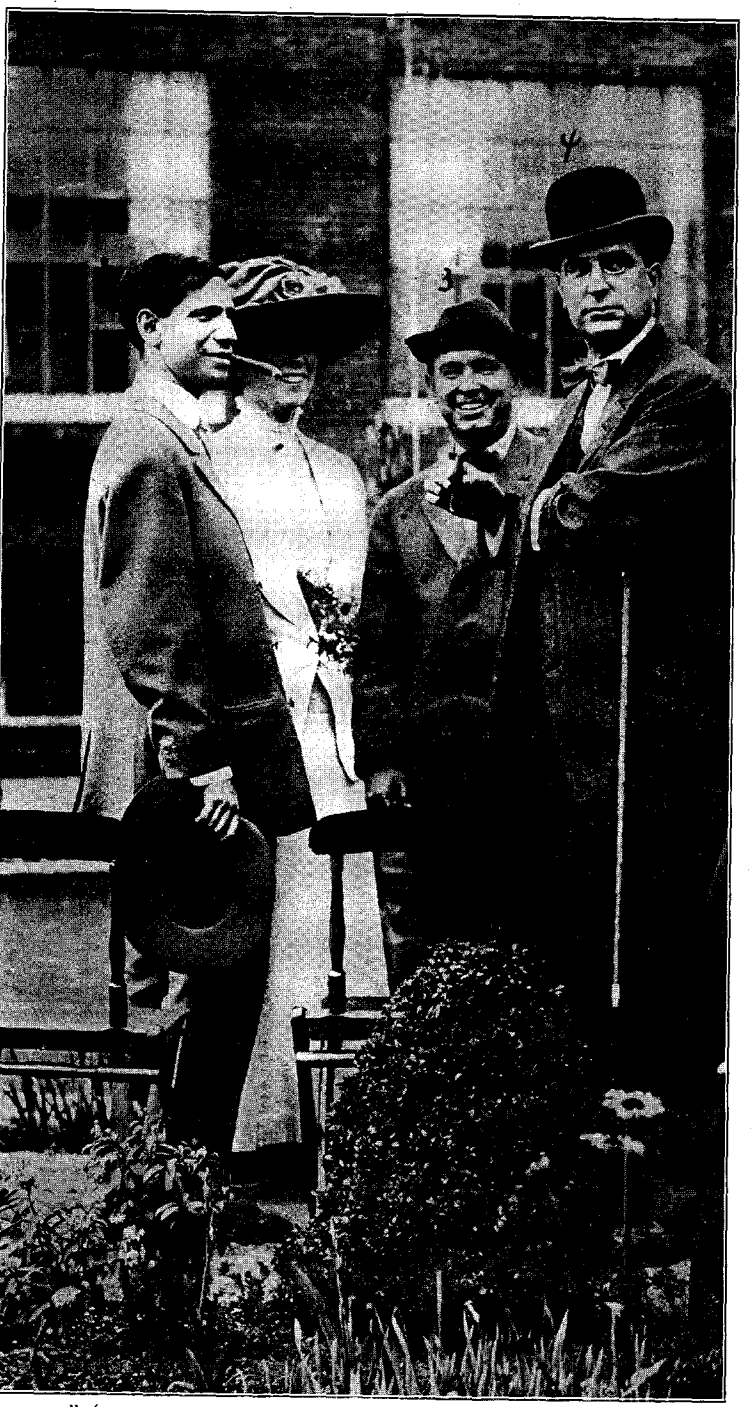

"F. P. A." (FRANKLIN P. ADAMS, OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE") AT GARDEN CITY. MR. ADAMS IS ON THE LEFT. THE OTHER MEN IN THE PICTURE ARE CHARLES B. FALLS, THE ARTIST, AND MONTAGUE GLASS, OF "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER" CELEBRITY

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beginning. Gradually the news items dwindled, until the "column" became all comment and features and pictures. A few months later, in January, 1901, Taylor transferred his services to the Chicago *Tribune*—perhaps the best edited and most interesting American newspaper ever published, excepting Mr. Dana's *Sun*. The new "colyum" was christened "A Line-o' Type or Two," and soon became a favourite with sharp-eyed exchange editors throughout the country. I remember that at least one London weekly used to lift its contents regularly without credit, and this matter in time would reach the United States, where it originated, and be clipped and credited to the enterprising English pirate.

On the *Tribune* Taylor struck his stride at once with a series of satires on Elbert Hubbard and "The Philistine." These were later "done into" booklets, burlesquing that periodical in manner and mechanical appearance—the pages and cover "hand-tied" with hempen string of exaggerated length. Since Field's "Culture's Garland," no journalistic jibe in this kind had found such a wide or such an amused audience. "How did you come to form your opinion of the Fra?" I asked Mr. Taylor once, over a luncheon table in New York. "Well," he said, "the first time I ever saw Hubbard he was posing for the sole benefit of a blanket Indian in the Northwest. Ask me no more."

In Taylor's own opinion his chief "columnar" achievement was the institution of "The Cannery," for the preservation of moth-eaten words and phrases. He has written a ballade about it; one stanza runs:

"Succulent bivalves," "trusty blade,"
"Last analysis," "practical-ly,"
"Lone highwayman" and "fusillade,"
"Millionaire broker and clubman," "gee!"
"In reply to yours," "can such things be?"
"Sounded the keynote" or "trumpet call"—
Can 'em, pickle 'em, one, two, three—
Into the brine go one and all.

Taylor's "colyum" is, above all, remarkable for the frequency with which he points and edges a paragraph. As a cousin "colyumist" of his expressed it to me: "His batting average comes close to Ty Cobb's." There you have it! To which I must add that an assay of his humour would yield a high percentage of originality. He set the fashion for more than one staple in columnar quips. Among other things, he introduced that form of abbreviation that substitutes letters for words: "w.k." (well known), "m.orl." (more or less), "s.2s." (so to speak). Mr. Jack London's singular locution, "curious to know," was seized upon, condensed as "c.2k.", and passed from mouth to mouth—provoking characteristic protest by a subscriber to *The Nation*.

Taylor, like all true humourists, is a serious and thoughtful man; and, so far as the "colyum" permits, he seasons it with serious work. It is this that he prefers to do, and even to be judged by. So, in the matter of examples culled from his collected writings—"Motley Measures," "A Line-o'-Verse Or Two," and so forth—he would probably question my judgment in exhibiting this one:

THE CUSSED DAMOZEL

The Cussed Damozel cut loose
About half-past eleven,
Prepared to do as wild a deed
As any under heaven.
Oil-soaked rags were in her hands,
And the bombs in her grip were seven.

She cried, "We'll blow this mansion up,
Where Lloyd and George do dwell!"
"Wow!" cried her fellow-suffs, whose names
Were sweet as caramel—
Millicent, Pansy, Rosalys,
Phyllis and Christabel.

And yet the quality of that humour is truly Taylor; somehow, in his hands, the oft-done trivial parody of a particular poem finds justification in the "B.L.T." touch. Of course I much prefer, and so would you, the things too long to quote here. But these may at least be suggested by an extract from his "Invo-

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cation"—disclosing as it does his attitude toward his work and his public:

O Comic Spirit, hovering overhead,
With sage's brows and finely tempered smile,
From whose bowed lips a silvery laugh is sped
At pedantry, stupidity and guile—
* * * * *
Keep me from bitterness, contempt, and scorn,
From anger, pride, impatience, and disdain.
When I am self-deceived your smile shall warn,
Your volleyed laughter set me right again.

Am I inspired to mirth or mockery,
Grant, Spirit, that it be not overdrawn;
And am I moved to malice, let it be
Only "the sunny malice of a faun."

II

Franklin P. Adams, who, as F.P.A., conducts "The Conning Tower" for that reconstructed newspaper, the New York *Tribune,* is the pioneer of "colyumists" in Gotham. It was Horace Greeley, you will remember, who founded that venerable, yet now rejuvenated journal; and some of its oldest subscribers are still rubbing their eyes at the appearance of a column of persiflage in the middle of the editorial page. Sometimes, I have been told, they even write protesting letters to Mr. Greeley about it; but of course these do not get into "The Conning Tower."

In Chicago, as a mere youth, Adams had been a welcome contributor to Taylor's column in the *Journal,* and when "B.L.T." went over to the *Tribune,* Adams was asked to fill the vacancy. He filled it more satisfactorily than his employer was able to fill the weekly pay envelope; so one day he burned all the Chicago bridges behind him, and crossed the Harlem to New York.

It was just about this time that the New York *Evening Mail* had relinquished its honourable, though secret, ambition to emulate the *Evening Post.* It had long ceased to make a text from the Scriptures its daily slogan, and had, tentatively, taken on various worldly ways. The sudden arrival of Adams, with his poetic and other licenses, on the editorial page, marked a distinct departure from tradition. Pretty soon he came bustling in—a very alert young man, with a very friendly and engaging smile, carrying the largest scrap-book I had ever seen. A newspaper column measures, say twenty-one inches; and that was ten years ago. Mr. Adams lives in a New York flat. I have often wondered where he keeps those scrap-books.

I happened to be the only occupant of that editorial room. To borrow a pretty conceit from Moore, my companions had "faded and gone." Adams introduced himself, and I told him my name. He immediately asked me (they always do) if I was "related" to the tennis champion and the historian of ready reference. Then, thinking better of it, he said: "Never mind. You may be asking *me* if I'm in the express business, with a side-line in pepsin gum."

I really had no intention of asking him anything of the kind; and I mention the incident only to show that like Thackeray, Henry James, and other wits, Mr. Adams reserves his best things for publication.

What *are* these best things? Some of the verse has been collected, and bound together into three books, *Tobogganing on Parnassus, In Other Words,* and *By and Large.* The paraphrases of Horace—Horace done into the slang of our day—are given the preference in the order of printing, and represent, I fancy, the preference of Mr. Adams himself. However this may be, these free translations, considered especially as contributions to a popular daily newspaper, are at once so representative of his metrical skill and his attitude as a "colyum conductor" toward the public, that to read at least one of them is essential to a nodding acquaintance with the ways and works of F.P.A. I quote the opening poem in *By and Large:*

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BUSINESS OF BOWING

Horace: Book 1, Ode 32
AD LYRAM

"Poscimur. Si quid vacui sub umbra——"

Help me, my lute, if we have made,
What time I twanged thee in the shade,
A song to make the people cry,
Like "When the Swallows Homeward Fly,"
Or Mr. Schubert's serenade—

If, I repeat, we've ever played
Some song for which the public paid,
Yet said: "This Horace is some guy"—
Help me, my lute!

Thine erstwhile owner, unafraid,
Sang Love and Wine. . . . If we invade
What themes soever, thou and I,
Down here on Nassau Street, N. Y.,
I'll reckon on thy well-known aid. . . .
Help me, my lute!

After making Horace more or less of a household word with readers who had never heard of him before, Adams cast about for another classic whose literary reincarnation would provide amusement for his mixed audience. On a summer vacation in New England he was reading, for pure pleasure, *The Diary of Samuel Pepys,* when it suddenly occurred to him that he might turn it to lasting account in his column. To master the style and vocabulary of that unique Englishman was pastime for an accomplished parodist. Adams returned from his outing, oozing seventeenth-century English. Forthwith, *The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys* became a permanent feature of the "colyum"—a kind of public register, not only of Mr. Adams's own alarums and excursions, but of the comings and goings of innumerable literary friends and acquaintances. Here is a leaf torn at random from the files:

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN
SAMUEL PEPYS

January 5—Rising by times I made as to enter my chilled shower, which when I would turn on I do find the pipe froze, greatly to my mirth and content. For on so cold a day I am loth to rise at all, yet must to my labours, what with quarter-day and the costliness of every thing. Came to my office Mr. Gelett Burgess the scrivener, and Mr. Kirby the artist asking him to go to luncheon with him replied he hath no hunger, yet would tarry by, whereupon I was sorry I had not bidden him myself. Yet when we are arrived at table he orders a brace of Lynnhaven oysters, an apricot pasty and a cup of coffee, which cost Mr. Kirby 2s. and more, and I laughed at him full fore. Came thereto Mr. Montague Glass and was great discourse among us all of all things save politicks, of which I was glad, for politicks arouseth in me a so great lethargy. Thence and away to a publick, where I have a jorum of hot rum-and-lemon, against the cold. Read in the evening in Mr. George Moore's *Impressions and Opinions,* which pleased me beyond measure.

6.—Great cold and like to continue. To the playhouse to see Mr. Lew Fields do *The Hen-Pecks,* which I liked not at all save when Mr. Fields is doing his anticks. For him I can laugh at greatly an he did nothing more than to mouth the alphabet, his manner being the drollest ever I saw, yet with a sad note therein, as ever in the best drollerie. To a publick where I have a beaker of ale and so to bed.

The new adventure in New York journalism was justified almost from the first; but the usual doubters and scoffers were not silent. Soon after its inception, Adams approached me, one morning, with a large, tolerant smile, and a marked copy of *Town Topics.* There was a paragraph to the effect that a column like F.P.A.'s was all well enough in the by-gone period of George D. Prentice, but it would hardly "go" today in up-to-date New York. *"Who* is George D. Prentice?" asked Adams; and, ignoring the irony of his own question, proceeded quickly to cleanse his bosom of the perishable stuff peculiar to paragraphers.

"I like the job," Adams admitted to me, one day. "I get a lot of fun out of it." Further than that he will not formulate the principles or methods

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actuating his work. The "colyum" speaks for itself. Any one who reads it for a week, when he is at his best, will readily see that he finds ample material for his fountain pen in the foibles of what he calls "the w.k. human race." Free from bitterness and malice, he is forever prodding the arch offender against morals and good taste. Enjoying the peccadilloes of *hoi polloi,* he parades and exposes them with great good nature. His devoted clientèle numbers as many "average readers" as "high brows." Though he confesses he cannot read Conrad, he has sound literary taste; and this, coupled with a fastidious rigour in fashioning his own productions, has won him an immense following of professional writers, who contribute gratis to his column. A few years ago he fell ill, and was absent for several weeks in Bermuda. So a number of celebrated New Yorkers who write and make illustrations for a living kept the column going till he came back. This interlude was chiefly interesting as a demonstration that the successful conduct of columns must be autocratic; an exception being the *tour de force* of the sporting writer, Mr. Grantland Rice, who jacked up the leaning Tower with an astonishing imitation of the original, from first to last line.

Adams could easily fill his "colyum" with his own pen, but he prefers to vary it, not only with verse from the professionals, but with the offerings of amateur "contribs.," who daily storm the Tower. To quote him:

> Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
> We use a pen with nibs;
> And we sit here in this Conning Tower,
> Bossing a bunch of contribs.

The Tower is a hospitable receptacle for much admirable verse that would otherwise not get into print. Its conductor is also a connoisseur and diligent collector of the peculiar effusions in rhyme that find their way into the country papers. Recently, Adams pounced upon a *chef d'œuvre* of doggerel, published between covers by Miss Mary Anne O'Bryne, of Watervliet, New York, and proceeded to dispense it in serial sections. Presently it transpired that Miss O'Byrne was in an almshouse, and that her "poems" had been written thirty years ago. Adams rose to the occasion. It was just before Christmas, and he called upon his readers—"You who have enjoyed her poems, come across." Relief funds have lately all but emptied the pockets of the charitable; but the readers responded with a shower of bills, and bought the copies of Miss O'Byrne's books besides.

Adams, as that classic cartoonist, Mr. R. Goldberg, might say, has put the ban on the banal. He loves to belabour the bromide—to scourge the apostles of what is stereotyped, whether in life or letters. In "discovering" Dulcinea, the lady who talks like a human rubber-stamp, he seems to have put forward a young woman instantly and universally recognised. What with his own reports of her letters and conversations, and those showered upon him by his readers, Dulcinea enlivened the dog-days of 1914. She has been one of the happiest and most conspicuous of his creations. Listen:

THE LETTERS OF DULCINEA

Grayce dear: Helen came up here Saturday. She isn't much to look at, but she's one of the best-hearted girls I know. And she has stacks of girl friends. You know, if a girl hasn't got girl friends, there must be something wrong. That Princeton boy was around last night, and he said the same thing was true of men and men friends. I guess college brings out everything a man has in him—either makes him or breaks him.

He also used to know Helen, when they lived in Pittsburgh. How small the world is!

There's only one trouble about the table here. It's like a restaurant, and you always know what's coming. If I can have good bread and butter, that's all I need.

There goes the luncheon bell, so no more for to-day from Your DULCINEA.

P. S. There's another boy here whom I

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met last summer. I can't think of his name, I never forget a face, but I simply cannot remember names.

III

The industrious are prone to pose as idlers. Did not R.L.S. affect to extol the truant who, "while others are filling their memory with a lumber of words, . . . may learn some really useful art: to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men"? And there is Don Marquis of the New York *Evening Sun,* who for two years has signed his name to a daily column called "The Sun Dial!" Therein he speaks "with ease and opportunity." His taste in tobacco is impeccable. Doubtless he could play the fiddle if he tried. An admirable idler, in theory—dreaming dreams of long wet afternons, decorated with pipes and jugs and neglected pages of Dickens, and seeking to spread the cult with persistent programmes such as this:

OUR OWN WALL MOTTOES

EARLY TO BED
AND EARLY TO RISE
RUINS
MY TEMPER
AND GUMS UP MY EYES.
IF YOU WOULD GATHER
COIN,
WAMPUM
AND PELTS
GET YOUR WORK DONE
BY
SOMEBODY ELSE!
IF
YOU'D BE HAPPY
AND MERRY ALL DAY
LET OTHERS
TOIL FOR YOU
WHILE YOU GO AND PLAY!

Five years ago Mr. Marquis found his way to New York from Illinois, by way of Atlanta. As you see, he idled by the way—loafing for some time in Georgia as the assistant of Joel Chandler Harris on *Uncle Remus' Magazine.* In New York, true to his instincts, he slipped almost immediately into the easy job of reading "copy" for the *Evening Sun,* meanwhile leisurely producing his published novel, *Danny's Own Story.* In a playful moment he began contributing unsigned paragraphs and verse to the editorial page. This proved fatal to his repose. An astute editor-in-chief, detecting the potential doer beneath the dreamer, set him to work at what Eugene Field, with reference to his own labours, always spoke of as "sawing wood." Hence the "Wall Mottoes."

Two characteristics of Mr. Marquis's column mark it as strongly individual. To get his humourous effects he seldom employs slang. To lend it variety and strength he contributes to it a great deal of serious, flowing verse that may properly be called poetry, and has been enthusiastically recognised as such by veteran poets and critics.

"I find, by repeated experiment," said Mr. Marquis, "that my newspaper readers like the serious verse quite as well, if not better, than they like the lighter stuff. This, of course, is gratifying; helpful to the column and helpful to me."

But though lyrics like "The Name" have greatly contributed to "The Sun Dial's" popularity, it is in his character of sartirist that Mr. Marquis speaks with a very special aptitude. The feminine type impaled in the person of "Hermione" has proved to be his happiest "hit." To those who do not know her, permit me to introduce the lady:

THE THOUGHTS OF HERMIONE

Do you know, they're saying now that Nietzsche really started this war?

Frightful to think of, isn't it? One man, you know, making all this trouble.

Though for the life of me I can't remember anything in Nietzsche's *Man or Superman* about this war—and we took it up just last winter, too—our little group of serious thinkers, you know.

But then we took it up in the original German—because, you know, works of genius lose so *frightfully* in translation sometimes—

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we took it up in German, and the German letters are so queer looking that it was hard at times to give one's mind to the thought content.

I studied German and Greek the same year at school, you know; and, of course, while the two languages are really *quite* different, they have that one point about them in common, you know—that the letters, most of them, are *very* different looking from English letters.

It's odd, isn't it, how one finds these basic similarities in quite different things?

You know, that principle runs through the entire cosmos.

It makes up to one for so many things, too, doesn't it? Like the law of compensation.

Don't you just *dote* on the law of compensation?

Newton discovered it, you know, when the apple fell from his son's head—or was it William Tell?—and then Emerson wrote his beautiful poem about it, and then Elbert Hubbard took it up in a serious way.

* * * * *

Oh, to understand! Nearly every night before I go to bed I ask myself, "Have I *understood* to-day? Or have I *failed?*"

"Hermione," says Mr. Marquis, "is a serio-comic example of how a story writer's characters sometimes turn the tables on their creator. Originally, she was a minor character in a novel I had planned, concerned with certain aspects of so-called 'Bohemian' life in New York. But she grew and grew, until she filled the centre of the stage, and spread into the wings, and towered into the flies; so I had to abandon the book. Then I let her talk—as you no doubt have heard her talk in real life—to my newspaper readers instead."

Another feature of "The Sun Dial" has been the "Once Over Book Reviews," in which the reviewer has sought to compress his criticism into four lines of verse. This quatrain conveyed his condensed impressions of *Bambi:*

If you like damsels pert and chirrupy,
And "sellers" glib and namby-pamby,
And chocolate sundaes rather sirupy,
Glut your ingenuous taste on "Bambi."

"It was popular, but I had to give it up," exclaimed the critic sorrowfully. "You see, I really read each book, and the resultant quatrain was not much 'copy' in relation to a column."

Even Joubert would have "fallen down" on such a job. Yet Marquis, with Franco-American brevity, will sometimes put an essay into a sentence. Thus:

William Watson wants to know if America is not England's child:

Art thou her child, born in the proud midday
Of her large soul's abundance and excess,
Her daughter and her mightiest heritress. . . .

The answer is, no. The blood of this country is Scottish, Irish, Dutch, French, German, Scandinavian, as well as English.

Marquis himself is a mixture of paternal Huguenot and maternal Scotch Presbyterian. This settles satisfactorily the question of his name, which is constantly eliciting inquiries. "I admit," he says, "that it sounds like a pen name, ignorantly compounded of Spanish and French. But I really acquired it through birth and baptism. My humour, you say? Such as it is, I fancy I owe it to devout contemplation of my Scotch-Presbyterian ancestors. The principles on which I conduct my column?——"

He was silent for a moment; and, though I watched his eye, it seemed perfectly normal and unfrensied. Yet when he spoke, it was in verse and, for once, with recourse to slang:

I'd call the bluff
Of Sham and Smugness, Bunk and Guff!
I'd swat the droning flies that hum
The futile tunes of piffledom.

Nay, I'd not flout nor make a butt
Of any really honest Mutt—
Or Cheerful Idiot, or Geek
Whose heart is right and brain is weak;

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Nor mock the blithe, bucolic Boob,
The "harmless, necessary" Rube,
But leave the hunting down of these
To artists of the Obvious Wheeze—
Myself, I think that stuff is Cheese.

Who are my mortal enemies?
The Snob, the Flunky, Puffed Pretence,
The vendor of Slush Sentiments,
The Sham Reformer with his cant,
The clever Crook, the Sycophant,
The Fake, the Fraud, the Hypocrite;
Daily they get away with it!
Daily I see, 'twixt Rage and Mirth,
Bunk conquering this well-known Earth—
Daily I hear the Solemn Ass
Bray paddock judgments, loud and crass.

Don't think a programme of reform,
An Uplift Schedule, hot with Peeve,
Is lurking somewhere up my sleeve.
When I tweak beards, or bash in hats,
Or make a pass at Buncombe's slats,
I know I haven't croaked the gink!
Yet I've a sort of foolish pride
In flocking with the honest side,
In making Bunk ridiculous,
And still refusing to deride
The Wholesome and the Virtuous.

IV

"Columns" and "colyums" have so multiplied within the last few years that it is quite out of the question to do them all justice here. The humourists and poets who conduct them constitute in some instances an important asset of the newspaper, and are sometimes the best paid men on the staff. Long before the "colyum" took on its special characteristics, there were "columns" of considerable repute. That veteran, Frank L. Stanton, whose daily department, "Just from Georgia," is still a feature of the Atlanta *Constitution,* probably holds the record for continuity. The creator of "Billville" has for twenty-two years poured an endless stream of verse and paragraphs into the Atlanta papers, and has meanwhile reared a son who contributes comic sketches to the "column." Mr. Stanton's verse is familiar to newspaper readers throughout the country; and it was in response to a widespread appreciation of its sentiment that he long ago bound much of it together in book form.

"As to 'Billville'," says Mr. Stanton, "Joel Chandler Harris suggested the name. 'Call it "The Billville Banner," ' he said, 'and put the ginger of the soil in it.' We had great fun with it for a while. I was his office boy in Savannah, Georgia, when he was an editorial writer on the *Morning News,* and we were friends until he said the last 'Good-bye.' "

The people of the Southern States seem to have an especial liking for the metrical outpourings once peculiar to the "Poet's Corner"—a corner from which the newspaper poet has now emerged into competition with the political "leader." Do you doubt it? Turn, any day, to the editorial page of the Baltimore *Sun.* There, under the title "Maryland Musings—By the Bentztown Bard"—you will find a column filled with original verse in a serious strain from the pen of one man. His name is Folger McKinsey, his daily production comprises from seven to fifteen poems, and he has been doing this very thing for fifteen years—with all the appearance of being quite casual about it. Indeed, his lecture trips take up so much of his time that on some days he really gets down to work, and writes, say about forty or forty-five poems—enough to keep his column going for three issues. The editors of at least three hundred other newspapers make a practice of copying McKinsey's verses; so when he "breathes a song into the air," he knows just about where it is going to fall, and why. The quality? Well, Browning wrote only *one* poem a day, mind you; and I have here before me the January number of a New York magazine, price twenty-five cents, whose fastidious editor has devoted a whole page to two love songs by the Bentztown Bard. Now you know why the many Southerners who come to Baltimore, and pay a visit to the *Sun* office, always ask first for McKinsey. You thought poets lived in garrets? My dear sir, *this* is the twentieth century. Mr. McKinsey

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lives in a colonial mansion, on an estate washed by Chesapeake Bay, and if he had the time or the inclination to bother about business, that estate would be divided into "lots" in a twinkling and sold to the Washingtonians clamouring for country homes.

Unique, in a wholly different way, is that pure product of Baltimore—Henry Louis Mencken. You may have heard of Mr. Mencken before. Perhaps you read his paper on Nietzsche in the *Atlantic;* or, for that matter, his two authoritative books on the same subject. Perhaps you know him as the author of the first book written about Bernard Shaw, or as the literary critic of *The Smart Set,* in which he now has an interest as an editor and part owner. But unless you lived in Baltimore you would never suppose that since early in 1911 Mr. Mencken, over his own name, in the *Evening Sun,* has written a daily column called "The Free Lance." I have looked carefully through the files of that newspaper with the object of reproducing one of his paragraphs which, while characteristic, should contain nothing in violation of our neutrality, either at home or abroad—in short, something pithy but peaceable; and after a diligent hour I have unearthed something comparatively innocuous:

An American Philosopher.—As for William Jennings Bryan (of whom so much piffle, pro and con, is written), the whole of his political philosophy may be reduced to two propositions, neither of which is true. The first is the proposition that the common people are wise and honest, and the second is the proposition that all persons who refuse to believe it are scoundrels. Take away the two and all that would remain of Jennings would be a bald-headed man with his mouth open.

As Mr. Mencken himself says, he is "humourous only incidentally. My main purpose has been quite serious—to tackle shams of all sorts. My general policy is anti-democratic. I am opposed to prohibition, 'clean-up' campaigns, the direct primary, Socialism, the single tax, the initiative and referendum, and so forth, and advocate woman suffrage on the ground that it reduces democracy to an absurdity. I advocate the segregation of vice, the repeal of all sumptuary and inquisitorial laws (particularly Sunday laws), and the public registration and licensing of reformers."

Mr. Mencken has in turn heaped ridicule and wrath upon the Baltimore "boomers" (who sought to conceal the high death rate), anti-vivisectionists, vice-crusaders, "prima-donna preachers," politicians and self-styled reformers. This put him in real fighting trim to turn his siege-guns against the foes of Germany. Though born in Baltimore (1880), his forebears had a hand in developing the Universities of Leipzig and Wittemberg. Bismarck's mother was a Mencken.

Reading "The Free Lance," since the outbreak of the great war, I realise that the Kaiser always counts fifty before he speaks, and that our own Mr. Herman Ridder and Mr. G. S. Viereck are as amateurs in the gentle art of anathema. If Mr. Mencken is loved for the enemies he has made, all Baltimore will follow his bier. Letters from *Evening Sun* readers, attacking him, now constitute a special department of the paper. Its owners have been repeatedly asked to dismiss him; instead, they give him a free hand.

The next time some critic of the American press rails in my presence against its unfairness—at "the manipulation of the news" in favour of the Allies, I mean to show him a copy of the Baltimore *Evening Sun.* And to this exhibit of American liberty of speech I shall add the information that the owners of that paper are—Englishmen.

It's a long way to—Texas, where, in his "columnar" receptacle in the Houston *Daily Post,* "Uncle Judd" Mortimer Lewis—the most beloved man in those parts—ladles out large quantities of the milk of human kindness. "When I graduated from a stereotype kettle, in 1900," says Mr. Lewis, "I began by doing my daily column of 'Trifles,' to-

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gether with a daily column of paragraphs and a column of 'exchange interviews,' and for Sundays a column of answers to correspondents. Now, I've kind of knocked off work, so to speak, and only do the 'Trifles'—three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Once I took a vacation, without turning in any copy, and my editor said I had overstayed my time two days, and he thought he'd have to dock me.

"There are several of my poems I should be willing to have stand as samples of my work. One I am rather proud of is as follows:

Love's a bunch of swaying daisies, bound
around with ribbon blue;
Love's a peep-hole into heaven, with you tip-
toe looking through;
Love's a jar of milk and honey, in a fair, en-
chanted clime—
You can drink from it forever, and be thirsty
all the time.

"That went very well indeed, and is printed for framing, and for valentines by a number of firms, with no royalties to me. The dinged thing, however, which overtook and passed it and crops up wherever I go runs:

I wish I were a wooden pier,
Which stretched far out to sea,
And all the pretty bathing-girls
Would come and sit on me."

But I'm afraid these things do feeble justice to Uncle Judd's muse; for his "strongholt" is sentiment, and his sentimental verse—too copious for quotation—has been framed for home use by Mr. John Hays Hammond, and gathered into several books, besides, for a loyal public. Mr. Lewis's fame as a poet may or may not be ephemeral. It is not for me to say. But this I know: his memory will live as long as several hundred orphans, for whom he has found homes, remain on this earth to bless their "Uncle Judd." Mr. Lewis is the only poet I know of who specialises in orphans, and makes his column a medium for establishing them in the homes of loving foster parents. It is a form of personal philanthropy, limited; each orphan so placed costs him, on an average, in cash alone, six dollars and thirty cents. Through his Baby Bureau little boys and girls have found new parents in homes from California to Florida, and inquiries are coming from the Philippine Islands and Ceylon. To a woman on a Pennsylvania farm who wished to adopt "a friendless, destitute boy of sixteen," he wrote: "What you are looking for is a hired man." When he hears of a likely orphan, he puts a paragraph like this in his column:

Thirty pounds of boy for adoption. One package consists of twenty pounds; a real, sure 'nuff white hope. The other package weighs ten pounds—perhaps a little more after dinner. Each is looking for a job at making some childless couple happy.

And every day the telephone rings: some baby wants to talk to Uncle Judd—who got his job, by the way, because O. Henry had thrown up *his* job on the Houston *Post*.

My catalogue of "colyumists" is only in part compiled, and I am put to it to find space for the others—Philander Chase Johnson, of the Washington *Star*, with his paragraphs about Senator Sorghum; Teddy Robinson, war poet of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer;* Edgar A. Guest, of the Detroit *Free Press*. Yes, and more. Luckily, I learn that some of the veterans have retired. In Chicago, it seems, Wilbur Nesbit and S. E. Kiser are now pursuing the primrose path of the higher advertising. Strickland Gillilan ("Off Agin, On Agin, Finnigin"), who has been off and on "colyums" in Baltimore, Chicago, Indianapolis, Denver, and elsewhere, is now a mere magazine writer, who takes his slippered ease in a "Maryland Park" when he is not on a lecture tour. To quote him, he has "kept seven batches a week running while I lectured six or seven times a week and did the necessary travelling and my other free lance writing." Yet the other members of a newspaper staff always envy the "colyumist." I wonder why.

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ROMANCE AND REALISM IN THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE purpose of all fiction—whether realistic or romantic—is to embody certain truths of human life in a series of imagined facts. The difference between the two methods is merely this:—the realist induces his theme from his details, and the romantic deduces his details from his theme.

In order to apprise us of the truth which he wishes to reveal, the realist first leads us through a series of imagined facts as similar as possible to those selected details of actual life which he studied in order to arrive at his general conception. He elaborately imitates the facts of actual life, so that he may say to us finally, "This is the sort of thing that I have seen in the world, and from this I have learned the truth I have to tell you." He leads us step by step from the particular to the general, until we gradually grow aware of the truths he wishes to express. And in the end, we have not only grown acquainted with these truths, but have also been made familiar with every step in the process of inductive thought by which the author himself became aware of them.

But the romantic leads us in the contrary direction—namely, from the general to the particular. He does not attempt to show us how he arrived at his general conception. His only care is to convey his general idea effectively by giving it a specific illustrative embodiment. He feels no obligation to make the imagined facts of his story resemble closely the details of actual life; he is anxious only that they shall represent his idea adequately and consistently. He constructs his tale deductively: beginning with a general conception, he reduces it to particular terms that are appropriate to express it. "I have learned something in the world," he says to us: "Here is a fable that will make it clear to you."*

We have become so accustomed to the realistic method in modern art that the reader may need to be reminded that all fiction was romantic until three centuries ago. The reason why realism has arisen only recently in the history of art is that the direction of the world's thought was prevailingly deductive till the days of Francis Bacon. Bacon—the founder of modern philosophy and the precursor of modern science—was the first great leader of thought who insisted that induction was a safer and more efficient method than deduction in the search for truth. Realism is contemporaneous with modern science and other applications of inductive thought. Romance survives, of course, with scarcely an appreciable impairment of its vigour; but it has lost the undisputed empery of fiction which it held in ancient and in mediæval times.

It was not until the nineteenth century that the inductive method of revealing truth became predominant in all the arts,—though, in the single art of painting, it had been adopted as early as the seventeenth century by the great masters of the Netherlands. The drama was the last of all the arts to admit the new method of expression: indeed, the rise of realism in the drama did not begin till after 1850. The reason for this delay is obvious. Realism demands of the artist an ability to imitate details of actual life; and it was not until the second half of the nineteenth century that the physical equipment of the theatre had been developed to a point that

*The foregoing paragraphs are summarised from Chapter II of *Materials and Methods of Fiction.* The following application of the argument to the study of the drama is, however, new.

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made possible the exhibition of stage-pictures that could repeat the very look of life.

Realism was impossible on the platform-stage of the Elizabethans; and it was almost equally impossible on the apron-stage of the eighteenth century. It became possible only after the adoption of the picture-frame proscenium. A few of the Elizabethan dramatists revealed a temperamental tendency toward realism. This tendency, for instance, is apparent in such plays as Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*. In this record of the manners of contemporary London, Jonson was as realistic as any dramatist could be on a stage devoid of scenery; but he suffered the disadvantage of attempting a type of art with which his theatre, at the moment, was unprepared to cope. It was far easier for Shakespeare, in the same theatre, to suggest the atmosphere of the Forest of Arden by availing himself of the free conventions and easy assumptions of an essentially romantic stage.

When finally, however, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, the theatre was prepared, by the adoption of the picture-frame proscenium, to imitate details of actuality, the drama rushed at once to the contrary extreme; and a realistic method of presentment was imposed upon all playwrights, regardless of their temperamental tendencies. When the theatre—which had been romantic ever since the days of Æschylus—became at last realistic, it became realistic with a vengeance. Romantic writers for a platform-stage—like Shakespeare—were encumbered with realistic scenery designed for a stage that made a necessity of its new-found virtue of imitating actuality. A totally illogical demand arose that every play should have the look of life; and this demand made the theatre as inhospitable to romantic writers as the earlier Elizabethan theatre had been inhospitable to realistic writers. It was just as difficult for Maeterlinck to write for Ibsen's stage as it had been difficult, three centuries before, for Jonson to write for Shakespeare's stage. In learning how to be realistic, the practitioners of theatric art had forgotten how to be romantic. The gain was compensated by an equal loss.

To dissolve this dilemma and to destroy this deadlock, a movement toward a new stage-craft has very recently been instituted. The leaders of this movement are willing to leave the realistic stage alone as a medium of expression for realistic dramatists; but they demand that romantic dramatists should be released from the conventions of the recently-developed realistic stage, and should be permitted to readopt the more summary and free conventions of those earlier periods in which the theatre was essentially romantic. They are willing to accord to Ibsen and Pinero the special advantages of the picture-frame proscenium; but they insist that Maeterlinck shall also be accorded the contrary advantages of the platform-stage of Shakespeare. If a writer of the present day prefers a Forest of Arden made of words to a Forest of Arden made of canvas trees and cotton rocks, these revolutionists against the recent tyranny of realism demand that he shall be allowed to have his way. If a realist must have actual water in an actual pitcher, let him have it; but if a romantic prefers imaginary water in a merely decorative pitcher, let him have it also;—here we have, in a single illustration, the programme of the revolutionists.

The point of this revolt against realism in the theatre is, assuredly, well taken. The advocates of the new stage-craft do not demand the abolition of picture-frame productions of realistic plays; they demand only that romantic plays shall no longer be produced in a realistic manner. They insist that every writer shall be free to choose his method, and that an author who prefers to tell his truth in terms of fable shall not be forced to represent his truth in terms of fact. They do not advocate the suppression of realism on the stage; they merely advocate a restriction of the

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tyranny of realism over writers whose temperamental tendency is not realistic but romantic.

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER'S PRODUCTIONS

In the English-speaking theatre, the acknowledged leader of this movement toward a new stagecraft is Mr. Granville Barker,—an arch-realist in his own plays, and an arch-romantic in his method of producing the plays of writers other-minded than himself. American theatre-goers should felicitate themselves upon a transference of Mr. Barker's activities from London to New York, which—it is greatly to be hoped—may prove to be not temporary but perennial.

Mr. Barker's initial offering in this country was a double bill composed of *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,* by Anatole France, and *Androcles and the Lion,* by Bernard Shaw. *La Comédie de Celui qui Epousa une Femme Muette* is merely a dramatic anecdote developed by M. France from two paragraphs of Rabelais in which the mediæval humourist outlined the plot of a presumably imaginary comedy which he had seen acted, in company with seven of his friends, at the University of Montpellier. The point of the anecdote is this:—A lawyer, married to a very beautiful woman who is mute, invokes the services of a surgeon to untie her tongue. After the operation, she becomes so voluble and garrulous that he prefers to have her dumb again; but, since the surgeon cannot nullify the operation, the lawyer is forced to accept the alternative of being rendered deaf.

In *Androcles and the Lion,* Mr. Shaw has amplified a familiar Latin fable and has embroidered it with satirical dialogue in his most light-hearted vein. Androcles, a Greek tailor, is a keen lover of animals. Meeting a lion in the jungle, who is suffering great pain from a thorn in his paw, Androcles extracts the thorn and wins the affection of a beast who might otherwise have eaten him. This meek and gentle hero is a Christian; and, because of his proscribed religion, he is later doomed to be devoured by wild animals in the Roman Coliseum. The beast to whom he is thrown, however, happens to be the very lion he had befriended in the jungle; and this lion, recognising Androcles, refuses to attack him. The apparent miracle by which the hero tames the lion wins for Androcles the adulation of the Emperor and immunity from further persecution. This traditional fable is employed by Mr. Shaw as a framework for some of the wittiest and wisest dialogue that he has written in recent years.

Neither of these two plays attempts to imitate details of actuality; and, in producing them, Mr. Barker has discarded the conventions of the realistic stage. Before the curtain, he has built a wide apron, descending in terraced steps to the auditorium; and in this empty apron he has conducted a great part of the action. Behind the curtain, his scenery is merely summary and suggestive,—not detailed and photographic, like the scenery of the recent realistic theatre. His costumes are designed to be appropriate to a general decorative scheme; they are not designed to be exactly representative of the particular place and the particular time denominated in the action. Mr. Barker's Roman soldiers are not dressed like actual Roman soldiers of the third century, A. D.: they are merely dressed like people who might well enough be soldiers and might well enough be Roman. He suggests the immanence of the Eternal City by a pale monochromatic background with three round arches, and by a sweeping gesture of an actor toward the gallery which points out an imaginary Coliseum. For the purposes of a romantic play, this, surely, is a better method of investiture than a pictorial representation of the Coliseum on a back-drop and a solid imitation of the Arch of Titus in the foreground. In Mr. Barker's hands, the stage reminds us more of the reality of Rome, the less it is made to imitate that actuality

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of which we have been informed by archæologists. Two other conventions of the Elizabethan stage have been readopted by this revolutionist. He has resumed the Shakesperian device of the upper-room, or balcony, and thereby assails the eye from two levels simultaneously; and by obliterating foot-lights, and illuminating the stage entirely from above, he has destroyed that sharp distinction between the actor and the audience which was required by the picture-frame proscenium.

THE CONVERSION OF MR. BELASCO

Heretofore the method employed by Mr. David Belasco in the production of his plays has invariably been the method of the realists. He has always achieved his effects by an agglomeration of actual details. For the last act of *The Governor's Lady,* for example, he merely bought a Child's Restaurant, complete in all details, and, knocking out the fourth wall, set it up upon the stage. The incident enacted in this setting was untrue to life; but a false air of verisimilitude was accorded to it by the actuality of the environment.

This method served well enough for realistic plays; but Mr. Belasco has hitherto been guilty of the error of applying this same method to the production of plays essentially romantic. The mystic moments of *The Return of Peter Grimm* were marred by a cluttering of unnecessary furniture upon the stage; and *The Darling of the Gods,* for all its exactitude of scenery and costumes, was less Oriental in its atmosphere than *The Yellow Jacket,* which was produced upon a sceneless stage.

It is, therefore, especially important to record that Mr. Belasco has learned at last that realism is one thing and romance is another. His production of *Marie-Odile* shows that even so staunch a realist has finally been converted to the new stagecraft. For this production, Mr. Belasco has suppressed his foot-lights, extended his stage in an apron before the curtain, and obscured his picture-frame proscenium with simple hangings of a neutral tint. Thereby he has destroyed that sharp distinction between the stage and the auditorium which was developed in the recent period of realism. For the first time in his career—if we except his treatment of the dream-passages in *The Phantom Rival*—Mr. Belasco has devised a setting that is simple and summary and suggestive, instead of actual, detailed, complex. The action of *Marie-Odile* takes place in the refectory of an Alsatian convent during the Franco-Prussian war: yet there is nothing on the stage to indicate with any exactness the date or place of the story. The architecture is indefinite,—so indefinite that the observer cannot even determine whether it is Romanesque or Gothic or Renaissance. The furniture is of the simplest; and not a single article of furniture or decoration is placed upon the stage that is not required by some exigency of the action. As a consequence of this suppression of superfluous details, the production of *Marie-Odile* makes an appeal to the imagination that surpasses in its potency the appeal of any of the many plays that Mr. Belasco has produced in the realistic manner.

The piece itself is worthy of the art with which it is projected. *Marie-Odile* was written by Mr. Edward Knoblauch. It is by far the best of all his plays; and it is a work of which America may well be proud. With tender and delicate art, Mr. Knoblauch has afforded a psychological analysis of absolute virginity. No subject is more difficult than this to treat in such a way as to still the laughter of a cynical and vulgar public; and Mr. Knoblauch must be congratulated on the simplicity, the sincerity, the poetry, with which he has written a play that no other author in the world would have dared to dream of, unless it be Maurice Maeterlinck himself.

MR. PAYNE'S PRODUCTION OF "THE CRITIC"

In his rollicking production of Sheridan's *The Critic,* or *A Tragedy Rehearsed,* Mr. B. Iden Payne revived the

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free and easy conventions of the apron-stage of the eighteenth century. The play seemed to happen not so much upon the stage as all about the theatre; and the spectator found himself seated in the midst of the action instead of looking at a picture hanging in a frame before him. Mr. Payne himself appeared as Puff, and served at all moments as a sort of amiable emissary between the actors and the audience.

It is not necessary to remind the readers of this magazine that *The Critic* is the most amusing travesty of the theatre and its people and its hangers-on that has ever been written. Sheridan's satire is just as applicable to the Broadway of to-day as it was to the Drury Lane of 1779. The piece is utterly alive; and beside it, all recent efforts at intelligent burlesque seem comparatively dull.

Mr. Payne is to be thanked for his delectable revival of this farce. He has had a long experience in producing worthy plays. For four seasons and a half, he served as general director of Miss Horniman's famous repertory theatre in Manchester. Last year he conducted a repertory company at the Fine Arts Theatre in Chicago; and this year he has directed the Little Theatre in Philadelphia. By such roundabout passages do non-commercial managers like Mr. Payne make their way ultimately to New York; but it is always a pleasure to welcome them when they come to us at last.

"CHILDREN OF EARTH"

Children of Earth, by Alice Brown—the play that won the prize in Mr. Winthrop Ames's recent competition—is notable as a literary achievement, but is a little lacking in the elements of popular appeal. The theme is the tardy awakening of love in two people in their forties. This theme will be welcomed by those who are maturely interested in the study of human nature; but the casual theatre-going public will always prefer a love-story between two people in their early twenties.

The characters of *Children of Earth* are natives of New England; and the soul of New England has never before been so profoundly studied on our stage as it is in the conflict between desire and duty that constitutes the subject-matter of this play. The characters are deeply true to that section of the earth from which they spring; and the dialogue combines the note of actuality with a note of literary distinction that is very rarely met with in our native drama.

Miss Brown is not a practiced playwright. Her training has been literary rather than dramatic. This fact is evidenced by a slowness in the movement of her play and by a constant emphasis on character at the expense of action. *Children of Earth* is not an easy play to see, for it requires an unwonted effort of attention to follow all the intricacies of its psychological analysis.

The piece is admirably acted, and has been beautifully staged by Mr. Ames. It is a realistic play; and Mr. Ames, quite properly, has projected it behind a picture-frame proscenium in the customary realistic manner. He should be praised, however, for avoiding any unnecessary agglomeration of details. A less artistic stage-director might have crowded the living-room of the heroine with a superfluity of old New England furniture.

"THE SHADOW"

The Shadow is chiefly notable for the great acting of Miss Ethel Barrymore; but it is in itself an estimable play. It was written in French by Dario Niccodemi and translated into English by Michael Morton.

For six years the heroine has been imprisoned in a single chair by a paralysis that seems incurable. Her husband, who is a painter, is the very soul of kindness. Every morning, before going to his studio, he spends an hour with her; and every evening, after his work is done, he returns to her side. One day, when her husband is away at work, she finds herself suddenly cured as if by a miracle. She arises and walks; but, when her hus-

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band comes home and finds her in her chair, she does not tell him of the miracle, because she prefers to keep it as a great surprise.

The next day she walks into her husband's studio. She then discovers that for three years he has been living with another woman, and that this other woman—who is her best friend—has borne a child to him. They had meant to marry as soon as her expected death should set them free; and, meanwhile, they had kept the truth from her in order to spare her any needless pain. As a result of this mistaken kindness, the three are now involved in an intolerable entanglement. The circumstances are such that the audience sympathises equally with all three members of the triangle. All of them are estimable people, and all of them have acted honourably. There can be no happy ending to such a complication. The miserable wife does the only thing that can be done. She promises her husband a divorce so that he may marry the mother of his child.

The sadness of this play is unrelieved, and would at times become intolerable, were it not for its inherent dignity and beauty. The piece is tensely constructed and excellently written. It is, of course, founded on a posture of events that seems impossible; but, since the miraculous cure of the heroine is assumed as a condition precedent to the action, it does not invalidate the verity of the three acts that constitute the play.

"THE WHITE FEATHER"

The White Feather, by Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry—which is now running in London under the title of *The Man Who Stayed Home*—is a product of the present war. The hero, an apparently lackadaisical young Englishman, is shunned by all his friends, and even condemned by his fiancée, because he has neglected to enlist in the volunteers and can give no satisfactory reason for refusing to answer the call to the colours. The real reason, which he cannot tell, is that he is serving as a spy in the secret service of his country. The action passes in a seaside hotel in East Anglia. This hotel is conducted by a family of German spies, who have installed a secret wireless apparatus and are sending signals to hostile submarines. The contest of wits between the hero and these German traitors to their adopted country is conducted in accordance with the traditional formula of Eugène Scribe. Indeed, Scribe may be said to have written *The White Feather* many times during the course of his busy and prosperous career. All that is new in the present play is the transference of the plot from *La Scribie* to England and its application to contemporaneous events. A Scribe play is always interesting in the theatre; and *The White Feather* is no exception to the rule. The piece, however, is devoid of characterisation; and the dialogue is very badly written.

To the April BOOKMAN *Stephen Leacock will contribute "A Dickens Fireside Fantasy," presenting, in a new light, such old friends as Mr. Pickwick, Jingle, Sergeant Buzfuz, Mr. Willett, Senior, Mr. Tulkinghorn, Mr. Micawber, Mr. Pecksniff, Mrs. Gamp, Uriah Heep and others.*

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CLUBWOMEN'S READING

BY ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK

III—The Remedy

When we have once discovered the cause of a malady, we may proceed in two ways to combat it; either we may destroy the cause or we may render the possible victims immune. To put it a little differently, we may eliminate either of the two elements whose conjunction causes the disease. To grow weeds, there must co-exist their seeds and a favourable soil. They may be exterminated either by killing the seeds or sterilising the soil. Either of these methods may be used in dealing with the disease that prevails among readers, or, if you prefer the other metaphor, with the rank vegetation that has choked the fertile soil of their minds, making any legitimate mental crop impossible. We have seen that the conditions favourable to the disease are a lack of interest and a fallacious idea that there is something inherent in the printed page *per se* that makes its perusal valuable whether the reader is interested or not—somewhat as a charm is supposed to work even when it is in a language that the user does not understand.

We are considering only the form of the disease that affects clubwomen, and this we have diagnosed as *programitis*—the imposition of a set programme of work—which, as an exciting cause, operates on the mental soil prepared by indifference and fetichism to produce the malady from which so many are now suffering.

I think physicians will generally agree that where the exciting cause can be totally removed that method of dealing with the disease is far more effective than any attempt to secure immunity. I believe that in most cases it is so in the present instance.

In other words, my prescription is the abandonment, in nine cases out of ten, of the set programme, and the substitution of something that is interesting primarily to each individual concerned. This is no new doctrine. Listen to William James:

> Any object not interesting in itself may become interesting through becoming associated with an object in which an interest already exists. The two associated objects grow, as it were, together: the interesting portion sheds its quality over the whole; and thus things not interesting in their own right borrow an interest which becomes as real and as strong as that of any natively interesting thing. . . . If we could recall for a moment our whole individual history, we should see that our professional ideals and the zeal they inspire are due to nothing but the slow accretion of one mental object to another, traceable backward from point to point till we reach the moment when, in the nursery or in the schoolroom, some little story told, some little object shown, some little operation witnessed, brought the first new object and new interest within our ken by associating it with some one of those primitively there. The interest now suffusing the whole system took its rise in that little event, so insignificant to us now as to be entirely forgotten. As the bees in swarming cling to one another in layers till the few are reached whose feet grapple the bough from which the swarm depends; so with the objects of our thinking—they hang to each other by associated links, but the original source of interest in all of them is the native interest which the earliest one once possessed.

If we are to exorcise this spirit of indifference that has settled down like a miasma upon clubdom we must find James's original germ of interest—the

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twig upon which our cluster of bees is ultimately to hang. Here we may introduce two axioms: Everyone is deeply interested in something; few are supremely interested in the same thing. I shall not attempt to prove these, and what I shall have to say will be addressed only to those who can accept them without proof. But I am convinced that illustrations will occur at once to everyone. Who has not seen the man or woman, the boy or girl who, apparently stupid, indifferent and able to talk only in monosyllables, is suddenly shocked into interest and volubility by the mere chance mention of some subject of conversation—birds, or religion, or Egyptian antiquities, or dolls, or skating, or Henry the Eighth? There are millions of these electric buttons for galvanising dumb clay into mental and spiritual life, and no one of them is likely to act upon more than a very few in a given company—the theory of chances is against it. That is why no possible programme could be made that would fit more than a very small portion of a given club. We have seen that many club-programmes are made with an irreducible minimum of intelligence; but even a programme committee with superhuman intellect and angelic good will could never compass the solution of such a problem as this. Nor will it suffice to abandon the general programme and endeavour to select for each speaker the subject that he would like best to study and expound. No one knows what these subjects are but the owners of the hearts that love them.

We have seen how the scientific and technical societies manage the matter and how well they succeed. They appoint a committee whose duty it is to receive contributions and to select the worthiest among those presented. The matter then takes care of itself. These people are all interested in something. They are finding out things by experimentation or thought; by induction or deduction. It is the duty and the high pleasure of each to tell his fellows of his discoveries. It is in this way that the individual gives of his best to the race—the triumph of the social instinct over selfishness. As this sort of intellectual profit-sharing becomes more and more common, the reign of the social instinct will extend and strengthen. To do one's part toward such an end ought to be a pleasure, and this is one reason why this course is commended here to the women's clubs.

Everyone, I repeat, is deeply interested in something. I am not talking of idiots; there are no such in women's clubs. I have been telling some odd stories of clubwomen, in which they are represented as doing and saying idiotic things. These stories are all true, and if one should take the time to collect and print others, I do not suppose, as the sacred writer says, "that all the world could contain the books that should be written." Things quite as idiotic as these that I have reported are said and done in every city and every hamlet of these United States every day in the year and every hour in the day—except possibly between three and five A.M., and sometimes even then. Yet those who say and do these things are not idiots. When your friend Brown is telling you his pet anecdote for the thirty-fifth time, or when Smith insists that you listen to a recital of the uninteresting accomplishments of his newly-arrived infant, you may allow your thoughts to wander and make some inane remark, yet you are not an idiot. You are simply not interested. You are using most of your mind in another direction and it is only with what is left of it that you hear Brown or Smith and talk to him. Brown or Smith is not dealing with your personality as a whole, but with a residuum.

And this is what is the matter with the clubwomen who read foolishly and ask foolish questions in libraries. They are residual personalities. Not being at all interested in the matter in hand, they are devoting to it only a minimum part of their brains; and what they do and say is comparable with the act of the perambulating professor, who, ab-

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sorbed in mathematical calculation, lifted his hat to the cow.

The professor was perhaps pardonable, for his mind was not wandering—it was suffering, on the contrary, from excessive concentration—but it was not concentrated on the cow. In the case of the clubwomen, the rôle of the cow is played by the papers that they are preparing. While, in lieu of the mathematical problems, we have a variety of really absorbing subjects, more or less important, over which their minds are wandering. What we must do is to capture these wandering minds, and this we can accomplish only by enlisting their own knowledge of what interests them.

If you would realise the difference between the mental processes of a mere residue and those of the whole personality when its vigour is concentrated on one subject, listen first to one of those perfunctory essays, culled from a collection of cyclopædias, and then hear a whole woman throw her whole self into something. Hear her candid opinion of some person or thing that has fallen below her standard! Hear her able analysis of the case at law between her family and the neighbours! Hear her make a speech on woman suffrage—I mean when it is really to her the cause of causes; there are those who take it up for other reasons, as the clubwomen do their papers, with not dissimilar results. In all these cases clearness of presentation, weight of invective, keenness of analysis spring from interest. None of these women, if she has a feminine mind, treats these things as a man would. We men are very apt to complain of the woman's mental processes, for the same reason that narrow "patriots" always suspect and deride the methods of a foreigner, simply because they are strange and we do not understand them. But what we are compelled to think of the results is shown by the fact that when we are truly wise we are apt to seek the advice and counsel of the other sex and to act upon it, even when we cannot fathom the processes by which it was reached.

All the more reason this why the woman should be left to herself and not forced to model her club paper on the mental processes of a man, used, with many necessary elisions and sometimes with very bad workmanship, in the construction of the cyclopædia article never intended to be employed for any such purpose.

Perhaps we can never make the ordinary clubwoman talk like Susan B. Anthony, or Anna Shaw, or Beatrice Hale, or Fola La Follette; any more than we can put into the mouth of the ordinary business man the words of Lincoln, or John B. Gough, or Phillips Brooks, or Raymond Robbins—but get somehow into the weakest of either sex the impulses, the interests, the energies that once stood or now stand behind the utterances of any one of these great Americans, and see if the result is not something worth while!

An appreciative critic of the first paper in this series, writing in *The Yale Alumni Weekly*, gives it as his opinion that these readers are in the first stage of their education—that of "initial intellectual interest." He says: "Curiosity, then suspicion, come later to grow into individual intellectual judgment."

I wish I could agree that what we have diagnosed as a malady is only an early stage of something that is ultimately to develop into matured judgment. But the facts seem clearly to show that, far from possessing "initial intellectual interest," these readers are practically devoid of any kind of interest whatever, properly speaking. Such as they have is not proper to the subject, but simply due to the fact that they desire to retain their club membership, to fulfil their club duties, and to act in general as other women do in other clubs. To go back to our recent simile, it is precisely the same interest that keeps you listening, or pretending to listen, to a bore, while you are really thinking of something else. If you were free to follow your impulses, you would insult the bore, or throw him downstairs, or retreat precipitately. You are inhibited by

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your sense of propriety and your recognition of what is due to a fellow-man, no matter how boresome he may be. The clubwoman doubtless has a strong impulse to throw the encyclopædia out of the window, or to insult the librarian (occasionally she does) or even to resign from the club. She is prevented, in like manner, by her sense of propriety, and often, too, we must admit, by a real, though rudimentary, desire for knowledge. But such inhibitions cannot develop into judgment. They are merely negative, while the interest that has a valuable outcome is positive.

Another thing that we shall do well to remember is that no condition or relation one of whose elements or factors is the human mind can ever be properly considered apart from that mind. Shakespeare's plays would seem to be fairly unalterable. Shakespeare is dead and cannot change them, and they have been written down in black and white this many a year. But the real play, so far as it makes any difference to us to-day, is not in the books; or, at least, the book is but one of its elements. It is the effect produced upon the auditor, and of this a very important element is the auditor's mental and spiritual state. Considered from this standpoint, Shakespeare's plays have been changing ever since they were written. Environment, physical and mental, has altered; the language has developed; the plain, ordinary talk of Shakespeare's time now seems to us quaint and odd; every-day allusions have become cryptic. It all "ain't up to date," to quote the Cockney's complaint about it. Probably no one to-day can under any circumstances get the same reaction to a play of Shakespeare as that of his original audience, and probably no one ever will.

Anecdotes possess a sort of centripetal force; tales illustrative of the matter at hand have been flying to me from all parts of the country. From the Pacific Northwest comes this, which seems pertinent just here. A good clubwoman, who had been slaving all day over a paper on Chaucer, finally at its close threw down her pen and exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I wish Chaucer were *dead!*" She had her wish in more senses than the obvious one. Not only has Chaucer's physical body long ago given up its substance to earth and air, but his works have to be translated for most readers of the present day; his language is fast becoming as dead as Latin or Greek. But, worse still, his very spirit was dead, so far as its reaction on her was concerned. Poetry, to you and me, is what we make of it; and what do you suppose our friend from Oregon was making of Chaucer? Our indifference, our failure to react, is thus more far-reaching than its influence on ourselves—it is, in some sense, a sin against the immortal souls of those who have bequeathed their spiritual selves to the world in books. And this sin the clubs are, in more cases than I care to think, forcing deliberately upon their members.

A well-known cartoonist toiled long in early life at some uncongenial task for a pittance. Meanwhile he drew pictures for fun, and one day a journalist, seeing one of his sketches, offered him fifty dollars for it—the salary of many days. "And when," said the cartoonist, "I found I could get more money by playing than by working, I swore I would never work again—and I haven't."

When we can all play—do exactly what we like—and keep ourselves and the world running by it, then the Earthly Paradise will be achieved. But, meanwhile, cannot we realise that these clubwomen will accomplish more if we can direct and control their voluntary activity, backed by their whole mental energy, than when they devote some small part of their minds to an uncongenial task, dictated by a programme committee?

I shall doubtless be reminded that the larger clubs are now generally divided into sections, and that membership in these sections is supposed to be dictated by interest. This is a step in the right direction, but it is an excessively short one. The programme, with all its vicious accompaniments and lamentable results, persists. What I have said and

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shall say applies as well to an art or a domestic science section as to a club *in toto*.

To bring down the treatment to a definite prescription, let us suppose that the committee in charge of a club's activities, instead of marking out a definite programme for the season, should simply announce that communications on subjects of personal interest to the members, embodying some new and original thought, method, idea, device, or mode of treatment, would be received, and that the best of these would be read and discussed before the club, after which some would appear in print. No conditions would be stated, but it would be understood that such features as length and style, as well as subject matter, would be considered in selecting the papers to be read. Above all, it would be insisted that no paper should be considered that was merely copied from anything, either in substance or idea. It is, of course, possible to constitute a paper almost entirely of quotations and yet so to group and discuss these that the paper becomes an original contribution to thought; but mere parrot-like repetition of ascertained facts, or of other people's thoughts, should not be tolerated.

Right here the first obstacle would be encountered. Club members, accustomed to be assigned for study subjects like "The Metope of the Parthenon" or "The True Significance of Hyperspace," will not easily comprehend that they are really desired to put briefly on paper original ideas about something that they know at first hand. Mrs. Jones makes better sponge cake than any one in town; the fact is known to all her friends. If sponge cake is a desirable product, why should not the woman who has discovered the little knack that turns failure into success, and who is proud of her ability and special knowledge, tell her club of it, instead of laboriously copying from a book—or, let us say, from two or three books—some one else's compilation of the facts ascertained at second or third hand by various other writers on "The Character of the Cid"? Why should not Mrs. Smith, who was out over night in the blizzard of 1888, recount her experiences, mental as well as physical? Why should not Miss Robinson, who collects coins and differs from the accepted authorities regarding the authenticity of certain of her specimens, tell why and how and all about it? Why should not the member who is crazy about begonias and the one who thinks she saw Uncle Hiram's ghost, and she who has read and re-read George Meredith, seeing beauties in him that no one else ever detected—why should not one and all give their fellows the benefit of the really valuable special knowledge that they have acquired through years of interested thinking and talking and doing?

But there will be trouble, as I have said. The thing, simple as it is, would be too unaccustomed to comprehend. And then a real article in a real cyclopædia by a real writer is Information with a big "I." My little knowledge about making quince jelly, or darning stockings, or driving an auto, or my thoughts about the intellectual differences between Dickens and Thackeray, or my personal theories of conduct, or my reasons for preferring hot-water heat to steam—these are all too trivial to mention; is it possible that you want me to write them down on paper?

It may thus happen that when the committee opens its mail it may find—nothing. What, then? Logically, I should be forced to say: Well, if none of your members is interested enough in anything to have some original information to tell about it, disband your club. What is the use of it? Even three newsboys, when they meet on the street corner, begin at once to interchange ideas. Where are yours?

Possibly this would be too drastic. It might be better to hold a meeting, state the failure, and adjourn for another trial. It might be well to repeat this several times, in the hope that the fact that absence of original ideas means no proceedings might soak in and germi-

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nate. If this does not work, it might be possible to fight the devil with fire, by going back to the programme method so far as to assign definitely to members subjects in which they are known to be deeply interested. This, in fact, is the second method of treatment mentioned at the outset, namely, the endeavour to secure immunity where the germ cannot be exterminated. We shall probably never be able to rid the world of the *bacillus tuberculosis;* the best we can do is to keep as clear of it as we can and to strengthen our powers of resistance to it. So, if we cannot kill the programme all at once, let us strive to make it innocuous and to minimise its evil effects on its victims.

Let us suppose, now, that in one way or another, it is brought about that every club member who reads a paper is reporting the result of some personal experience in which her interest is vivid—some discovery, acquisition, method, idea, criticism or appreciation that is the product of her own life and of the particular, personal way in which she has lived it.

What a result this will have on that woman's reading—on what she does before she writes her paper and on what she goes through after it. If her interest is as vivid as we assume it to be, she will not be content to recount her own experiences without comparing them with those of others. And after her paper has been read and the comment and criticism of other interested members have been brought out—of some, perhaps, whose interest she had never before suspected, then she will feel a fresh impulse to search for new accounts and to devour them. There is no longer anything perfunctory about the matter. She can no longer even trust the labour of looking up her references to others. She becomes an investigator; she feels something of the joy of those who add to the sum of human knowledge.

And lo! the problem of clubwomen's reading is solved! The wandering mind is captured; the inane residuum is abolished by union with the rest to form a normal, intelligent whole. No more idiotic questions, no more cyclopædia-copying, no more wool-gathering programmes. Is it too much to expect? Alas, we are but mortal!

I trust it has been made sufficiently clear that I think meanly neither of the intellectual ability of women nor of the services of women's clubs. The object of these papers is to give the former an opportunity to assert itself, and the latter a chance to profit by the assertion. The woman's club of the future should be a place where original ideas, fed and directed by interested reading, are exchanged and discussed. Were I writing of men's clubs, I should point out to them the same goal. And then, perhaps, we may look forward to a time when a selected group of men and women may come together and talk of things in which they both, as men and women, are interested.

When this happens, I trust that in the discussion we shall not heed the advice of some modern feminists and forget that we are as God made us. Why should each man talk to a women "as if she were another man"? I never heard it advised that each woman should talk to each man "as if he were another woman"; but I should resent it if I did. Why shut our eyes to the truth? I trust that I have not been talking to the clubwomen "as if they were men"; I am sure I have not meant to do so. They are not men; they have their own ways, and those ways should be developed and encouraged. We have had the psychology of race, of the crowd and of the criminal; where is the investigator who has studied the Psychology of Woman? When she (note the pronoun) has arrived, let us make her president of a woman's club.

It is with diffidence that I have outlined any definite procedures, because, after all, the precise manner in which the treatment should be applied will depend, of course, on the club concerned. To prescribe for you most effectively, your physician should be an intimate friend. He should have known you from birth—better still, he should have

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cared for your father and your grandfather before you. Otherwise, he prescribes for an average man; and you may be very far from the average. The drug that he administers to quiet your nerves may act on your heart and give you the smothers—it might conceivably quiet you permanently. Then the doctor would send to his medical journal a note on "A Curious Case of Umptiol Poisoning," but you would still be dead, even if all his readers should agree with him.

I have no desire to bring about casualties of this kind. Let those who know and love each particular club devote themselves to the task of applying my treatment to it in a way that will involve a minimum shock to its nerves and a minimum amount of interference with its metabolic processes. It will take time. Rome was not built in a day, and a revolution in clubdom is not going to be accomplished over night.

I have prescribed simple remedies—too simple, I am convinced, to be readily adopted. What could be simpler than to advise the extermination of all germ diseases by killing off the germs? Any physician will tell you that this method is the very acme of efficiency; yet, the germs are still with us, and bid fair to spread suffering and death over our planet for many a long year to come. So I am not sanguine that we shall be able all at once to kill off the programmes. All that may be expected is that at some distant day the simplicity and effectiveness of some plan of the sort will begin to commend itself to clubwomen. If, then, some lover of the older literature will point out the fact that, back in 1915, the gloomy era when fighting hordes were spreading blood and carnage over the fair face of Europe, an obscure and humble librarian, in the pages of THE BOOKMAN, pointed out the way to sanity, I shall be well content.

A FRENCH BOSWELL AT THE SIEGE OF PARIS

BY CLEVELAND PALMER

ENGLAND had one Boswell in the eighteenth century. France had two in the nineteenth. And while the former attached himself to but a single conspicuous figure of the period, the latter took the whole of Parisian life as their field of activity.

"The Siamese Twins of Literature." That is what the late Jules Lemaitre called these Boswellian Goncourt brothers, who compiled the famous *Journal des Goncourts*.

At first neither of them had any idea of making public a *promenade sur Paris,* which was Boswell, Evelyn and Pepys all rolled into one, with a marked resemblance, in advance, to George Moore's *Hail and Farewell,* which was, indeed, modelled on it. But years after the death of the younger brother, Jules, Edmond, the elder, who had continued the *Journal* alone, decided to publish a selection. This he did, to the consternation of some who figured prominently in its pages, and who did not relish the informal revelation of their personalities.

Among these was Ernest Renan. The author of *La Vie de Jésus* sought first to call into question the accuracy of Goncourt's reports, and then, failing in this, treated him as a *"monsieur indiscret,"* even as a monster of moral obtuseness, for divulging the substance of private conversations and discussions. These occurred at a Parisian *cénacle* or club dinner which was held weekly at Bré-

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bant's on the Boulevard, and which brought together a distinguished group of French thinkers and men of letters including Renan, Goncourt, Gautier, Saint-Victor, Neffter, Berthelot, the great chemist, and a number of others.

Going to dine with his friends on the sixth of September, 1870, just three days after the news of the defeat of MacMahon had reached Paris, and two days after the proclamation of the Republic, Goncourt found Renan seated all alone, at the big table in the *salon rouge* (in the attitude, no doubt, shown us by Zorn, in his famous portait), and reading a paper with despairing gestures.

Saint-Victor, Neffter, du Mesnil, Berthelot, all arrived, one after the other, and the dinner took place amid the common desolation of their speech. They spoke of the great defeat, of the impossibility of resistance, of the incapacity of the members of the National Defence. They stigmatised the savagery of the Prussians which was bringing back into the world the reign of the Gothic Genseric. Then, when several spoke of the admitted superiority of the Prussian as part of a military machine, Renan raised his head from his plate, and said:

"In all things that I have studied, I have always been struck by the superiority of the German intelligence and work. It is not astonishing, then, that, in the art of war, which is, after all, an inferior art, though complicated, they have attained this superiority which, I repeat, they reveal in all things that I have studied. . . . Yes, *monsieur,*" he replied to the last speaker, "the Germans are a superior race!"

This was "dangerous stuff," as it is said, in such a company, at such a moment, and there were many protests. These, however, only roused Renan to more emphatic affirmations, and during the rest of the dinner, as on many subsequent occasions, he stubbornly sustained his thesis of the superiority of the German people to the French. And when, finally, the fire was diverted from the powder magazine, the flame flared up again in other quarters.

"Then all is finished, there is nothing left for us but to raise up a generation for revenge!" cried Goncourt, when the full danger of the military situation was revealed by Berthelot, who had "secrets."

"No, no!" cried Renan, who had arisen, his face red, "not revenge. Even if France, even if the Fatherland, should perish, there is still, above both of these, the realm of Duty, of Reason . . ."

"No, no!" shouts the whole table, "there is nothing above the Fatherland."

"No," shouts Saint-Victor, completely enraged, whose voice is heard above all the rest. "Let us not æstheticise any longer! There is nothing above the Fatherland!"

Meanwhile Renan had arisen, and was walking unsteadily around the table, his short arms beating the air, citing passages from the Scriptures at the top of his voice, and saying that everything was contained in these.

It was an exciting scene, though it also had its grotesque side, and it is not strange that Renan, years after, should have been disturbed by the appearance, in print, of expressions which might very well have been misinterpreted. Indeed, Goncourt himself was accused of lack of patriotism merely, as he himself says, because he was able, calmly, from day to day, to record his impressions and his sufferings during the period of France's agony.

II

However this may be, there are few books written forty-odd years ago that are as timely and interesting at the present day as Goncourt's *Journal* of the siege of Paris and of the Commune. "Goncourt's," for Jules had died in the earlier part of the year, and it was Edmond alone who recorded the incidents of that succession of epic events. It is not, however, an epic spirit in which they are recorded. It is this very fact that gives the *Journal* its peculiar value and significance. For what this remarkable document offers, is not an account of the military operations planned and so

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unsuccessfully carried out by Trochu and his aides (though these are shown too, in the light in which they appeared to the man in the street), but the random jottings of a novelist trained in the delicate observation of the minute detail of daily life.

Never before was there ever presented such a record of the *vie quotidienne* of a besieged city. In some ways it reminds us of Defoe's account of the great plague in London, though it is, of course, far less unrelievedly sombre in its hues. Then, too, it is the work of one who was not only a great modern master of realism, but who was also peculiarly a painter in his method.

Goncourt, more than any other, introduced what may be called moral, or sentimental, description into the analytical fiction of the nineteenth century. He saw that things were subtly related to states of mind, and thus there is scarcely an aspect of Paris, rendered fugitive by the light, the shifting of the crowds, or by his own momentary mood, that he does not record in the course of his half eagerly alert, half melancholy *flâneries*.

Very characteristic is the way he sees the great trees felled by the woodsmen in the Bois de Boulogne reel and stagger like wounded soldiers on the field of battle. But still more characteristic of his vision is the part which colour always plays in it. If he comes across a bivouac of *piou pious* in the ruined precincts of a Paris hotel or palace, it is the vivid red of the *pantalon garance* cutting against the marmorean whiteness of the walls remains that at once excites his retina. If he stops to watch the gunners at work at the *battérie Mortemart* in the Bois de Boulogne, he pays particular attention to the white cloud which floats in the air for a long time following the explosion, and which throws into strong contrast the yellow of the sandy embrasure, the grey of the sacks of earth heaped up to make earthworks, the red caps of the gunners, the very shirt of the man who fired the piece. He even, from the windows of his house at Auteuil, with its unsurpassed panoramic outlook, paints us the "colour of a cannonade," and at his restaurant, when the food in the besieged city begins to deteriorate in quality, he distinguishes, with his "painter's eye," the difference between the rosy red of real beef, and the blackish hue of the hippic *rosbif* brought him by the waiter who only half-heartedly holds out in his deception.

It is, above all, the *petites misères de la guerre* that annoy Goncourt, and that he pictures for us, in contrast to those *grandes misères* displayed by Callot in his *planches*.

"It is astonishing," he writes, "how used one gets to this life scanned by cannon-shots, to the fine, far-off roar of shells."

He has *sang-froid,* and these last do not disturb him greatly even when they begin to sing incessantly above his house on the heights, like a storm-wind, and to burst about it. He merely hires a carrier with a van to come and get some of his most valued belongings, and then goes back to Brébant's on the Boulevard, for dinner.

What was really intolerable in the situation was "to live so exclusively in yourself, to have, with others, only the exchange of notions, as unvarying as your own, about a fixed idea, to read only the news, which never contains the least surprise, of a miserable war; to find in the papers only the rehash of these defeats, decorated with the name of *offensive reconnaissances,* to be driven from the boulevards by the enforced economy of gas; no longer to enjoy the night-life in this 'soon-to-bed' city, no longer to be able to read; no longer to be able to soar in the pure empyrean of thought, through the reduction of this thought to the miseries of food; to be deprived of all which was once the recreation of the Parisian intelligence . . . to vegetate, finally, in that brutal and monotonous thing, war—thus the Parisian is overtaken, in Paris itself, with an *ennui* similar to that of a city in the provinces."

Among these *petites misères* food does not at first hold too important a place, and he does not take the sufferings

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of his fellow-citizens on this score too seriously.

"Let not posterity," he says, "lay too much stress, for future generations, on the heroism of the Parisian in 1870. His sole heroism will have consisted in eating rancid butter in his beans, and horsemeat instead of beef, and that without being too conscious of the difference; the Parisian not having much discernment concerning what he eats."

But as time passes, and the supplies become shorter and shorter, the question of food becomes more and more recurrent. Gradually, and though he himself makes no complaints, the *petite misère* becomes a *grande misère.*

First the oysters went. Then the windows of the delicatessen stores showed nothing but strings of sausages wrapped in silver paper. Then little by little horse meat became a regular staple. And finally, one day, after a raid on the *Jardin d'Acclimation,* "authentic buffalo, antelope, kangaroo," made their appearance on the menu. One morning Goncourt had the curiosity to enter the shop of the English butcher, on the Boulevard Haussmann.

"I see all sorts of bizarre spoils. There hangs, in a place of honour on the wall, the flayed trunk of Pollux, the young elephant at the *Jardin d'Acclimation,* and amid unrecognisable meats and eccentric horns, a boy offers camel's humps for sale."

Goncourt himself makes the modest purchase of a pair of larks for his breakfast—doubtless to spare himself the painful necessity of cutting off the heads, with a Japanese sabre, of the few chickens which still survive in his coops at Auteuil and which, though starving, refuse to eat the bread furnished families by the government. That night he finds the extravagant elephant trunk on the table of a friend, and dines off it.

But in the nature of events only a limited supply could come from the menagerie. There was worse in store for the unlucky Parisians. One night at Brébant's, the *garçon* brought a saddle of mutton.

"Oh!" cried Hébrard. "They will serve us the shepherd himself at our next dinner!"

It was, in fact, "a fine saddle of dog."

"Dog, you say it's dog?" cried Saint-Victor, with the tearful voice of an angry child. "But it isn't dog, is it?" he pleaded with the waiter.

"But it's the third time you've eaten dog here!" exclaimed someone.

"No! It isn't true . . . M. Brébant is an honest man, he would warn us . . . dog is an impure meat!" he expostulated, with comic horror. "Horse, yes, but no dog for me, thank you!"

"Dog or mutton," sputtered Neffter, his mouth full, "I have never eaten such a good roast . . . but if Brébant gave you rat . . . as for me, I have already tasted that meat . . . It is very good . . . the taste is like a mixture of pork and of partridge!"

During this dissertation, Renan, who appeared preoccupied, careworn, suddenly turned pale, grew green, threw his "scot" on the table, and disappeared.

III

Goncourt was in the print room of the Bibliothèque when the war broke out. Through the window he saw people running in the Rue Vivienne. Instinctively he pushed from him the volume he was examining, and, reaching the street, started to run after those who were running. Whether he returned after he had satisfied his curiosity and took up again the *trame* of his customary pursuits during the days that followed, he does not tell us. Yet there was no doubt those who found it possible, as in the case of Kant at Koenigsberg, and Goethe at Weimar, in the Napoleonic epoch, to preserve an air of personal detachment in the midst of public misfortune.

One is struck by Zola's visit to Goncourt toward the end of August, when the tide of French military affairs on the frontier was at their lowest ebb. The future author of *Le Debâcle* talked to Goncourt "of a series of novels he wished

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to write, an epic in ten volumes, the natural and social history of a family that he had the ambition to undertake, with the exposition of temperaments, the characters, the vices, the virtues, developed by the different environments, and differentiated, like the parts of a garden, 'where there is sun here, shade there.'

"He says: after the analyses of the infinitely small details of sentiment, as this analysis has been executed by Flaubert, in *Madame Bovary,* after the analysis of artistic, plastic, and nervous things, such as you (Goncourt) have made, after these *œuvres-bijoux,* these chiselled volumes, there is no longer any place for the young; no longer anything to do; it is no longer possible to constitute, to construct, a personage, a figure; it is only by the quantity of the volumes, the power of the creation, that it is possible to gain the ear of the public."

Other writers appear in these pages, to create a semblance of literary life even in wartime, and during the siege of a great city. Besides the customary *convives* at Brébant's, there is the young Catulle Mendès, who comes, dressed in the uniform of a volunteer, to bid Goncourt good-bye on his way to the front. There is also the old, or elderly, Théophile Gautier, who returns "broke" from Switzerland, and bemoans his fate always to be the victim of revolutions.

His father, who was a Legitimist, lost all in the July Revolution, and he himself, destined to "the happy life of a man of leisure," had to go to work. Then, eighteen years later, when he had just got well-established in life, along came 1848 and upset the apple-cart. Now again, after years of toil "I find my equilibrium, I was going to be named to the Academy . . . to the Senate. Sainte-Beuve dead, Merrimée dying, it was not at all improbable that the Emperor would wish to put a man of letters in his place. I was going to be fixed for life at last . . . Puff! everything goes to the Devil with the Republic . . . You can hardly expect me to begin all over again now . . . Once more I become a workman at my age."

Finally, there is a visit to Victor Hugo, whom the fall of the Empire has at last allowed to return from his long exile *sur son rocher,* as his Parisian sympathisers were accustomed to speak of his comfortable abode on the island of Guernsey. He was staying at the house of Meurice, later his literary executor, and Goncourt, asking him whether he found himself at home again in Paris, after his long absence from that city, he replied:

"Yes, I love Paris as it is to-day. I should not have wished to see the Bois de Boulogne when it was filled with carriages, calèches, landaus. But it pleases me now that it is a bog, a ruin . . . It is grand, it is beautiful!"

A very characteristic response!

Hugo alone did not seem to care what he ate, and always flung himself upon the broken meats of the worst days of the siege with an excellent and unimpaired appetite.

Of Parisian artists and men of letters, however, the great majority of those who were fit for military service were with the colours on one of the many fronts where the hastily improvised armies of the Republic were trying to make headway against the all-conquering Prussians, or were engaged in the defence of the capital. Of these death took heavy toll. Goncourt went to the burial of the brilliant painter, Regnault:

"There is an enormous crowd. We weep, over this young corpse of talent, the burial of France. It is horrible, this equality, before the brutal death of the cannon or rifle, which strikes genius or imbecility, the existence that is precious, as well as that which is useless to the world."

With, at last reports, twenty of the young writers of France in our own day now lying dead *sur le champ d'honneur,* thirty wounded, and more than a hundred sick in the hospitals, these words find an echo in every heart at present,

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THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

BEGINNING with the present issue, which is the first one of Vol. XLI of the magazine, this department will be a regular department of THE BOOKMAN, in which we shall print little odds and ends for which there is no place elsewhere, and where we shall answer all reasonable and legitimate questions to the best of our ability. In the course of the month we receive a great many letters soliciting information or advice on all kinds of subjects. Most of them ask for personal answers. In many cases the request is fair, in many others it is not. The preparation of an address on the Mid Victorian novel, to be delivered by our correspondent before his reading club, an analysis of the modern drama in its relation to the new feminist movement, a comparative chronology of American and English fiction since 1800, —these are not subjects that can be discussed on the back of a post-card or even in a closely typed three-page letter. They are of course the extremes, but they are not so infrequent as one would think. THE BOOKMAN'S Mail Bag does not claim that it will give adequate response to all queries, but here we shall have greater latitude than is possible in personal correspondence. So in the conduct of this department we ask the cordial coöperation of our readers. Our aim is to make it a kind of clearing house of opinion and information that will bring the magazine and its subscribers into a closer intimacy.

I

The first question happens to be more or less personal, coming from a correspondent who signs "Subscriber for Fifteen Years."

The line on the February cover, reading "This issue begins THE BOOKMAN'S twenty-first year," rather puzzles me. How can that be? THE BOOKMAN volumes consist of six issues, running from March to August and September to February, inclusive. How is it, then, that the February, 1915, number begins the forty-first volume instead of ending the fortieth?

The first copy of THE BOOKMAN bore the date of February, 1895. It was found expedient that year to represent July and August by one issue instead of two. Vol. II began with September, 1895, and Vol. III with March, 1896.

II

A letter from Morristown, New Jersey.

Perhaps THE BOOKMAN can help me in finding a story of which I have forgotten the title, but of which I remember many of the details. It deals with the cashier of a bank, who has been misappropriating money, and who wishes to save himself without arousing suspicion. One winter's night—Christmas Eve, I think—he takes home a large sum of money, gives it into the keeping of his wife, and departs with the excuse that he has a business appointment in a neighbouring town. His plan is to return in disguise and rob himself. During his absence a sinister-looking tramp appears and terrorises the wife. The husband returning, masked as a negro, is killed by the tramp.

To our certain knowledge that tale has been told in print at least three or four times. Perhaps it was in its original form, perhaps it was not, that it appeared in the pages of *Harper's Magazine* about twenty-five years ago. Fifteen years after, or thereabouts, it was told in an English magazine—over the signature of Miss Mary Cholmondeley—and some years later Anna Katharine Green told it under the title "Midnight in Beauchamp Row." We hasten to acquit Miss Cholmondeley and Mrs. Rolfs of the slightest intentional plagiarism. The

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story is one that has been related many times verbally, and it was undoubtedly in that way that it reached them and impressed them as too good a tale not to be written. It is simply one of the plots that are always floating in the air.

III

From a letter postmarked "Evanston, Illinois."

I am afraid that you will think this is an elemental question, but I want to take up reading the novels of Balzac, and I want you to advise me about which one I should read first. Also, is it necessary to read everything that Balzac wrote? You understand, don't you? I am not trying to master Balzac—just to have a fair acquaintance with his work and what he stood for. Now, if you answer this, please don't be flippant.

We have not the slightest intention of being flippant. The question is one to be answered in all thoroughness and sincerity. To the person who has never read Balzac we should suggest the *Duchesse de Langeais* as the book with which to begin. This is an individual opinion and nine out of ten Balzacians will be likely to disagree with us. But while having all the Balzacian flavour, the *Duchesse de Langeais* is a romantic story, it is one of the few works in the Comédie Humaine that has been found suitable for stage presentation, and it contains one of the most thrilling situations in all fiction, a situation which though keyed in a subdued tone, inspires more real terror than the most extravagant invention of M. Eugène Sue. After the *Duchesse de Langeais* we advise, first, *Père Goriot,* then the short tale *Gobseck,* which, despite its brevity, is a very important connecting link in the scheme of the Human Comedy, *Cæsar Birotteau,* the second part of *Lost Illusions,* dealing with Lucien's experiences in journalistic Paris, ignoring for the time being the first and third parts, the allegorical *Peau de Chagrin, Eugènie Grandet, Cousine Bette* (which, however, contains episodes that are not for the *jeune fille*), and then certain of the shorter stories, "Le Colonel Chabert," the French Enoch Arden, which Henry James has pronounced vastly superior to the English version, "Madame Firmiani," "La Grande Bretêche" and "A Passion in the Desert." Having gone thus far the reader will have at least an acquaintance with Balzac and will hardly need further advice. Not only it is unnecessary to read every line of Balzac, but to do so would be a serious waste of time. In his 'prentice days he produced a number of books that were comparatively worthless. One of them was resurrected three or four years ago and an English version brought out in one of our most enterprising American magazines as a literary find. It did not possess even the virtue of being a curiosity, and small wonder that many innocent and unpledged readers were puzzled by it, and shook their heads indulgently at the thought of that posterity which has assigned to the little fat man from Touraine a place very near the apex in the pyramid of world literature. Balzac at his best and Balzac at his worst are as far apart as the poles, for Balzac, almost alone among the conceded masters, never possessed what is called a style. But the argument holds with all. If an Italian gentleman, for example, were to ask us what to read of Thackeray, he having no previous knowledge of the subject, we should name the four legs of the Thackerayan quadrilateral: *Vanity Fair, Esmond, Pendennis* and *The Newcomes,* three poems, four of the *Roundabout Papers,* and two of the *English Humourists.* "Don't bother your head," we should say, "with *The Hoggarty Diamond* or *The Adventures of Major Gahagan.* You would not understand them. Nor is it at all necessary that you should."

IV

Here is a card postmarked Munich, Bavaria:

To dispute with you the facts upon which the poem "The Emperor of Almain" (Book-

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MAN, December number) is built up, I can save myself the trouble. Don't forget that there are always two sides to look upon! But I cannot help to express my astonishment that a poem with such unquestionable poor literary qualities appeared in a magazine which expects to be read by people of taste.

DR. ADOLF SAAGE (Swiss citizen).

Again we are obliged to point out that "The Emperor of Almain" was printed, not as an attack upon the German Kaiser, the Hohenzollern family, or the German people, but as a contribution from one of the most distinguished of living men of letters. We are not going to discuss the literary qualities of the poem. But we submit that the author of the above postcard can hardly be considered a competent judge. Thackeray, who possessed a profound knowledge of the French language, ventured the opinion, in a paper that he once wrote about the novels of Georges Sand, that no foreigner can ever thoroughly understand the finer shadings of a language. It is the English of the author of *The Forest Lovers* and *Richard Yea and Nay* that "Swiss citizen" so sweepingly condemns.

V

A correspondent who dates his letter "Berkeley," but does not indicate the State, writes as follows:

On page 364 of THE BOOKMAN of June, 1905, there appeared some very witty remarks regarding an episode in fiction, where an old lady climbs to the thirteenth floor of a New York skyscraper and arrives without having lost her breath. Let me refer you to a recent story in *McClure's,* which parallels that incident. The story is entitled *The Ship in Distress,* and is written evidently by one who knows nothing of the sea, for it begins by describing the ship as beating to windward in a heavy sea off Cape Horn, and making *twelve* knots an hour. Now, very few modern sailing vessels make more than that speed with a *favourable* wind under the most favourable conditions. The story writer would have been stretching things had he represented *his* ship as sailing at half the rate—six knots.

A rank error like that, at the very start, sickens a reader who understands the subject. I read the first paragraph, but that was all.

Perhaps if our correspondent had read beyond the first paragraph he might have found some explanation of the extraordinary speed made by the ship beating to windward in a heavy sea off Cape Horn. Even if there was no such explanation it is a little bit unfair to condemn so sweepingly. British officers who have served in India have found just such flaws in some of the stories of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. But that would hardly justify the consignment of all Kipling's works to oblivion. Indeed there are very few authors, past or present, who have not, at times, been caught napping. Our correspondent seems to have ignored the most important fact. Was "the ship in distress" a good story?

VI

From the Anglo-American Hotel, Florence, Italy, "Apologia" writes:

Pardon me if it is presuming for me to ask if you will be so kind as to explain for my benefit (a long-time subscriber to the magazine) the object of the pages devoted by you to the "best sellers" in novels?

Never, since you decided to cut the pages of the magazine, have you done anything to render it so entirely uninteresting. Is the object solely to advertise the most popular of the novels, and does it mean direct remuneration, or *what is it?* The space devoted to these pages spoil the otherwise attractiveness of the magazine for those who have cared for its *choiceness,* as cutting the leaves also made it seem like the short-story magazines that must be ready for readers only desiring amusement, and not the kind of information that can be gleaned from my much-beloved, long-read BOOKMAN. Asking your pardon again for my impatience on the subject, but of great interest to me, I am yours, . . .

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As the "best sellers" lists have been a feature of THE BOOKMAN since the first number appeared, bearing the date February, 1895, they can hardly be considered in the light of an innovation. We do not print these lists for the purpose of exploiting the books, nor is there any accruing remuneration either direct or indirect. But the lists seem to gratify a very natural and not at all unworthy curiosity. The "best selling" novel of last month or of next month may not be literature, but in most cases there is some very definite reason that makes it a "best seller." After all most of the great works of literature were the "best sellers" in their day. As for the "cut" pages, we confess that we remember the old order of things with just a little twinge of regret.

VII

A letter from Alhambra, California:

I have been a subscriber to your magazine for a number of years, and have found it a help in so many ways that, as I have now taken up story-telling as a work, I have decided to ask you for suggestions as to the best material for stories for high school and club entertainment.

Any suggestions you may give me for short stories and up-to-date material will be greatly appreciated.

We suggest that the best course for our correspondent to pursue is to write to the State Library at Sacramento, California.

VIII

A subscriber from Garrett, Indiana, writes us enquiring as to the best way to index a private library of from seven hundred to nine hundred books. This would depend entirely on the extent to which our enquirer wishes to go into his indexing. He might arrange a file of cards giving the title and author, and arrange alphabetically either by title or by author. On the other hand, he might care to make a very complete index system of his library with cards for all important subjects treated in his books. Thus: he might have a card for George Washington, giving all the references to this figure to be found in his entire library. A list of such subjects to be indexed may be obtained from any large public library. Between these two extremes is any variety of index card systems that may be used. A very practical one for a small library is to have two cards for each book arranged in one file alphabetically, one card by title and the other card by author. Information given could consist, in addition to the author and the title of the publisher, date of publication and classification. The International Standard Classification system is advised. This may also be obtained from any public library. If our subscriber will write more fully of the idea he has in mind, we shall be glad either to give him the details at our command or to recommend to him some expert service.

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TAGORE—AN ORIENTAL ESTIMATE

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

POETRY is a part of our daily life in India. The first blessing the newly born baby receives on entering this world is couched in verse. When the growing child does anything improper, the mother recites a little poem telling him of the unwelcome consequences of such a deed. When the child goes to school, the first lessons, after the alphabet, are given in verse. When the grown-up boy takes to learning Sanskrit, one of the first *slokas* to be impressed on his plastic mind is that, "The two great blessings that hallow the horrors of this hard world are tasting the sweet nectar of poetry and keeping good company." Most of the matters that this Sanskrit scholar has to learn are written in verse—the rules of grammar, the aphorisms of metaphysics and logic, the sciences of botany and medicine, astronomy, chemistry, and physics are all in verse. The Ramayana, the most widely read book in all India, is in verse. At marriage the young couple are united by *mantrams* in verse; and again when after death the human body is consigned to fire or earth, it is the Hindu muse of poetry that has the last words to say.

It was in such a country and in a family that has been in the very forefront of the intellectual renaissance that has been going on in India for more than one hundred years that Rabindranath Tagore, the Nobel Prize winner of 1913, was born on the 6th of May, 1861.

The most noteworthy of the poet's ancestors is his own father, Debendranath Tagore, who was not a Maharaja (great king). He did not care to be decorated that way. Instead he was decorated by the people with the title of Maharshi (great sage). Though Debendranath was no intellectual peer of his master, Raja Ram Mohun Roy, the father of modern India; yet in devotion to the cause of social and religious reform, in willingness to sacrifice and to suffer for a principle, he was second to none. Son of a Prince, yet moved by a sense of moral duty, for there was no legal or documentary obligation, he refused to tell a single untruthful "no," and handed over his vast estate to his father's creditors, thus reducing himself to the position of a pauper. No wonder that the people decorated him with the title of Maharshi; and no wonder that the kind-hearted creditors, moved by the heroic honesty of Debendranath, made a compromise and left some property with the youthful seer.

Not only India, or Asia, but the whole world has reason to rejoice over the award of the Nobel Prize for "idealistic literature" to Rabindranath Tagore. For it inaugurates the dawn of a new era of friendliness between the East and the West, so long at odds on account of the age-long struggle for material supremacy and territorial aggrandisement. The mutual appreciation of the literature, arts and ideals of the East and the West will dispel the dark clouds of international animosity and help bring that day when international peace and international good-will will reign supreme on earth. If the goal of world peace is ever reached, as we believe it must be, then it will be reached by the path of cultural concourse between the Orient and the Occident, that will lead to the realisation of the fundamental unity of the human race.

When the West discovers the East, and the East discovers the West, human-

NOTE.—Unless otherwise expressly mentioned, the translations are made by the writer of this article.

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ity will discover itself automatically. Then the illumination will come to "break the walls," and this world will be "one luminous whole," "one perfect music."

Apart from the humanitarian tendency of the award, its literary value is immense. Now, more than ever before, the people of the West would most anxiously look into the vast literary treasures of the East. Tagore is one of the innumerable other great Oriental poets—poets that are not at all known in the West. Tagore is, of course, the greatest of India's living poets; and it is also true that no other literary man of India has excelled so well in poetry, drama, essays and novels, all taken together.

Even the most adverse critics of Tagore are bound to admit that he has adorned every department of Bengali literature by his transcendent genius. Though one cannot but admire the fecundity and versatility of Tagore's genius, it cannot be denied just the same, that he has, like Ruskin, dabbled with too many things, and has written too much. He himself pleads guilty of making love with all the different branches of art. The passage in which he makes a frank confession on the subject translates:

> I am like a coquettish lady that wants to please all her lovers, and is afraid to lose a single one. I do not want to disappoint any of the Muses. But that increases the work, and in the long run I cannot master one fully and completely. . . . I have a voracious appetite for all kinds of art. When I compose songs, I feel that I ought to stick to it. When I am engaged in writing a play, I get so intoxicated with the subject that I begin to feel that I should devote my whole life in this pursuit; and again, when I join in the crusade against early marriage and illiteracy, I feel that the art of social reform ought to be the noblest work in life. At times I even paint, but for painting I am too old. . . .
>
> But poetry is the favourite theme of my life . . . whatever I do—edit the *Sadhana* or manage *Zamindary*, the moment I begin to write poems I discover myself and enter into my own self. I at once realise that I am in my element. In life, consciously or unconsciously, I may play false, but that is utterly impossible with my muse. In poems the deep truth of my life finds its final lodgment.

"I find," says Tagore in another place, "infinitely more pleasure in writing a single poem than in writing a thousand prose pieces. In verse-writing thought assumes a definite form, and it is easy to handle it. Prose is hard to manipulate, it is so cumbrous. If I can write one poem a day, I can pass my days in happiness." And yet, Tagore's prose is declared, by many whose opinions deserve attention, to be his best contribution to Bengali literature. It is claimed that in his prose writings, Tagore is more thoughtful, more natural and more original. Once a visitor at Bolpur told Tagore that his prose was far superior in intrinsic value and originality than his poetic compositions. Tagore answered in silence. Of course, silence did not mean the acceptance of the statement. Tagore does not like to hear that. It is not necessary to agree with this school of thought to say that Tagore's prose is simply superb in the grandeur of its thought and subtlety of its composition. He has added a fragrance to Bengali prose which is at once rich and rare. As the father of "short stories" in Bengali, he has given us a treasure which would be a cherished acquisition to any language. As an essayist, he is unsurpassed. As the author of *Gora*, a novel, he has ranked himself as one of our best novelists. His letters are perfect pieces of prose-poems.

Like Milton and Matthew Arnold, had he written not a single poem, still his prose writings would have ranked him as one of the brightest luminaries in the firmament of Bengali letters. What Swinburne says of the style of Rossetti's poetry may as well be said of Tagore's prose style:

> It has the fullest fervour and fluency of

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impulse, and the impulse is always toward harmony and perfection. It has the inimitable note of instinct, and the instinct is always high and right. . . . It has all the grace of perfect force and all the force of perfect grace.

Whatever may be said about the towering genius of Tagore, it cannot, however, be gainsaid that as a poet of love and life he is a direct intellectual descendant of the Vaishnava poets of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries, and as a poet of mysticism of the *Rishis* of the Upanishads, who lived between two thousand and one thousand years before the Christian era, and of the mystic poets like Kabir and Ramprosad.

Bengali literature may well be proud of the blank verse of Mahusudan Datta and Nabin Chandra Sen, the novels of Bankim Chandra Chattopadhya, the essays of Akshoy Koomar Datta, the dramas of Girish Chandra Ghose, Dwijendra Lal Roy, and Khirode Chandra Bidyabinode, and the crystalline lyrics of Rabindranath Tagore; but the love literature of the Vaishnavas, the Krishna cult, is its rarest treasure.

The different stages of love are thus divided into five main divisions:

Purba Raga, the dawn of love; *Dautya,* message of love; *Abhisara,* secret going-forth; *Sambhog-Milan,* physical union of lovers; *Mathur,* final separation, and *Bhava-sanmilan,* union of spirit.

In *Bhaktiratnakara* three hundred and sixty different kinds of the finer emotions of a lover's heart are minutely classified. Each of these groups has hundreds of songs attached to it by way of illustration.

Chandi Das thus wrote about the love between Radha and Krishna in the beginning of the fifteenth century. Mr. Sen translates the passage as follows:

Among men such love was never heard of before. Their hearts are bound to each other by their very nature. They are in each other's presence, yet they weep, fearing a parting. If one is absent from the other for half a second, they both feel the pangs of death. Just as a fish dies when dragged from the water, so do they if parted from one another.

You say that the sun loves the lily, but the lily dies in the frost, but the sun lives on happily. You say the bird *chataka* and the clouds are lovers, but the clouds do not give a drop of water to the bird before their time. The flower and the bee, it is said, adore each other, but if the bee does not come to the flower, the flower does not go to the bee. It is foolish to describe the bird *charoka* as a lover of the moon—their status is so different. There is nothing, says Chandi Das, to compare to this love of Radha and Krishna.

And, again, when the separation came about between Radha and Krishna, and the former felt that she was about to die from the pangs of separation, the poet, Govinda Das (1537-1612), makes her sing:

Let my body after death be reduced to the earth of those paths which will be touched by the beautiful feet of Krishna. Let it be melted into the water of the tank where Krishna bathes. When I shall have expired, let my spirit live as the lustre of the mirror in which Krishna sees his face. O let me be turned into a gentle breeze for the fan with which he cools himself. Whenever Krishna moves like a new-born cloud, may I become the sky behind, to form the background of his beautiful form.

Rabindranath used to read these Vaishnava poets from his early boyhood, and was saturated with the spirit of Vaishnava devotional love poems. At the age of eighteen he wrote some most beautiful poems *(padabali)* after these poets. Tagore thus speaks of their influence on his life and work:

Our boat is moving now. The shore is on our left. On the rich green verdure of the rice fields has stooped, motherlike, the deep blue of the thick and moist clouds. Thunder roars *Gur-Gur* at intervals. I am reminded of the description of the Jamuna in the rainy season as given by the Vaishnava poets. Many phases of nature remind me of the

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poets of old; the cause of this lies in the fact that the beauty of nature is no empty beauty for me—therein lies hidden the eternal playfulness of a mysterious heart,—here resides limitless Brindabama. Those that have entered into the very heart of the Vaishnava poems hear their echoes as I do, in the voices of nature.

Even though in the poems of Tagore the love fervour of the Vaishnava poets fades a little, yet they assume a newer and a nobler colour in their universality of application. "There is nothing new under the sun"; but he is an artist who can create new ideas and new imageries to cloak the old in ever-new forms. Judging from this standpoint—Tagore, with all his indebtedness to the poets of the Krishna cult, is yet an original poet of the highest rank.

And in his philosophy of the Sadhana —though the basic principles of the Upanishads are known even to the children of India—Tagore has modernised them, and made complicated problems as clear as crystal.

In his devotional and mystic poems and songs, Tagore combines the simplicity of Ramprosad of the eighteenth century with Kabir, the mystic poet of the sixteenth century. Ramprosad sang in Bengali and Kabir in Hindi. Of the simplicity of Ramprosad Margaret E. Noble (Sister Nivedita) enthusiastically, but truly says:

No flattery could touch a nature so unapproachable in its simplicity. For in these writings we have, perhaps alone in literature, the spectacle of a great poet whose genius is spent in realising the emotions of a child. William Blake in our poetry strikes the note that is nearest his, and Blake is, by no means, his peer. Robert Burns, in his splendid indifference to rank, and Whitman, in his glorification of common things, have points of kinship with him. But to such a radiant white heart of childlikeness it would be impossible to find a perfect counterpart. Years do nothing to spoil his quality. They only serve to give him a self-confidence and poise. Like a child, he is now grave, now gay, sometimes petulant, sometimes despairing. But in the child all this is purposeless. In Ramprosad there is a deep intensity of purpose. Every sentence he has uttered is designed to sing the glory of his mother.

In Mr. Sen's translation he thus sings one of his most popular songs:

No more shall I call you by that sweet name, "Mother!"
You have given me woes unnumbered and reserved many more for me, I know!
I once had a home and family, and now you have made me such that I am disowned by all.
What other ills may yet befall me I cannot tell.
Who knows but that I may have to beg my bread from door to door. Indeed, I am expecting it.
Does not a child live when his mother is dead?
Ramprosad was a true son of his mother;—but you, being the mother, have treated your son like an enemy.
If in the presence of his mother, the son can suffer so much, what is the use of such a mother to him?

Kabir, unlike Ramprosad and like Tagore, did not sing to any particular God or Goddess. He was a universalist, not in its creedal sense, but in the significance of the term. He found God everywhere. Like Paul the tent-maker and Bunyan the tinker, Kabir was an antisan who made his living working at the loom. He had no education—he was not even literate. But it is not necessary to be able to read or write to produce true poetry. Kabir sang out of his heart, and his songs are now sung by millions of his countrymen. When one reads Kabir's songs, one cannot but think of Gitanjali, and we do not wonder why some superficial critics are prone to call Tagore an accomplished imitator at best. To quote a few of Kabir's songs as translated by Tagore:

O servant, where dost thou seek me?
Lo, I am beside thee.
I am neither in temple nor mosque: I am neither in Kaaba nor in Kailash.

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Neither am I in rites and ceremonies, nor in Yoga and renunciation.
If thou art a true seeker, thou shalt at once see Me: thou shalt meet Me in a moment of time.
Kabir says, O Sadhu! God is the breath of all breath.

And, again, he sings of the Divine love:

How could the love between me and thee sever?
As the leaf of the lotus abides in the water—
So Thou art my God, and I am Thy servant!
As the bird gazes all night at the moon—
So Thou art my Lord and I am Thy servant.
From the beginning until the end of time, there is love between Thee and me:
How shall such love be extinguished?
Kabir says: "As the river enters into the ocean, so my heart touches Thee."

And, again, the following reminds us of the pragmatic poems of Tagore:

It is not the austerities that mortify the flesh which are pleasing to the Lord,
When you leave off your clothes and kill your senses, you do not please the Lord;
The man who is kind and practises righteousness, who remains passive amidst the concerns of the world, who considers all creatures on earth as his own self, he attains the immortal Being: the True God is ever with him.
Kabir says: "He attains the true Name whose words are pure, and who is free from pride and conceit."

The critics of Tagore may well remember that these poems of Kabir might as well have been sung by a St. Francis or a David. As Browning was profoundly influenced by Shelley, Tennyson by Keats and Byron, and Arnold by Wordsworth, similarly Tagore has been profoundly influenced by Kabir, Chandidas and Joy Dev. Tagore is not an imitator, he is a creator and that of the highest order.

Tagore was born at a supreme moment of our history. He was needed in India as Dante was needed in Italy, Shakespeare in England and Goethe in Germany. After the strife and the stress of English domination of Hindustan, the people longed for quiet. *Laissez faire* theory was practiced with a vengeance. English culture threatened the indigenous; and soon the question arose for a momentous decision, whether English, Sanskrit or Bengali should be the medium of instruction. Macaulay with his profound ignorance of Sanskrit or Bengali literature wrote his merciless anathema on the former in his notorious Minute of 1835. The British-Indian government voted for English, and the people have to suffer still from such a stupendously stupid blunder. In the Calcutta University, English is still the first language and Sanskrit or Bengali the second language. Here, it may be mentioned, by the way, that, like the Irish nationalists the Indian nationalists are at work to regenerate the spirit of our own language, and Tagore is a paramount leader of the movement.

But when the tide of English culture and literature was about to swamp the classical culture of the country, there rose a man whose transcendent personality was strong enough to stem the smothering influence of too much partiality to an alien culture. This was Raja Ram Mohun Roy, who is so deservedly called the Father of Modern India. But though it received a great many set-backs, the modern renaissance in Bengal truly began not at the time of Raja Ram Mohun, but in the "sixteenth century when Vaishnavism preached the equality of all men, when the Sudra—the helot of the ancient Hindu—preached shoulder to shoulder with the Brahmin who welcomed and encouraged it, when the God of the Hindu was for the first time worshipped with hymns composed by a Mohammedan, when Ram Das declared that man was free and he could not be subjected by force, and when the Brahmin accepted the leadership of the Sudra in attempting to found a Hindu state." Through many contributing causes the reformation was

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in abeyance for centuries, and Raja Ram Mohun had to begin the work anew. But he realised the tremendous energy of the western culture and the virility of its literature, so he stood for a compromise—rather a harmony. He on the one hand strongly advocated the introduction of western culture, and on the other, fervently preached the gospel of the revival of Indian culture and Sanskrit literature. The time was ripe, and he set the ball rolling, which is still moving on through "zig-zag paths and juts of pointed rocks."

Raja Ram Mohun Roy introduced into literature the use of modern Bengali. There was still a struggle as to whether Bengali should be Anglicised or Sanskritised. Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar in his *"sitar Banabash"* dealt a death-blow to the former by writing this exquisite book in chaste Sanskritised Bengali. That book still remains as one of our best books that embody pure diction.

Bankim Chandra Chattopadhya decided once for all that Bengali was to be Bengali without as much direct influence either from Sanskrit or from English, and he succeeded tremendously. He combined classical Bengali with the common language of the people, and yet preserved a high standard of literary excellence.

What Bankim did for Bengali prose, Tagore has done for Bengali poetry. Tagore's path has been made easy, for the great literary geniuses who preceded him in the nineteenth century struggled hard to eradicate the thorns on the way. But fortunately for the Bengali literature, it was left for a genius of as high an order as Tagore's to proclaim to the world at large its richness and wealth of thought. Tagore combines in his writings the rich inheritance of his predecessors and the wealth of vast literature produced by the masters who were his contemporaries. The contemporaries acted and re-acted one on the other for mutual enrichment. What Walter Pater says of the Mediæval Renaissance in Europe, is equally true for the age in Bengal in which Tagore had the good fortune to be born:

> There come, from time to time, eras of more favourable conditions, in which the thoughts of men draw nearer than is their wont, and many interests of the world combine in one complete type of general culture. The fifteenth century in Italy is one of these happier eras, and what is sometimes said of the age of Pericles is true of that of Lorenzo; it is an age productive in personalities, manysided, centralised, complete. Here artists and philosophers and those whom the action of world has elevated and made keen do not live in isolation, but breathe a common air, and catch light and heat from each other's thoughts. There is a spirit of general elevation and enlightenment in which all alike communicate.

Born in such a propitious time and in a comparatively wealthy family, rich with the intellectual inheritance of generations, Tagore, unlike most poets, never had to struggle to earn his daily bread. And, living in ease all his life, he has served his Muse, and served her faithfully and well; as he also has served his country and Humanity, conscientiously. And he has served all these to serve God with "all his mind, with all his soul and with all his strength." Rich in its spiritual wealth, resplendent in its exalted emotions, the personality of Rabindranath Tagore is a living lyric of the rarest quality; and when he "crosses the bar" India will be like England ever since the death of Tennyson. In his poem, *The Infinite Love,* Tagore, who combines in his poetry the idealistic flights of Shelley, the luxuriant imagery of Keats, the exalted beauty of Tennyson and Chandidas, and the spiritual fervour of Thomas à Kempis and Chaitanya Dev, strikes the dominant note of his life and work, both of which have been tremendously influenced by the sublime philosophy and the eloquent natural beauties of India.

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SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE POET"

IT requires a rare deftness of touch to produce a story of the type and quality represented by Mr. Nicholson's new volume, *The Poet,* blending as it does the sparkle of youth and rosy glow of romance with an underlying tenderness and wise philosophy. It is also no small achievement to have created such a character as that of the title-rôle, a true poet, with an unquenchable idealism, who, nevertheless, has a most practical and efficient way of handling the problems of actual life, when he chooses to intervene and straighten them out. Now, although he does not make a habit of playing the part of Providence for his friends, it happens that there are a young couple living in the same Middle West city which chances to be the poet's home, and their domestic strife, culminating in a divorce suit, has been nothing less than a public calamity, because they are socially prominent, much beloved and hitherto have been held up as models of wedded happiness. To the poet especially the shock is very great, for even in middle age he still has kept his ideals young and fresh, and this failure of a love match, which had seemed to him unusually perfect, strikes a blow at his most treasured beliefs. So he ventures upon the delicate office of mediator; and when the young husband curtly gives him to understand that, old friend though he is, this is a matter in which no outside interference would be allowed, he makes the unexpected rejoinder, "But it happens that I am an interested party!" and then, with whimsical earnestness, puts forth this curious argument:

> You see, Miles, your difficulties and your attitude toward your family and life in general are hurting my business; this may sound strange, but it's quite true. And it's of importance to me and my clients, so to speak. . . . You're making it appear that I am a false prophet, a teacher of an outworn creed. . . . I can't afford to stand by and see the little fringes I've tacked on to old fabrics torn off without making a protest. To put it another way, I'm not going to have it said that the gulf is so widening between poetry and life that another generation will be asking what our rhymed patter was all about—not without a protest!

The essence of the poet's philosophy is that "There's no such thing as you and me in this world, we're all Us—you might say that mankind is a lot of Us-es. And when you let the weeds grow up in your garden they're a menace to all the neighbours." And because he has the courage of his convictions, and is also a big-souled, tender-hearted man, with infinite patience and an ineradicable faith in human nature, he does succeed in uprooting the weeds of obstinacy and anger and disillusion that had almost ruined the fair garden of his young friends' lives. And, incidentally, he restores lost faith to the young wife's unmarried sister, an inexperienced girl who, looking on with hurt eyes at the threatened wreck of one marriage, has vowed that

*The Poet. By Meredith Nicholson. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Voice in the Fog. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Sheep's Clothing. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Haunted Heart. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

His Official Fiancée. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Lone Star Ranger. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Mrs. Martin's Man. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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such a tragedy shall never come to her; yet, nevertheless, through the poet's wily manœuvres, she meets a young man who convinces her that Romance is not wholly dead, and that "when you go in for Romance, you ought to carry through with it." Taken as a whole, *The Poet* is a sunshiny, optimistic little volume, and a good tonic for the blues—and how could it be otherwise, since it avowedly takes for its text the doctrine that "this is a pretty good, cheerful kind of world when you consider it."

"THE VOICE IN THE FOG"

If you like that special brand of mystery story which achieves diverting comedy by placing eminently worth-while people in false positions and leaves them to flounder there according to their respective natures, then *The Voice in the Fog,* by Harold MacGrath, is likely to meet your needs. The blame for initial situation may be directly placed upon a London fog, occurring in the height of the season, at that midnight hour when the press of hansoms and motors, homeward bound, is at its densest. The traffic is at a standstill; a young American girl, alone in her coupé, hears from out of the external blur two voices, the voices of men, the one proclaiming himself a "bally ass," and the other rehearsing the terms of a mysterious wager he has just won, and which is to remain in force for precisely six months. A few minutes later the coupé door is opened and a man enters, saying, "Enid, it looks as though we should never get out of here; is your collar up?" and so saying, fumbles in the dark about her neck. Taken by surprise, the girl is somewhat slow in gasping out the fact that she is not Enid, whereupon the man, admitting that he has lost his way, apologises and vanishes into the fog. And hereupon the girl discovers that her almost priceless sapphire necklace is gone. Now, imagine that by a series of happenings, none of them wildly improbable, the young girl of the coupé adventure, one Kitty Killigrew, finds herself at Bar Harbor, ardently besieged by a certain titled Englishman, Lord Monckton, and at the same time fast losing her heart to her father's private secretary, who claims to be nothing more than one Thomas Webb, whose efficiency as a steward on board the ocean liner which brought home the Killigrews, paved the way to his present advancement. Imagine further that, although when she first successively met these two men, Kitty Killigrew failed in the light of day to identify them, yet in the dark a chance word stirred the chords of her memory and she knew that Webb was the "bally ass" who had lost his wager, and that Lord Monckton was the man who in the thick of the fog had called her Enid. It was a riddle which baffled her, especially when she made the further discovery that Webb and not Monckton had in his possession a package of unset sapphires which had not been declared at the customs-house. Altogether, a rather intricate tangle, as tantalising as one of those scroll-saw puzzles; and yet, under Mr. MacGrath's deft manipulation, each enigmatic piece slips neatly and accurately into place until the finished pattern lies before us. There is just one detail which somewhat cheapens the quality of the story as regards technique, and that is the very improbable coincidence invoked to explain the rightful ownership of the jewels in the possession of the pretended Thomas Webb. The explanation is unconvincing, and is simply one more instance of an author who shirks a technical difficulty, instead of turning it by some unexpected twist, to his big advantage.

"SHEEP'S CLOTHING"

Another current novel in which the plot turns upon a theft of jewels in mid-ocean, and later reveals a daring attempt at smuggling is *Sheep's Clothing,* by Louis Joseph Vance. Among the passengers upon a certain steamer leaving Liverpool for New York is a young girl, whose personal charm and appealing manner, coupled with an obvious nervousness suggestive of one who feared

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pursuit, at once attract the attention of several of her fellow-voyagers. The ample, indomitable, yet kind-hearted dowager who shares the young woman's stateroom and who possesses the erratic name of Mrs. Beggarstaff, is the first to make several interesting discoveries: first, that the girl has in her possession a rare piece of antique jewelry which unmistakably belonged in a certain famous collection, the theft of which five years earlier had completely baffled the police; secondly, that the girl's real name was not Lucy Carteret, as appeared on the passenger list, but Lydia Craven, daughter of Tad Craven, a familiar figure in New York's exclusive social circles, who had always passed himself off as a bachelor. Lydia admits that she has run away from the guardianship of the chaperon with whom her father has left her for years in London. The immediate reasons for her flight are to escape being forced into a marriage that is repellent to her, and to find the father whom she has not seen for five years and who has ceased to answer her letters. This initial situation is rich in possibilities, but is quite dwarfed by the more startling discovery that the neglectful father is actually on board the same steamer—a fact revealed when Lydia stumbles upon him at the very moment when he is pressing his lips to those of the young, pretty and fabulously rich widow, Mrs. Merrilees, who is naturally not pleased to find that her ardent suitor is a man fully ten years older than he had represented himself and encumbered with a grown-up daughter. But the story of Mrs. Merrilees's anger, hesitation, and forgiveness is a side issue, as is also the romance which springs up between Lydia and a fellow-passenger, Peter Traft; for the full limelight of the narrative soon centres on a wonderful string of pearls that Mrs. Merrilees is known to have purchased in Paris, and for which the customs officials will be on the watch, Mrs. Merrilees having in past years earned an unpleasant reputation for attempted evasion of duties. How Lydia's father tells her that he is in secret diplomatic service and persuades her to take charge of a box supposed to contain government papers of great importance; how Mrs. Merrilees does declare her pearls and show the receipted bills, and how the official appraiser examines the pearls and finds them to be paste; how Lydia gradually comes to mistrust her father and eventually prevents the success of a flagrant crime, simply because her own natural straightforwardness makes it impossible for her to fall into certain cleverly laid traps, are all expounded by Mr. Vance quite in accordance with the traditions of the school of mystery story which he successfully represents. But the reader with a habit of picking things rather carefully to pieces, wonders how it is possible for a number of people so well equipped with brains as the characters of this story should be so phenomenally dense every now and then, when the structure of the plot requires them not to discover certain facts until just a moment too late to prevent them.

"THE HAUNTED HEART"

As is occasionally the case with other novels by Agnes and Egerton Castle, the reader's verdict upon *The Haunted Heart* will depend very largely upon whether he focuses his gaze upon the poignant situation into which the opening chapter introduces us, or upon the series of misunderstandings and the consequent rash deeds which brought that situation about. The authors have shown much dexterity in the management of their material; they have shown us the facts dimly through a mist of indirectness; they have softened improbabilities by the mellowing influence of time and space—yet, none the less, if instead of saying, "Isn't it cruel that such things could happen?" we should begin by saying sanely, "People do not do such things," the book would lose its grip upon us at once. A brief summary of details will better explain the point. There are just three characters in the story who really count, Ian McIvor, the Master of Stronaven, his brother James,

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a priest, and Morna, Ian's wife. In a brief prelude, we see the three as children, steeped in the lore of the *Idyls of the King,* and playing, now, that they are Percival and Galahad, and again that they are Arthur and Launcelot and Guinevere. But even in these childhood years it is plain that James, the future priest, loves Morna solely in a mystical, idealised way, and that she and Ian have already dimly recognised that they were born for each other and the rest of the world does not count. With the opening chapter the story has leaped forward a score of years. Father McIvor is interrupted in his morning prayers by the shocking, incredible news that Morna, after fourteen years of marriage, has eloped with an Italian painter, and that Ian, without even attempting to overtake the couple, without a thought of primitive violence or noble forgiveness, is taking steps to obtain a divorce. The poor priest, torn in his tenderest affections, makes futile attempts to check his brother's hasty act. He cannot believe that Morna, the mystic love of his boyhood, the ideal wife, the perfect woman, could have deliberately left his brother for a stranger, a chance painter whom she had known but a few weeks. He cannot, he will not, credit such a horror. But, none the less, the law follows its course, the suit for divorce is undefended, and the decree granted on the bare evidence of the letter left by Morna at the time of her flight. Years pass, Ian remarries, choosing his bride this time for her youth, her indifference and her wealth. He asks no love and he has none to give, but his pride of family demands the restoration of the ancient estate, and an heir to inherit it. But when he brings his bride home to the old dwelling, where every room and passage is haunted by memories of Morna, a doubt as to his first wife's guilt assails him, returns persistently like a haunting nightmare, until at last he knows, in defiance of all logic, that she is innocent—and the knowledge of this slowly but surely kills him. It is the priest, James, who undertakes to visit the Continent and track down the missing Morna. He finds her easily enough in the remote little Italian town, where she is living alone and friendless. And in few words she gives her explanation. She had idolised Ian always; the idea that he might be false to her or she to him was too hideous a thought ever to have occurred; and then, without warning, she made the discovery that during his one and only long absence from her, at the time of the Boer war, he had had a vulgar intrigue with some common woman in South Africa. Her first thought was to escape, life with Ian seeming impossible, now that she knew he had failed her. The Italian artist was nothing to her, and never could be. But he was a kind friend and he helped her to make her escape alone, after seeing her on board the channel steamer. Her purposely ambiguous letter to Ian served its purpose, and broke the bonds which she thought unbearable. And then had come revulsion, and day by day she had waited, hoping against hope that he would see through the circumstantial evidence against her, recognise his own fault and seek her out. Then, as she tells the priest, came the news of Ian's remarriage, and she knew hope was at an end. And the priest has nothing to say except that there is now indeed no hope, excepting the slim chance of reaching Ian's bedside in time to bid farewell. And so the sustained tragic note of the volume merges into a final dirge. Sentimental readers will no doubt shed tears, and devout church members will agree with the authors' suggestion that the hero and heroine were the direct cause of their troubles because they were avowed agnostics, instead of professed Christians. But let us look at the story once again from a different angle; let us put this question: If a woman of proud birth and high ideals, a woman passionately in love with her husband, single-minded in her devotion, suddenly learns that just once in fourteen years of marriage he transgressed his vows, because of the temporary overthrow of moral standards begotten by the license of war, is it likely that she will conceal her own grievance,

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brand herself publicly with undeserved shame, drag a proud old name in the dirt, and rob herself of the last vestige of a chance for reconciliation? And the answer, of course, is, "Emphatically no, the thing is inconceivable! To act that way, she must be not a woman, but a sort of Frankenstein monster, having nothing in common with the tender, passionate, and quite lovable Morna of the present story.

"HIS OFFICIAL FIANCÉE"

If a man should chance to have some adequate and convincing reason for temporarily finding it necessary to pose before the eyes of the world as engaged to be married; and if, furthermore, he should succeed in persuading one of the stenographers on his office staff to consent to play the rôle of the prospective bride, it is easy to imagine that some curious and diverting situations might result. If, in addition to this, we should assume that the man in question, although at heart the kindest sort of person, whose mother and sisters adore him, naturally has the business instinct to such an extent that he has little leisure to pay attention to young women, it is obvious that unless he wishes to betray his subterfuge his education as to the opposite sex will have to make substantial progress. It is just this sort of dilemma that gives its special zest to *His Official Fiancée,* by Berta Ruck, who in private life is Mrs. Oliver Onions. Until the day when Mr. Waters, head of the Near Oriental Shipping Company and familiarly known to the staff as "Our Governor," makes his amazing proposal to Monica Trant, he had certainly never thought of her as other than a piece of the office machinery—an unusually efficient piece, but, none the less, a machine, and one easily set in motion by his formulaic beginning, "Now, Miss Trant——" But the outward exigencies of the new situation, the necessity of a formal announcement to the office staff, of luncheons and dinners tête-à-tête, of the purchase of an engagement ring, one and all stir new emotions, new thoughts that, on the whole, are not wholly unpleasant. What Waters himself thinks about it all we learn indirectly, for the narrative is given in the first person by the "official fiancée" herself. To her the equivocal situation is not without embarrassment, which grows steadily keener from the day when conventions require that she shall visit Waters' family. The mother and sisters are so genuinely pleased with the prospective bride, so cordial and affectionate, the home so hospitable, the whole atmosphere so much that which Monica's early days had known that there is an element of cruelty in the knowledge that it is all a passing masquerade, a brief taste of forbidden fruit. But what Monica Trant does not reckon with is the possibility that even the most absorbed business man may find a piquancy in a pretty face and a dainty, wide-awake personality if once his eyes are opened—and that is precisely what happens to Our Governor. And, as the perspicuous reader of course foresees, the whole problem is very simply solved by an amendment to the original contract which changes the official betrothal into an actual one, an arrangement which is really of no concern to any but the parties to the transaction. All of which is thoroughly enjoyable. The one weak spot is the motive for the whole subterfuge; the nature of it need not here be disclosed, but, frankly, it strikes one as a rather slender peg upon which to hang so venturesome an enterprise.

"THE LONE STAR RANGER"

The Lone Star Ranger, by Zane Grey, has at least one distinction: as a story of the Western Bad Man, the "gun-shooter" by inheritance and choice, it breaks all records in the number of murders the hero has to his credit, the narrowness of his escapes and the amount of lead which he eventually carries in his crippled body. And, furthermore, it suddenly takes this outlaw with a price upon his head, and not only saves him from the noose, but actually gives him a

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chance to become one of the most important and esteemed citizens in the whole State of Texas. What is more, it does this without in the least insulting our credulity. But beyond these concessions the reviewer cannot honestly go. The plot rambles, there are incidents and characters which are introduced with no apparent purpose and which disappear as futilely as they came. The women are especially ineffective; they are not real women, but merely the wild guesses of a man who obviously does not understand the sex.

"MRS. MARTIN'S MAN"

Mrs. Martin's Man, by St. John G. Ervine, is a story of Irish life among the lower middle class in a small town not many miles from Belfast. The details are often sordid and unclean, the characters frail and sinful, the whole atmosphere grey and leaden as November rain-clouds. And yet, out of this forbidding material, the author has wrought a work of art that may well be envied, strong and masterful in its bold brush-strokes, yet showing an almost feminine intuition in the human lights and shadows. Even the exact points of departure and arrival are unerringly chosen. When we first meet Martha Martin she has been supposably a widow for upward of sixteen years; and yet she has broken her established habit and has left her prosperous hardware shop in the early afternoon, in order to go to the railway station and meet the long truant husband, whose letter announcing his arrival had come that morning like the traditional bolt out of the blue. As she makes her way to the station she reviews the vanished years; and, listening to her thoughts, we read a grim, poignant, wretched tragedy. Her marriage from the start was a disaster; Martin, a common sailor, was looked upon by her father as a degradation which the Mahaffys could not accept; so he promptly disinherited his oldest daughter, leaving her share to his son and younger daughter, Esther. James Martin, shiftless, dissipated, ne'er-do-well, soon wearied of life ashore, and for the first few years disappeared periodically, leaving a sum of money behind, sometimes much, sometimes little, yet never enough to last until his return. In time Esther, the younger sister, came to share Martha's poverty and loneliness; and presently, when James once again unexpectedly returned, Esther's fresher, younger beauty was the one thing for which he had eyes, and the inevitable and sordid tragedy was enacted under the very roof that sheltered the outraged wife. Then Esther, in her turn, lost her novelty; and presently Martin, possibly from some dormant sense of shame, or it may be surfeited with the breed of the Mahaffys, root and branch, brutally told his wife that he was tired of her, tired of Esther, and was leaving, never to return. Looking back from the vantage-ground of sixteen years, Martha Martin to-day wondered whether she had acted wisely. She had never told that she was deserted; she had never even let Esther know that James had tired of her too. And so Esther had waited, through all these dragging years, dreaming her futile dream, racked sometimes by conscience for her betrayal of her sister, yet knowing, or thinking that she knew, that if James returned she should take up her romance where it had been broken off. Then had come the rumour of James's death at sea, then silence for long years. Such is the situation at the hour of James's expected return. To rehearse further the actual consequences of his arrival, a broken, coarsened, prematurely aged man, with the furtive cringing born of years in prison, would be to rob the reader of the best that the story promises. The characters, one and all, are living portraits, strong and unmistakable as the gnarled old features of certain unforgettable Rembrandts. But the one masterpiece which overtops all the others soaringly is the tremendous, inimitable character of Mrs. Martin herself. As an example of stoic acceptance, of wise forbearance, of calm recognition that the wreckage of her home and domestic peace could not be remedied by

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making bad worse, that Esther's frailty and James's flagrant betrayal could not be blotted out by denouncing the husband or openly shaming the sister, make her a new type in literature, a unique, splendid spartan figure. She deserves, we tell ourselves, to win out in the end; and win out she does, triumphantly, completely, beyond question. And yet, in winning, she remains a lonely, disappointed woman, aged before her time, and with nothing to soothe the ache of miserable, bygone years. A gloomy, rather depressing book, yet one that makes the true artist frankly envious.

TWELVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Henry Holt's "On the Cosmic Relations"*

Mr. Holt's book is far and away the most detailed survey of "occult" phenomena that has appeared since the publication twelve years ago of the late F. W. H. Myers's *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*. Like that *magnum opus* it is a warmly sympathetic survey, and it similarly aims at a definite and comprehensive explanation of the multitudinous facts and alleged facts with which it deals. It also is characterised, as is Myers's work, by highly poetic qualities and by the consistent maintenance of an attitude which may perhaps be best described as one of "scientific mysticism." But here the points of resemblance cease.

In style the two books—except in spots—are as wide apart as the poles. Myers, a classical scholar of the first order, wrote with a polish and finish almost Gallican in its charm. The power of Mr. Holt's style lies in its rugged simplicity. If he feels it necessary to coin some most appalling words for purposes of classification, he more than atones by the directness and intimacy of his diction. He does not disdain the use of slang, he perpetually takes the reader into his confidence, and he imparts to his pages an unusual piquancy by a humour that is a strange intermixture of the sardonic and the genial. And, writing in a fashion notably dissimilar from that of Myers, the conclusions at which he arrives contrast strikingly with those Myers reached.

Possibly it would be more accurate to say that they go far beyond Myers's findings. Studying the perplexing phenomena of sleep, hypnotism, hysteria, genius, apparitions, hauntings and spiritistic mediumship, Myers, as is well known, ended by believing that the survival of the soul, after the death of the body, had been definitely proved, particularly through the trance utterances of Mrs. Piper and other "intermediaries" between this world and the next. He also worked out, as a necessary theory to account for such phenomena as the achievements of genius, the solution of problems in sleep, and "thought transference" between living minds, his famous hypothesis of the subliminal self, according to which the self of ordinary, everyday awareness is only part of a larger self, "revealed in a fashion at once shifting and limited through an organism not so formed as to afford it full manifestation."

Mr. Holt, surveying the same evidence and the additional evidence accumulated by the Society for Psychical Research since Myers's death, is by no means so confident as was Myers that "spirit survival" has been positively proved by the phenomena of trance mediumship. He himself believes firmly in survival, but on inferential rather than evidential grounds. On the other hand, he insists that

*On the Cosmic Relations. By Henry Holt. Two Volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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Myers's "subliminal self" hypothesis and the allied but less "mystical" theory of "the subconscious" adopted by most psychologists, are absolutely meaningless as employed by Myers and the psychologists. In his opinion:

> As far as yet used the phrase [subliminal self] seems to me something to look wise over, and use as a scrap-basket for anything you don't understand, and want to have folks (perhaps including yourself) think you do.

But, Mr. Holt immediately goes on, there is a way by which the terms "subliminal self" and "the subconscious" may acquire a true explanatory value. That is by postulating the existence of a Collective Self, a Cosmic Mind, which includes every individual self as the ocean includes its drops, a Self which possesses powers transcending time and space, and which intermittently manifests through individual selves, particularly when they are in what psychologists call a "dissociated" state—as in sleep, trance, reverie. Or, to put it in his own words, he would advance

> the hypothesis, as yet very vague and paradoxical, that although the individual soul is contained within the pretty definite limits of its individuality, yet, within these limits it is a portion—a sort of bay, if you please—of the cosmic soul, and is subject to occasional influxes or tides from the cosmic soul in the shape of all sorts of inspirations (which turns the fluid metaphor of a tide into a gaseous one), not only those of music, poetry, hypothesis, eloquence, etc., but of all sorts of dreams and visions, normal or hypnotic and "possessions" of all degrees, from heteromatic writing up to entire apparent substitution or at least predominance of a soul that, like the minor inspirations or possessions, has drifted in from the cosmic aggregate.

Now, as Mr. Holt cheerfully admits —indeed, explicitly points out—this theory is not a new one. Almost every thoughtful student of things psychical, including Myers himself, has felt impelled toward it as perhaps the only possible explanation of sundry exceptionally baffling phenomena. But, with scarcely an exception, those who have thought of it have been content, in Mr. Holt's incisive phrase, to pick it up and admire it, and then put it in their pockets. What he has done, on the contrary, in his nearly a thousand pages of citation, quotation, and discussion, is to apply it systematically to the solution of the problems of psychical research, and to the solution of some problems of everyday life.

How account for the achievements of the man of genius? By the superiority of the inflow of the Cosmic Mind into his individual mind, answers the veteran New York publisher-author. Whence come dreams? From the Cosmic Mind. What is Telepathy? A process whereby the Cosmic Mind is tapped. And the trance utterances which purport to come from those who have gone beyond? Mr. Holt makes reply, They come as dreams do, from the Cosmic Mind; they are themselves dreams, impressed upon the medium's consciousness, perhaps by her sitters, perhaps by discarnate personalities, as alleged.

But is not all this wild guessing? Most candidly Mr. Holt admits that it is guessing, but he denies that it is "wild":

> This is not sheer guesswork built up on a jumble of words which in themselves are but professions of ignorance: it is a tentative interpretation of facts, which we have got to interpret somehow, or resign the right and responsibility to use our intellects. It may be all wrong, but doesn't it seem to be in a direction where truth may ultimately appear more clearly?

A good many readers will be inclined to answer this question in the affirmative, even while recognising that not a few of the "facts" which Mr. Holt seeks to interpret still lack general recognition as being facts, and that he again and again invokes the Cosmic Mind hypothesis to explain facts—such as ordinary dreams—which are susceptible of a much simpler explanation. Oddly enough, on the other hand, he pays comparatively little attention to the phenomena—clairvoyant

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and premonitory—which above all others seemingly necessitate some such hypothesis as his. Certain of these phenomena are too well instanced to be "explained away," whereas "fraud" or "illusion" may plausibly be argued against much that he does include in his extensive array of psychic facts.

Indeed, apart from the character of his theory, his frequent neglect to evaluate evidence critically, will militate against his book being given even a respectful reading by the "scientifically" minded. Which is a great pity if only because, in the present reviewer's opinion, not the least merit of *On the Cosmic Relations* is its forceful and salutary reminder of how little we really know—scientists and laymen alike—of the workings of the universe.

H. Addington Bruce.

II

Gaillard Hunt's "Life in America One Hundred Years Ago"*

No book of this sort has covered so wide a field in so satisfactory a fashion. With an admirable sense of proportion, it presents a canvas at the same time detailed and comprehensive. Often, one may not see the wood for the trees or the trees for the wood. It has not neglected detail, but by rigidly subordinating this to the main design, the two dangers of such social surveys have been avoided—scrappiness of treatment on the one hand and colourlessness on the other. One is grateful for the bibliography at the end. Indeed, as a book of information, the author—within the limits of his intention—could scarcely have done his work better. The style is straightforward and pleasing, though lacking in distinctive graces and in humour. It is perhaps asking the impossible to demand that a short survey so complete as this should contain more of anecdotal and personal interest. The book is a decided contribution to all but specialists.

Ben Franklin did not succeed in getting the turkey adopted as the national emblem, says the author, but the bald-headed eagle is quite as native. The American spirit of the day demanded that everything in America should be individual and distinct. An American of one hundred years ago was above all a local product, a citizen of his State and not of the nation. This was because he did not get about much. The news of the treaty of peace in 1814 (which took thirty-eight days to cross the ocean) was received in New York by a public illumination—men paraded lower Broadway with lighted candles in their hands. At Washington, Dolly Madison, in the private house whither the President had retreated when the White House was burned, rang the dinner bell. The news had taken two days to get to the capital. There were four stages a day between New York and Philadelphia (none on Sunday). The fare was ten dollars and the maximum capacity in summer was twenty-eight passengers. There were also three steamboat-and-stage routes. But this was by far the most travelled way in the country, and even here the inns were full of bullies and rowdies anxious to pick a quarrel. Elsewhere there were highwaymen, and solitary riders in outlying districts ran great risk of being killed by Indians. Thus people seldom travelled; and they wrote little, for the expense of postage was great. The reading public, too, was very limited; and there were a great many who could not read at all. The influence of the cities was not extensive; and in the country lived the vast majority of the population, with each family as an independent and often isolated unit. Thus few knew what was going on or had the benefit of other people's opinions.

The few European visitors of the day were not favourably impressed; and the fairest of them all had said some rather severe things. Nowhere are less generosity and less charm of life, said he, or more sacrifice of everything else to commercial interest. Those people at home who had a wider experience than the rest were blinded by sectional feeling, already

*Life in America One Hundred Years Ago. By Gaillard Hunt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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bitter. Southerners had no sympathy with the hard frugality of the North and constantly said the North lacked breeding; the Northerners thought the Southerners lazy and intemperate, although they praised their manners and their hospitality. Everybody who got into print in both South and North disapproved of slavery. It seemed to have gone on merely because no good plan of getting rid of it could be proposed. It should be recognised now that while slavery depressed the mass it elevated the individual and though it fostered the petty tyrant it fostered also the governing class. Two-thirds of the entire time up to Lincoln's election the President's chair was occupied by a slaveholder.

Society life in the cities was nearly as agreeable as in European towns. Everywhere it was aristocratic, the doctrine of political equality not yet being held to carry with it social equality. In spite of strong Quaker or Puritanical elements, Philadelphia and Boston were almost as entertaining as New York or Washington. The latter city was raw and deserved all the epigrams levelled at it. But its social life was most agreeable. Washington society had grown strong enough to come out flat-footed against Andrew Jackson, because of a Cabinet lady it refused to recognise. But even in Washington society did not dream of being democratic—even to the inauguration ball there were only four hundred invitations issued. Nowhere did men of solid attainments think the affairs of society beneath their attention. Ladies might paint and take snuff and gamble uncriticised. To give a girl the same studies as a boy beyond the first reader would have been thought preposterous. She was brought up to marry and to manage a home—and she often, in the very best families, achieved the object of her entire education at the age of thirteen. Her great duty was to contribute hourly to the comfort of man. One may take it that she more nearly achieved this universal ideal in America than elsewhere, since foreign observers praised her highly. Regular divorce laws were a novelty; in South Carolina a divorce had never been granted and there had not been one in New York for the hundred years preceding the Revolution. In the large playhouses a certain number of proscenium boxes was always given up to prostitutes.

The working day was twelve to fifteen hours long. Women and children constituted the majority of the factory employees, and they were often urged to their work by the whip. Foreigners complained that service of all kinds was incompetent and disrespectful. Excessive indulgence in strong drink, the curse of every class, was naturally at its worst with the working class. Superstition was everywhere. Immediately after the Revolution there had been—following the lead of France—much infidelity; but a succession of revivals which swept the country had brought the standard religions to their own again. The papers were full of passionate personal denunciations for which the proprietors took no responsibility. Signed by the writers, they gave rise to many duels—especially in the South. Criminal law was still conducted in a spirit of vengeance; and prisons were only seminaries of crime. Pirates were at sea and highwaymen on land, but the latter were much fewer than in England. Hospitals were deservedly in very bad odour, doctors knew little, there were few good cooks, and gambling in all its public branches was universal.

Into almost every department of social activity does this well-furnished book enter; and again helps to demolish that shining edifice of the "good old times" which cheap moralists have from time immemorial laboured to erect.

Graham Berry.

III

Julian Street's "Abroad at Home"*

Has it ever struck you that hotel waitresses are a race apart? They are not like other women; not even like other waitresses. They are even shaped differently, having waists like wasps and bosoms which would re-

*Abroad at Home. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Company.

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semble those of pouter-pigeons if pouter-pigeons' bosoms did not seem to be a part of them. Most hotel waitresses look to me as though, on reaching womanhood, they had inhaled a great breath and held it forever after.

Thus pleasantly observes the author while describing Kansas, deeming the Kansas waitress as worthy of mention as wheat, cyclone cellars, Emporia, the University of Kansas, Lawrence and the Quantrell raid, dry farming and other features of the State. Why not? In his chapters on Chicago, of which there are several, he dutifully gives space to the stock-yards, the Chicago spirit, the University of Chicago, the Michigan Avenue front, and devotes seven pages to his tour of the Marshall Field department store. And why not? In Missouri he very cleverly touches off the characteristics of St. Louis and Kansas City, writes a delightful chapter about Hannibal and Mark Twain, offers a pleasing glimpse into the life of poker and plenty indigenous to the town of Louisiana, Missouri; but he is not above noticing the style of Missourians' hats, the cut of their coats, the shape of their shoes. He is as enthusiastic about San Francisco as the most ardent Native Son could desire; but in his long catalogue of the delights of that picturesque city he does not forget to mention that the visitor there finds in his cocktail a small onion, or a nut, instead of the usual olive. Again, why not?

Touches like these give a home-like air to *Abroad at Home*. It is a book about America, written by an American for Americans. And the author strikes the right note by introducing waitresses, department stores, hats, coats, shoes, cocktails, and so forth, features which are obvious enough to the seasoned traveller, but full of interest to the occasional tourist or the occasional reader of travel books. Similarities and dissimilarities of everyday things abroad compared with the same things at home give us almost as much pleasure as art, architecture, scenery and statistics.

We Americans, "the most restless race in the world, with the possible exception of the Bedouins," the author says, know too little of our own land. Westerners feel a commingling of envy and contempt for the East; Easterners preserve a self-satisfied ignorance of the West; the epithet "Yankee," with all that it implies, is still heard in the South. We do not know our country and our countrymen as we ought to do. The provincialism of the typical New Yorker, who, as Mr. Street says, "thinks that any man who leaves Manhattan Island for any destination other than Europe or Palm Beach must be either a fool who leaves voluntarily or a criminal taken off by force," has often been commented on. But the provincialism of Bostonians, Philadelphians and Chicagoans is not far behind.

Starting from New York the author journeyed to Chicago via Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit. From that city, stopping at St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake and other places he completed his cross-country trip in San Francisco. His method was to go where he pleased, to see what he pleased, and not to travel with any such specific object as exposing, or exalting, or catching the spirit of the places he visited. As a result his descriptions are fresh, informal and entertaining. And he gives us America from an American point of view, which is a novelty when one considers the number of times we have been written up by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans and the paucity of accounts of us by one of ourselves.

A happy invention of the author's is his characterisation of cities, of which the following is an example:

Buffalo, Cleveland and Detroit always seem to me like three sisters living amicably in three separate houses on the same block.

As I personify them, Buffalo, living at the eastern end of the block, is the smallest sister. She has, I fear, a slight tendency to be anemic. Her husband, who was in the shipping business, is getting old. He has retired and is living in contentment in the

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old house, sitting all day on the side-porch, behind the vines, with his slippers cocked up on the porch-rail, smoking cigars and reading his papers in peace.

Cleveland is the fat sister. She is very rich, having married into the Rockefeller family. She is placid, satisfied, dogmatically religious, and inclined to platitudes and missionary work. . . .

Detroit seems younger than her sisters. The belle of the family, she is married to a young man who is making piles of money in the automobile business—and spending piles, too. . . . She is beautiful—with a sweet, domestic kind of beauty, like that of a young wife, gay, strong, alert, enthusiastic.

If one must be critical the author's habit of ending almost every chapter with a joke is open to unfavourable criticism. After a little one begins to look for those jokes, to be apprehensive of them, to watch their approach and discharge with dismay. They seem like those slow-moving and deadly bombs which the Germans use in the trenches and which the French, from their size and shape, call "champagne bottles." As one nears the end of a chapter he gets accustomed to seeing a joke hurtling toward him; it drops and bursts with a loud report. Occasionally a joke, defective from age, fails to explode, as for example the story about Mr. Truman H. Newberry and his yacht, which first saw the light in 1898.

But all in all *Abroad at Home* is very enjoyable,—a book to chuckle over, to read aloud, and—first prize for a travel book—that makes one want to travel. It has the call to the open road, or the open railroad, and it makes one sigh for the stuffy sleeping car, and the long hours on the observation platform, listening to the hum and click of wheels and watching the changing views spinning endlessly into the distance.

It presents so freshly and entertainingly those portions of the United States which the author visited that one hopes he may another day write about a journey to sections of the country he has not touched—outlined roughly by Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, Dallas, New Orleans, Atlanta, Richmond and Washington.

Arthur M. Chase.

IV

F. C. Howe's "The Modern City"*

A clear-cut easily comprehended treatment of a subject which is of great timely interest to many, . . . a book therefore which will make a wide appeal and will be of value to more than one class of readers. The author has made himself known long ere now by his sympathetic studies of city life, its possibilities and problems. His mental attitude toward his subject, pleasingly evident in this latest volume, as in all the others, is that of one not content merely to understand and describe things as they are, but who illuminates existing conditions by the white light of a vision that might and can become actuality. It gives the human touch even to tables of statistics and marshalling of dry facts unavoidable in the theme. We feel that Frederic Howe loves the city because after all it is but a huge aggregation of humanity and he loves humanity with an abiding affection.

The twentieth-century city is the brain of a cosmic machine; it is the heart and sensory system of the world as well.

This is the keynote of the book.

The author gives a quick glance backward at the cities of Hellenic and Roman antiquity, where citizenship was the work and play of a leisured class for whom hundreds of slaves did the rough work. Then onward a little through the years to the mediæval cities of Europe which gradually became great commercial centres where trade was king and where an industrial aristocracy shook itself free from the chains of feudalism. Then he brings us back to to-day, to our great modern cities with their differing problems of a wider democracy

*The Modern City and Its Problems. By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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and a tense and complicated industrial machinery. We are shown the problems particular to American cities and those that belong to European towns. Each problem of Public Utilities; sanitation; city planning; political machinery, is given a chapter to itself. We see how we have dealt with the problem here and in what way the European nations have treated it. With calm impartiality each method is explained and weighed. The writer's greatest interest is given to the subject of home rule for cities, the lack of which is undoubtedly hampering the splendid development that might come to our own great towns. With gentle irony he casts aside the futile doctrine of "good men in office," to which so many well-meaning people cling hopelessly, and shows how no good man can ever accomplish good with the "cheques and balances" of our cumbersome system of allowing State legislatures to deal with city measures . . . thereby clogging the wheels of State business and hampering the city's growth. Municipal ownership of public utilities, in which the writer firmly believes, is treated in several chapters. And several more are given to the important question of raising city revenues. New methods of taxation suggested are described in theory and practice. The Housing problem, a most important one for our largest cities, is dealt with in detail, and its intimate connection with taxation methods and the land question is clearly shown.

The summary that closes each chapter, giving a quick epitome of its contents, is a useful innovation, making the book all the more valuable to the busy reader who refers to it. *Grace Isabel Colbron.*

V

Romain Rolland's "Musicians of To-day"*

This valuable and attractive little book is the first of a series to be grouped under the title *The Musician's Bookshelf,* edited by Claude Landi. M. Rolland's work has been translated from the fifth French edition by Mary Blaiklock, who has made a clear-cut, easy rendering, which gives the full literary value of the original and yet deals sympathetically with the English language, something not over-frequent in translation. We need not concern ourselves just now with the question as to whether M. Rolland would have made any changes in his book did he revise it this particular winter. For some of his public utterances of late have given the lie to a statement oft reiterated in this volume, that "there is no nationality in art."

It is good for us Americans to be made to realise that criticism is an important form of literary art, . . . that it is not merely a means of making an honest livelihood in the daily press. M. Rolland himself laughingly agrees with the quoted statement by Vincent D. Indy:

> I consider that criticism is useless; I would even say that it is harmful. . . . Criticism generally means the opinion some man or other holds about another person's work. How can that opinion further the growth of art? It is interesting to know the ideas, even the erroneous ideas, of genuises and men of great talent when they wish to indulge in criticism; but it is of no interest at all to know whether Mr. So-and-So likes, or does not like, a certain dramatic or musical work.

But then, as M. Rolland says of d'Indy, "This forsworn enemy of criticism is himself a keen critic," therefore he himself promptly proceeds to write a most delightful and exhaustive criticism of Vincent d'Indy's work, a criticism which is a valuable literary document and cannot but be helpful to musicians and the lay public alike.

Berlioz, Wagner (just for Siegfried and Tristan), Camille Saint-Saëns, Hugo Wolf, Lorenzo Perosi, Claude Debussy (Pelléas et Melisande) are some other musical personalities who furnish subjects for essays of great charm and aliveness. Amid many valuable quotations from the writings of others, M. Rolland

*Musicians of To-day. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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gives Tolstoy's delicious account of a performance of Siegfried he once witnessed. It is a new instance of what one of our own thinkers said recently as to the gulf between the reformer and the artist, a gulf which must be bridged if humanity is to benefit by the efforts of

Through all the personal studies of the great ones of music pulses a sense of the sadness which is so often the lot of genius, a sadness and soul-loneliness out of which most of the enduring masterpieces of art have been born. M. Rolland has for this soul-loneliness a keen and sympathetic understanding which is not usual. As indeed little is usual or banal in this book of his.

A finely observant article on French and German music, and several chapters of historic value on music in Paris since 1870, round off a volume which comes as a worth-while contribution to our bibliography of music and musical criticism. *J. Marchand.*

VI

Booth Tarkington's "The Turmoil"*

When a man has accomplished a variety of work in his chosen field of story spinning that is represented by such books as *The Gentleman from Indiana* and *The Conquest of Canaan* in one direction, *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *Cherry* in another, and the tales dealing with Mr. Penrod Schofield in a third, any new book, differing as much from those that have gone before as does *The Turmoil,* inevitably brings with it to a number of readers a certain measure of disappointment. *The Turmoil* is not sheer romance, as was *Monsieur Beaucaire;* it has not the high lights of *The Conquest of Canaan;* there is no diabolically fascinating boy like Hedrick Madison of *The Flirt. The Turmoil* is soberer, more ambitious, and the real protagonist is not Bibbs Sheridan, nor his father James Sheridan, but the city of the tale, the Midland City, in the heart of fair, open country, a dirty and wonderful city nestling dingily in the fog of its own smoke.

> The smoke is like the bad breath of a giant panting for more and more riches. He gets them and pants the fiercer, smelling and swelling prodigiously. He has a voice, a hoarse voice, hot and rapacious, trained to one tune: "Wealth! I will get Wealth! I will make Wealth! I will sell Wealth for more Wealth! My house shall be dirty, my garment shall be dirty, and I will foul my neighbour so that he cannot be clean—but I will get Wealth! There shall be no clean thing about me: my wife shall be dirty, and my child shall be dirty, but I will get Wealth!" And yet it is not wealth that he is so greedy for: what the giant really wants is hasty riches. To get these he squanders wealth upon the four winds, for wealth is in the smoke.

Once upon a time, not so long ago, it was not a grimy city but a pleasant big town of comfortably jogging burghers, and it was there that James Sheridan came up from a country cross roads and became the incarnation of the panting giant that was to be. Imagine Silas Lapham transported from the Boston of yesterday to the Middle West of to-day, with a Skyscraper, a Trust Company, and a Works instead of a paint, and you have James Sheridan. He loved the smoke that he called Prosperity. He could have kissed the soot that fell upon his cuff. "Good, clean soot; it's our life blood. God bless it!" And like Silas Lapham Sheridan is socially inept; like Lapham he is mentally disturbed by the proximity of neighbours who live in a world of other ideals, who can see no beauty in the vast painted panorama of the Bay of Naples or the huge bronze Moor with which he sees fit to decorate his new home.

To Sheridan and his wife have been born three sons and a daughter. The two older sons, James Jr. and Roscoe, are solid young business men carrying on their father's work, and the girl Edith is all that Sheridan thinks a daughter should be. But the third boy, Bibbs, is the incomprehensible disappointment.

*The Turmoil. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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Anemic, a dreamer, out of tune with that world of smoke and soot which is the breath of the father's nostrils, he is relegated to the part of a male Cinderella. "I got a fine family," Sheridan proudly tells a visitor. "I got two of the finest boys God ever made. I got a mighty fine daughter and a mighty fine daughter-in-law." There is no malice in his failure to mention the third son; the omission has come to be a natural one. But the months with which *The Turmoil* deals bring to Sheridan a new light. The oldest son is killed by the collapse of a roof of his own construction. The daughter-in-law proves unworthy and her weakness leads to the moral disintegration of the second son. The daughter runs away with a ne'er-do-well fortune hunter. It is to Bibbs that the father has to turn in his dark hour, and a toughened Bibbs responds heroically. Through the tale runs a charming love story, with Mary Vertrels a heroine worthy to sit by the side of Ariel Tabor, and Bibbs showing a lack of sentimental perception that is a characteristic of most of Mr. Tarkington's heroes. In *The Turmoil* Mr. Tarkington has got away from the charge of melodrama that has been brought against some of his earlier books, notably *The Conquest of Canaan.* But without detracting from the quality of a tale of unusual interest and virility, it is far from certain that he has not lost more than he has gained. *R. A. Whay.*

VII

John Trevenna's "Sleeping Waters"*

The elusive literary personality of John Trevenna presents a new facet in this latest volume bearing his signature. From rugged pitiless realism, with a wealth of sordid detail, he has passed through the stage of religious mania to come out now on the borderland of mysticism. But it is a mysticism that roots in the soil. Folklore and the fever dreams of an exhausted mind and body work together to build up about the Rev. John Anger, "Father Jack," as his London parishioners call him, a cloud-land of delirium in which neither he nor the reader can distinguish what is actual and what is fancy.

John Anger goes to Dartmoor to recover the health lost in church work in a London slum. His friends, two Dartmoor merchants exiled by business to the city, fill his unheeding mind with legends of the locality to which he is going. Months in bed under careful nursing build up the priest's body, but his mind is still asleep. Flesh reigns and desires unknown before awaken. He finds the Waters of Nympha and drinks thereof. What happens after that is told with a consummate art which we do not recognise at first. We feel irritation at the jerky, jumbled style of the narrative until the truth comes as a delicious shock, a decided sensation, and we see how artfully, or rather how artistically, the style fitted the impression to be made. We are as much at sea as is "Father Jack," and cry confused "what here is dream and what is waking?" Was Petronel, the sun-browned maiden, really only a figure in a dream, or was she the Spirit of Dartmoor revealed to a mortal for a time? How much of the happenings in the little coast town of Riversmeet belonged in John Anger's waking moments, and how much were only the product of his disordered fancy? Did Riversmeet itself exist and was there a village of Youlstone? All these questions crowd with insistence and linger long in the mind when we have laid the book aside. And yet all this is done not as seeking sensational effects but written with a virility that seems like the natural exuberance of an imagination controlled only by the limits of literary style. It is a book about which there will be many divergent opinions. But there is no denying its absorbing if at times unhealthy fascination. It will again arouse the recently asked question . . . who . . . (or what?) is John Trevenna?

Cornelia Van Pelt.

*Sleeping Waters. By John Trevenna. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

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VIII

John Roland's "The Good Shepherd"*

John Roland is a new name in literature, but the book which bears this new signature has nothing immature about it. It is a remarkable book for a first attempt. There is a ring of truth about the characters, incidents and setting, a rich power of sympathetic observation, and an ease of literary expression in the telling of the story which are not often found in conjunction, even in the work of better known writers. The outlines of the plot are more than simple. A young American doctor has made a mess of his life at home and exiled himself to a little town in Austria, where there is a large hospital and medical school. He seeks here the ordered work that will fill his waking hours and prevent retrospection. But the spells of idleness that are welcome holidays to others fall heavy on Charles Edwards, and in a moment of despair he accepts the offer of an isolated mountain community to come and "doctor" them for what they can afford to give. His kindly friend Professor Schroeder fits him out and he goes away to bury himself in never-ending work. Charles Edwards himself is such a very human man in his weakness and in his bursts of strength that the portrait can well be called astonishingly successful for a first literary venture. Finally a woman comes into Edwards's life, the widow of his best friend, and her strength enables him to overcome his weakness. Together they work to bring healing and happiness to the villages hidden among the mountains.

Within these simple outlines there is packed so much of sheer humanity, so many figures, all smelling of the earth, all alive, all mixtures of good and evil as are most of us, that the plot as a plot means little, and the people themselves mean very much. Like his hero, the writer has gotten inside the skin of the Tyrolean peasant, as of the Austrian physicians and scientists who come into the story, in an unusual way. To anyone who has lived with an alien people as one of themselves this book comes like a breath of life. It is wonderful to find an American book, the hero of which is an American living among strangers, who does not find it necessary to wave the flag or emphasise national differences, who is content to be a human being among human beings. No review can give the charm of this book, and a short review like the present one has no chance to enumerate striking bits of characterisation or notable sentences and incidents. But to all those who ask for humanity rather than for plot in a novel, for all those who care to go outside the beaten literary path to pluck a flower of rare sweetness, this volume can be sincerely recommended. It will be worth while to watch for further books from the pen of "John Roland."

Edwin L. Grantland.

*The Good Shepherd. By John Roland. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

IX

R. D. Hemmingway and Henry de Halsalle's "The Gentlemen from New Caledonia"*

This book holds a wealth of good incident of which higher literary skill could have made much better use. It is very unevenly written. Fine bits of description and snatches of good character-drawing, in one-minute portraits, alternate with the dryest of police gazette narrative. But what happens, and some of the people who experience the happenings are quite strong enough to hold the reader's attention, provided that reader is one who likes the modern story of adventure and lawbreaking. The three "crooks" who give the title are interesting. Their leader has too much of the novel hero about him, but the other too, particularly Kit Polliter, the art connoisseur, seem somehow more real. The best writing in the book is in the chapters that concern their escape from the penal colony of New Caledonia,

*Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia. By R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsalle. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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their dealings with Captain Black of the schooner *Coal Sack,* and, later in the book, the glimpses of Van Langenburg's wine shop and hiding place for loot in Rotterdam. There is genuine strength here, which fades disappointingly in the chapters showing a peaceful English country neighbourhood. And the feminine equation is evidently put in with an eye to the demands of a wider public, for not a woman of the three we meet is more than a lay figure. One can't help thinking the authors might have done much better if they hadn't tried to introduce a love story, unless they had shown the ability to write a more convincing one. But there is enough of interest in the book without the love story. And, to be quite candid, the genuine lover of detective or "crook" fiction agrees in his heart with the famous painter-eccentric Menzel, who loves Schiller's Wallenstein all except the character of young Max Piccolomini. "He holds up the plot so with his foolish *amours.*" *Jerome Adams.*

X

James L. Ford's "The Great Mirage"*

Mr. Ford undoubtedly wrote his book long before the utterances of a certain self-advertising "evangelist" called forth defences of our great city from many quarters. But these defenders could do no better than to recommend Mr. Ford's book. With his own inimitable chatty ease of style he takes up, one after the other, the false ideas spread by our own city newspapers as to what city life means, and shows his readers that we are really a rather decent sort of people, and that even in New York there can be found ordered lives filled with much that is beautiful in the finer sense. The way Mr. Ford sails into the Sunday Supplements and their point of view is admirably courageous . . . in one who occasionally writes Sunday Supplement stuff himself. His heroine, Kate Craven, is one of those intelligent girls from a small "provincial" town (the expression is not American but it is quite understandable for the average reader) who has the ability to make good in a larger sphere of usefulness. Her ideas of New York are drawn from Sunday Supplements, for Kate has the journalistic instinct born in her. She comes to town at the incentive of her first love, a "smart" young journalist, who is a well-drawn character. There are many Edward Penfields among aspiring Park Row men. Kate plunges head first into a cataract of Yellow Journalism of the yellowest type. Mr. Ford's undeniably true description of it is so pitilessly drawn that it makes the reader think this versatile journalist must be planning to retire or he would not have dared what he has done here. Kate has many adventures which are to set her mind right on what New York really is and how it differs from the City of the Sunday Supplements. She has her ups and downs too, but finally lands on top in her profession and finds the "right man."

Then Mr. Ford drops the impersonality of narration and gives us an engagingly personal little sermon as to what New York life really is "in the side streets, which is the true New York." He paints a most attractive picture of Kate's happy home, her congenial work, her amiable mother-in-law, who does the housekeeping, and her true companionship with her cultivated husband. Of course, if all women were equally fortunate, the world would eventually stop for want of human material. But otherwise the picture is very pretty. Before Mr. Ford begins to preach, the book is as full of incident as any reader could wish. The atmosphere of breathless hurry and seeking for sensation in city newspaper life is well caught.

Saxon Harrow.

*The Great Mirage. By James L. Ford. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

XI

W. Dane Bane's "James"*

The publishers announce this novel as a first book. But reports crop out that the odd pen name cloaks a more prac-

*James. By W. Dane Bank. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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ticed writer. Either might be true, with the book as evidence. The figure of James Bowden so completely fills the pages and the reader's attention that any question of shortcomings of style are forgotten. In fact, beyond the first chapter or two, when we are becoming acquainted with James and with the author's manner, there does seem to be a sort of jerkiness which crops up now and then in the latter part of the book. But somehow this seems to belong to James. He was so utterly absorbed in the occupation of "getting on in the world" that we can readily believe him capable of moving off in the middle of a conversation, or departing halfway through a formal dinner, with the same abruptness that the author shows in changes of scene. James Bowden is the son of a clerk in a Middle England town, but gifted with ambitions that are more common among Americans of the same type, with an eagerness to succeed and a belief in his own ability to do so, that the rest of the world has come to know as "American qualities." And James does get on, quite legitimately, for he has a genius for hard work and the physical strength to stand it. And his standards of success are no higher than those which are sometimes dubbed "American" as a term of reproach. He begins as office boy with eight shillings a week, rises in place and salary until the time comes when he can set out for himself. He invests his savings in a hair restorer, having discovered by careful investigation that the chances of profit in the patent-medicine business are larger than in most other fields. His ambitions keep pace with his growing power, and he takes up politics, not from any real interest in public questions, but because it is a good advertisement for his business. The pages that concern James's maiden speech in Parliament are delicious. But his widening horizon is responsible for a plunge into stock-market speculation that would have crushed any but so resourceful a spirit as James. The bold stroke by which he outwits his creditors closes the book triumphantly. James has little time for women in his busy life, but he has a way that charms them in its masterfulness and "cave-man" methods, when combined with the self-evident fact that he is a clean-minded, clean-living chap. He does intend to marry Audrey Sylvester when he gets time, and the lightning-change of his policy in this respect comes with as much a surprise to the reader as it does to Audrey, and to James himself. James is really quite delightful and will find many friends among grateful readers who appreciate a new handling of familiar types.

Jane Forester.

XII

Horace W. C. Newte's "A Pillar of Salt"*

The American lover of good writing is sometimes depressed by the superiority of English novelists to those of his own country, even though he realises that it is the best only who come here to bid for our favour. But the above volume will console him. If it is a sample of what the mediocre English novelist can do, then we Americans need not despair. It is a dragging narrative of the life of a third-rate woman who moves among second and third-rate people, most of whom are such caricatures of their types that the touches of undoubted realism here and there in the story are smothered beneath a mountain of exaggeration. It is undeniable that among the fairly well-to-do middle class in the English-speaking countries there are many such women as Avice Dale with her utter ignorance on most subjects, with her petty class ideals and futile social ambitions. Also it is undeniably true that a woman of Avice's mentality . . . or lack of it . . . would find time hang heavy on her hands in spite of the fact that she has a husband and a child. One husband and one child do not necessarily fill every moment of the life of any woman when she can afford several ser-

*A Pillar of Salt. By Horace W. C. Newte. New York: John Lane Company.

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vants. We are shown as a foil a beautiful lady named Irene Sylvester, whose life is quite full trying to keep a drunken husband from blundering into the gutter or into a public scandal. But Rene is one of those people who have the ability to make us hate the virtues we ordinarily admire. We hardly wonder that Avice hates her. Although Avice herself is so little able to hold our sympathy that when she leaves her happy home for a "real" love and marries the third-rate poet, Aubrey Pinnick, we really do not appreciate the way this hitherto selfish woman slaves and denies herself comforts for the sake of her new husband. The tragedy of the third-rate is a poignant one, but Mr. Newte has somehow missed it.

Reeve Palgrave.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

CHILD TRAINING. By V. M. Hillyer. New York: The Century Company.

Child training is the most fashionable sport of the day. Women who formerly were interested only in bridge or afternoon teas now study new methods of education and home training, and this, that or the other new theory is eagerly discussed over the tea-cups or wherever else two or three gather together and wish to show how up-to-date they are. It is a wonder the modern child survives all this training. But the physical organism has wonderful powers of adaption and the modern child is becoming as accustomed to all the variegated training he receives as is the modern horse the variegated sights and sounds of a city street.

However, the above remarks are not meant in any derision of a movement which is hopeful in every way, nor in any way derogatory of a book which is an excellent one on this popular subject.

Mr. Hillyer is a teacher of much practice, and what he advocates is founded on years of personal observation and experiment. It would seem, however, that he has disregarded the general interest in his subject, or must have had to do with a particularly hap-hazard sort of parent. For the parents who would care sufficiently for the theme, and feel rich enough to buy this handsome volume, would be the sort of people who would at least teach their children common courtesy and good manners without being told to do so by any one else. Also Mr. Hillyer does not have quite sufficient faith in the natural keenness and good sense of the normal child—so at least it would seem to an impartial observer. Many of the pupils who come to him are undoubtedly spoiled by foolish parents. For even the parents who would instil good manners by their own example as a matter of course will often destroy a child's power of concentration by forever pulling him this way and that under the mistaken notion that they are entertaining him. And so on through a long list of faults, the results of which Mr. Hillyer seems to lay at the door of "natural sin" in the unfortunate infant itself. A great deal of what he says is a useful lesson to parents, it might be more useful if he had been more honest about it.

The book is designed for home training, or simple kindergarten work for children under seven. Many of the "drills" are charming and will furnish valuable aid to mothers anxious to usefully employ their active little ones. An admirable list of songs, poems and stories to be told or taught to the very little ones takes up a considerable portion of the book and fully justifies its existence.

CHARACTER READING THROUGH ANALYSIS OF THE FEATURES. By Gerald Elton Fosbroke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This handsome volume is sure of a wide and interested public. Who does not love to study his own features, hoping to find there the qualities he wants to have or thinks he has, and fearing to find a cherished

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opinion . . . or hope . . . overthrown? Most people who read this book, . . . and undoubtedly many will read it, will do so with a mirror in their hand. But beyond the passing amusement there is a deeper significance in the study of character through analysis of the features, just as there is in palmreading and graphology. The general public either scoffs or shyly hides its belief in these sciences, but the law and the police courts have long since taken them up as part of their system, and the wise seller of goods knows how valuable any means may be which will give him a revelation of his customers' weak points.

Mr. Fosbroke goes systematically to work to explain his subject in easy, natural style, repeating himself where repetition is necessary to mark a point, and illustrating each point by excellent drawings. The artist, Carl Bohlen, has rendered invaluable aid in making the writer's statements clearer. Successive chapters deal with The Head: (general outlines) the forehead; eyebrows; the eye; nose; mouth and lips; chin and jaws. Again and again, in studying one feature, the writer warns against hasty judgments from the character of that one feature alone. He emphasises the co-relation of all the features in offsetting each other, showing the mingling of different qualities in every nature. Several chapters are given to a study of the various types which make up the great divisions of character, each with its myriad sub-divisions. Several series of drawings of heads follow, which are analysed in the light of the preceding chapters. This is really the most fascinating part of the very interesting book. The influence of the passing of years is shown, not merely the superficial physical changes, but the changes in the face that come through development, or lack of it, in the character. Another interesting bit is the hint of a change in the feminine type of face through the changing circumstances of woman's life and mental development during the last half century. With the pictures of the effect a right or wrong development of the inner self can have on the features to mark his point, Mr. Fosbroke makes an earnest, deep-felt plea for a conscious moulding of the features through nobler aims and life. It is an appeal to vanity, but an appeal to the best sort of vanity we can have, to the desire to make the best of our lives in every way.

"It takes time, constant effort, and real thought to make our faces. We make ourselves and our faces at the same time and by the same effort. The face is the reflection of what is within. Our faces will be in accordance with our mental and bodily training. . . . The action of thought upon the face is such that every passing thought leaves its impression, either to be wiped away by the one following, or to leave a permanent mark, if oft repeated."

And again,

"Change your face where it should be changed . . . but . . . you cannot change your face unless you change yourself."

There is much food for thought in this book, and the general tone and treatment of the subject is sincere and sympathetic.

NOVEL NOTES

THE SEALED VALLEY. By Hulbert Footner. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

If you want a brisk tale of adventures, in which leading parts are played by a hidden, almost inaccessible, valley, a remnant of a once-powerful tribe of Indians and a gold mine of fabulous value, then you will find something pretty much to your taste in the volume by Hulbert Footner. And when we add the fact that a high-souled Indian girl, a sort of Joan of Arc of her tribe, dreams of restoring the bygone glory of her race and to this end sacrifices her love for a white man, in order to remain true to her self-assumed task, it is evident that here is a blend of adventure and love and sacrifice that ought to suit a wide variety of tastes.

BLIND EYES. By Margaret Paterson. Chicago. Browne and Howell Company.

The present generation is beginning to recognise that it is a cruel wrong to young

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women to let them grow up in ignorance of the fundamental facts of life. But it is sometimes even more disastrous to have such knowledge thrust upon them crudely and prematurely. Such a case is that of Cynthia Weston, in this discerning story of *Blind Eyes*. Cynthia has lived her brief seventeen years in a fairy land of illusion. With many boys and men lured by her fresh, unspoiled girlishness, she has toyed with love, untouched in heart and understanding little or nothing of the emotions she awakens. Even when she accepts the offer of Clennel Richardson, and enjoys the first distinction of being actually engaged to marry, she does not really care for the man. And so, when Clennel's sister, a woman of naturally vicious instincts, finds to her surprise and amusement the extent of Cynthia's ignorance, she amuses herself in rubbing off the bloom from her illusions, tearing aside the veil with so ruthless a hand that not only is the engagement broken, but the girl develops a morbid frame of mind which narrowly misses spoiling her whole life. A book that is full of suggestion on some intimate questions of sex psychology.

A BALLADE OF BLITHE ROMANCE

BY CHARLTON ANDREWS

BEYOND the rainbow's end there lies
A blessed land, where, wise men say,
A fairy queen, with bluest eyes,
Titania, holds untroubled sway;
Where tiny elves and goblins play
With djinns and giants most sublime;
Where every sprite adores his fay—
The Land of Once Upon a Time.

There caliphs ramble in disguise
Midsummer nights all mild as May;
And everywhere Prince Charming hies,
A sleeping beauty bars his way;
There peris laugh at Bottom's bray;
There walruses declaim in rhyme;
There Hansel and sweet Gretel stray—
The Land of Once Upon a Time.

There Sindbad on the huge roc flies,
And Cinderella's horses neigh;
There nymphs from every fountain rise,
And naiads fleet their charms display;
There knights are bold and ladies gay,
And fortune's hazards at their prime;
And youth and love and beauty stay—
The Land of Once Upon a Time.

ENVOI

Dear Fairy Godmother, I pray
One only wish: that I may climb
The beanstalk Life and find one day
The Land of Once Upon a Time.

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AS YOU TURN THE YEAR

BY THEODORE GOODRICH ROBERTS

SPIN me the round world back again,
Time, Old Time with the shaky knee.
Conjure Life back to peace again
By greening mountain and swinging sea,
'Til the leafy rustle of June draws near
And I seek my Love as you turn the year.

Spin me the mad world back again,
Time, Old Time with the bleary eye.
Conjure Life back to bliss again
By opal morning and starry sky,
'Til the magic murmur of June draws near
And I find my Love as you turn the year.

Spin me the sad months back again,
Time, Old Time with the bitter smile.
Conjure Life back to June again
By day and furlong and month and mile,
'Til the songs of that dear grove greet my ear
And I kiss my Love as you twirl the year.

For Life is all that we bring or give,—
(Time, Old Time with the wrinkled brow.)
Little to lose, but sweet to live
If love and a woman have taught you how.
For the hope of To-morrow I fight and pray,
But the dream in my heart is of Yesterday.

READER'S GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Religion and Theology

Modern Problems of the Home, School and Church. By G. C. H. Hasskarl. Verona, N. Y.: G. C. H. Hasskarl.

A pedagogical and sociological solution from the Christian point of view.

Our Knowledge of Christ, An Historical Approach. By Lucius Hopkins Miller. New York: Henry Holt & Company, $1.00 net.

Considers from a modern point of view the sources of information regarding Christ and His work. An effort after truth.

"We would See Jesus," By David James Burrell. New York: American Tract Society.

Discussions of points of view of those who knew the founder of Christianity.

Sociology and Economics

Austria-Hungary and The War. By Ernest Ludwig. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company.

A presentation of the political forces and historical developments which led to the opening of the present conflict. There are

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chapters on the Russian propaganda and on economic conditions in the dual monarchy.

A Handbook of American Pageantry. By Ralph Davol. Taunton: Davol Publishing Company.
A well-illustrated book dealing with the history of pageantry and its position in our modern life.

The Modern City and Its Problems. By Frederic C. Howe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.
An historical resumé with a study of the problems confronting the American city and the manner in which these problems are being met. A comparison is made with foreign cities.

An Open Letter to the Nation with Regard to a Peace Plan. By James Howard Kehler. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.
A plea for peace.

The Other Kind of Girl. Anon. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.00 net.
Declared to be a true story of the experiences of a member of the "other half" now reclaimed to society.

Peace Insurance. By Richard Stockton, Jr. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. $1.00 net.
A discussion of the military and naval situation in the United States with a few chapters on the philosophy of warfare.

Political Economy

America and the World War. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.
The lessons for America to be derived from the European situation discussed from the point of view of self-defence, national policies, etc.

Britain as Germany's Vassal. By Frederich von Bernhardi. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.
A plea to the German people urging the acquisition of the mastery of the world.

Psychology

Child Training. By V. M. Hillyer. New York: The Century Company. $1.60 net.
The psychology of childhood, with emphasis upon child-training.

Law

Law and Usage of War. By Sir Thomas Barclay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.
A practical handbook, arranged by subjects, alphabetically, with very full appendices.

Military and Naval

France and the Next War. By Commandant J. Colin. New York; George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.
The French theory and practice of war of to-day, based on the details of the Boer, Russo-Japanese, and Franco-Prussian wars. Written before the beginning of the present struggle.

Philology

Masters of English Literature. By Edwin Watts Chubb. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company. $1.50 net.
Studies of English literary figures from Chaucer to Browning.

Agriculture

The Lure of the Land: Farming After Fifty. By Harvey W. Wiley. New York: The Century Company. $1.40 net.
The famous food expert discusses the advantages of farm life and its lure for dwellers in large cities. A practical book.

General Literature, Essays

Germany's War Mania. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00 net.
A collection of the speeches and writings of Germany's military intellectuals and leaders, designed to show Germany's warlike policies.

Poetry and Drama

Ephraim and the Winged Bear. By Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. New York: Donald C. Vaughan. 35 cents net.
A one-act play in the "Stage Guild" series.

Back of the Yards. By Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. New York: Donald C. Vaughan. 35 cents net.
A one-act play in the "Stage Guild" series.

The Conquest, and Other Poems. By Richard Osborne. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
A well-filled volume of verse on a variety of subjects.

The Great Galeoto: A Drama in Three Acts and a Prologue. By José Echegaray. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.
A drama of modern Spanish life, discussing the evils in society of gossip and slander.

Possession, with The Groove, The Unborn, Circles, A Good Woman, The Black Tie. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.35 net.
One-act plays of contemporary life.

Shakespeare Study Programmes: The Tragedies. By Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
Outlines for the study of Shakespeare's thought and technique.

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Mythology

Sun Lore of All Ages. By William Tyler Olcott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Collections of myths and legends concerning the sun and its worship. Well illustrated.

Fiction

The Adventures of Detective Barney. By Harvey J. O'Higgins. New York: The Century Company. $1.30 net.

The novelisation of the play *The Dummy*. Barney, a product of the lower west side of New York, meets with adventures in the strange lands in his immediate vicinity.

Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley. By Belle K. Maniates. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.00 net.

A story of rescue work in the slums, from which develops a happy love story.

Fatherland. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company. 25 cents net.

A plea for peace from the point of view of the worker.

God's Country and the Woman. By James Oliver Curwood. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25 net.

A story of life in northwestern Canada during the régime of the Hudson Bay Company.

The Great Mirage. By James L. Ford. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.35 net.

A young woman from an up-State town discovers the reality underneath the mirage of New York. The story is laid in the office of a great daily.

The Haunted Heart. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.35 net.

This novel purports to be the triumph of a great love. A domestic tragedy occasioned by a moment of towering rage is eventually lived down and love regained. The story is set in Scotland.

His official Financée. By Berta Ruck (Mrs. Oliver Onions). New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25 net.

A romance of London business life.

Homeburg Memories. By George Fitch. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.25 net.

The story of life and its problems in a little Western town.

James. By W. Dane Bank. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A story of a business buccaneer of to-day.

John the Fool. By Charles Tenney Jackson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A romance of American frontier life.

Lieutenant What's-His-Name. By May Futrelle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Elaborated from Jacques Futrelle's *The Simple Case of Susan*.

The Lone Star Ranger. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brother. $1.35 net.

A story of the wild border days in Texas in the early 'seventies, with their desperate contests between outlaws and ranchmen.

The Magic Tale of Harvanger and Yolande. By G. P. Baker. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

A tale of mediæval fancy and a young poet's quest for love.

Mrs. Martin's Man. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35 net.

A picture of home life in Ireland.

My Heart's Right There. By Florence L. Barclay. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents net.

A story of cottage life in England during the war.

Paying the Price! By Hope Daring. New York: American Tract Society.

A novel of Southern life at the present time.

A Pillar of Salt. By Horace W. C. Newte. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

A modern problem novel, containing certain advice to "idle wives." There is considerable discussion of the woman movement.

A Set of Six. By Joseph Conrad. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.35 net.

Short stories published in England some time ago, but now introduced to this country for the first time. The stories take place in South America, and in London and other cities, and on the high seas.

Sheep's Clothing. By Louis Joseph Vance. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.25 net.

A mystery story of modern life on a transatlantic liner and in New York.

Stories in Grey. By Barry Pain. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Short stories on miscellaneous themes.

Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia. By R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsalle. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.35 net.

The London *Daily Express* prize novel. The adventures of three criminals in France and in England.

The Turmoil. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.35 net.

A novel of life in the Middle West, in which the protagonist is a growing city domi-

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nated by its smoke and its consciousness of its own bigness. The story deals with the fortunes of a captain of industry, James Sheridan, and his four children, and with the business to which the elder Sheridan has devoted his life.

The Voice in the Fog. By Harold MacGrath. *Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill* Company. 75 cents net.

A typical MacGrath production. The scene is laid in London clubdom and society life.

The Wisdom of Father Brown. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.30 net.

Detective stories of crime and crime detection.

Juvenile

Heroes of Peace. By F. J. Gould. New York: Harper and Brothers. 75 cents net.

Stories for boys of the lives of those on the firing lines of our industrial battles with nature.

Moon Stories. By Mary Ellis Robins. Woodstock, N. Y.: Maverick Press.

Fairy stories for little children.

The Most Beautiful Thing in the World. By Fletcher Harper Swift. New York: American Tract Society.

A children's story, designed to teach the lesson that both beauty and happiness have moral values.

How Charlie Became King. By Mrs. O. W. Scott. New York: American Tract Society.

Chapters from the life of a real, everyday little boy.

History

Alsace and Lorraine: From Cæsar to Kaiser. By Ruth Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Its history from 58 B.C. to 1871 A.D.

The Revolutionary Period in Europe. By Henry Eldridge Bourne. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.

The period from 1763 to 1815, with emphasis upon the social and political reforms.

Geography and Travel

On Sunset Highways: A Book of Motor Rambles in California. By Thomas D. Murphy. Boston: The Page Company. $3.00.

A book of description and pictures of the charm of California. Only secondarily a guide-book. Well illustrated in colours and duogravures. Contains a road-map of California.

The Spell of Spain. By Keith Clark. Boston: The Page Company. $2.50 net.

The attractions of Spain interestingly set forth and well illustrated.

The Spell of Japan. By Isabel Anderson. Boston: The Page Company. $2.50 net.

The attractions of Japan interestingly set forth and well illustrated.

A Sunday-School Tour of the Orient. By Frank L. Brown. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The story of a tour of the Orient by a company of Sunday-school men made in 1913, with emphasis upon the progress of Christian work in eastern countries.

Biography, Genealogy

Henri Bergson: An Account of His Life and Philosophy. By Algot Rue and Nancy Margaret Paul. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.

An account of Bergson's life and personality in the first chapter introduces for the remaining chapters of the book a synopsis of his philosophy. Sections are conveniently headed with topics familiar to the student of Bergson. The language follows largely that of the philosopher himself.

Biographical Studies in Scottish Church History. By Anthony Mitchell. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.

Lectures delivered in St. Paul's Church, Chicago, May 7 to 14, 1914.

Who's Who. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.75 net.

The sixty-seventh year of issue of the English biographical dictionary.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and C. E. Woodberry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 10 volumes, $20.00 net.

A new edition of Poe as edited by Professor George Woodberry and the late Edmund Clarence Stedman. The Stedman-Woodberry Edition, as it is called, incorporates certain changes by Professor Woodberry. The set is illustrated with portraits and with eighteen drawings by Albert Edward Sterner.

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THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of January and the 1st of February:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York(Downtown)	The Ragged Messenger	The Auction Block
New York(Uptown)...	Betty All Alone	The Gold Fish
Albany, N. Y.....	The Lone Star Ranger	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Eyes of the World	The Wall of Partition
Baltimore, Md.....	The Eyes of the world	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Lone Star Ranger	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Boston, Mass.....	The Lone Star Ranger	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Lone Star Ranger	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Chicago, Ill.....	The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	God's Country and the Woman	The Lone Star Ranger
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Lone Star Ranger
Dallas, Tex.....	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna
Denver, Colo.....	Pollyanna	The Eyes of the World
Detroit, Mich.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Lone Star Ranger
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Lone Star Ranger	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Eyes of the World	The Winning of the Wilderness
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Clarion	The Awakening
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Lone Star Ranger	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Louisville, Ky.....	The Lone Star Ranger	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Memphis, Tenn.....	The Honourable Percival	Clark's Field
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Eyes of the World	The Lone Star Ranger
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Eyes of the World	The Clarion
New Orleans, La.....	Bambi	The Pastor's Wife
Norfolk, Va.....	The Lone Star Ranger	The Eyes of the World
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Lone Star Ranger	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Lone Star Ranger	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	The Pastor's Wife
Portland, Me.....	The Lone Star Ranger	The Eyes of the World
Providence, R. I.....	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Laughing Cavalier
Richmond, Va.....	The Lone Star Ranger	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Rochester, N. Y.....	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Lone Star Ranger
St. Louis, Mo.....	Big Tremaine	Bambi
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Twenty-fourth of June	The Eyes of the World
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Eyes of the World
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Last Shot	The Lone Star Ranger
San Francisco, Cal....	The Pastor's Wife	Daddy-Long-Legs
Spokane, Wash.....	The Lone Star Ranger	The Eyes of the World
Toronto, Can.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Eyes of the World
Utica, N. Y.....	Big Tremaine	The Clarion
Waco, Tex.....	The Eyes of the World	Bambi
Washington, D. C.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Delia Blanchflower
Washington, D. C.....	The Lone Star Ranger	Penrod
Worcester, Mass.....	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Lone Star Ranger

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(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Hidden Children	Looking After Sandy	Guy Garrick	For the Allisons' Honor
Quinney's	The Pastor's Wife	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	Cloudesley Tempest
The Turbulent Duchess	God's Country and the Woman	The Ragged Messenger	The Eyes of the World
The Clarion	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Bambi	Little Straw Wife
Bambi	The Wall of Partition	Innocent	Everybody's Lonesome
The Wall of Partition	The Eyes of the World	Bambi	The Encounter
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	Big Tremaine	The Pastor's Wife	The Turbulent Duchess
The Pastor's Wife	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Bambi	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"
The Wall of Partition	The Prince of Graustark	Bambi	Pollyanna
A Clean Heart	Penrod	Little Eve Edgarton	On the Seaboard
The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	The Pastor's Wife	Big Tremaine	The Perch of the Devil
The Lone Star Ranger	Personality Plus	Little Eve Edgarton	Delia Blanchflower
The Right Track	Personality Plus	The Raft	The Witch
Little Straw Wife	Love Insurance	Little Sir Galahad	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
The Poet	In My Youth	Penrod	Quinney's
Pollyanna	The Last Shot	Saturday's Child	The Encounter
The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman	The Pastor's Wife	The Raft	Gideon's Band
The Honourable Percival	The Long Chance	Saturday's Child	Hidden Children
The Turbulent Duchess	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Love Insurance	The Honourable Percival
The Perch of the Devil	The Lone Star Ranger	Hidden Children	The River
The Prince of Graustark	Saturday's Child	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	Gideon's Band
The Pastor's Wife	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	Penrod	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman
The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Wonderful Romance	Innocent
Love Insurance	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Wonderful Romance	The Prince of Graustark
The Eyes of the World	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Pastor's Wife	The Wall of Partition
The Eyes of the World	The Pastor's Wife	The Wall of Partition	Big Tremaine
Penrod	The Rise of Jennie Cushing	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Eyes of the World
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	Big Tremaine	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Pastor's Wife
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Lone Star Ranger	The Wisdom of Father Brown	A Set of Six
Pollyanna	Little Eve Edgarton	The Pastor's Wife	The Wall of Partition
Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	The Clarion	Pollyanna	Little Eve Edgarton
Gideon's Band	The Three Sisters	Love Insurance	Pollyanna
Gideon's Band	Hidden Children	Saturday's Child	The Lone Star Ranger
The Pastor's Wife	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	Bambi	Penrod
The Strange Woman	The Honourable Percival	On the Branch	Gideon's Band
The Eyes of the World	Penrod	The Lone Star Ranger	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
The Prince of Graustark	The Inside of the Cup	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Way of the Strong
Innocent	The Pretender	The Wall of Partition	Quinney's
The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Lone Star Ranger	The Eyes of the World	Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"
The Prince of Graustark	A Soldier of the Legion	The Salamander	The Auction Block
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Lone Star Ranger	Bambi	The Twenty-fourth of June
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Pastor's Wife	The Second Blooming	Oddsfish!
Kent Knowles, "Quahaug"	Big Tremaine	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Last Shot

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending January 6th:

1. Russia, the Country of Extremes. Jarintzoff.
2. King Hunger. Andreyev.
3. Progressive Democracy. Croly.
4. Naval Strategy. Mahan.
5. Germany and England. Cramb.

For the week ending January 13th:

1. Drift and Mastery. Lippman.
2. My Own Story. Pankhurst.
3. On Acting. Matthews.
4. Handbook of Vocational Education. Taylor.
5. What Men Live By. Cabot.
6. Yourself and Your Neighbours. MacManus.

For the week ending January 20th:

1. Half Hours. Barrie.
2. Yourself and Your Neighbours. MacManus.
3. Russia, the Country of Extremes. Jarintzoff.
4. How Germany Makes War. Bernhardi.
5. From Dublin to Chicago. Birmingham.

For the week ending January 27th:

1. War and America. Münsterberg.
2. Art of Photo-Play Writing. Carr.
3. Dramatic Portraits. Howe.
4. Amateur Gardener. Cable.
5. With Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem. Graham.
6. Yourself and Your Neighbours. MacManus.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Germany and England. Cramb.
Pan-Germanism. Usher.
With the Allies. Davis.
The Evidence in the Case. Beck.
Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
What men Live By. Cabot.
Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
Abroad at Home. Street.
Life in America One Hundred Years Ago. Hunt.
Half Hours. Barrie.
Fighting in Flanders. Powell.
The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. Hegermann-Lindencrone.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Lone Star Ranger. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	236
2. The Eyes of the World. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35	183
3. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25	148
4. Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	126
5. The Pastor's Wife. Anon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	96
6. Bambi. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25	63

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